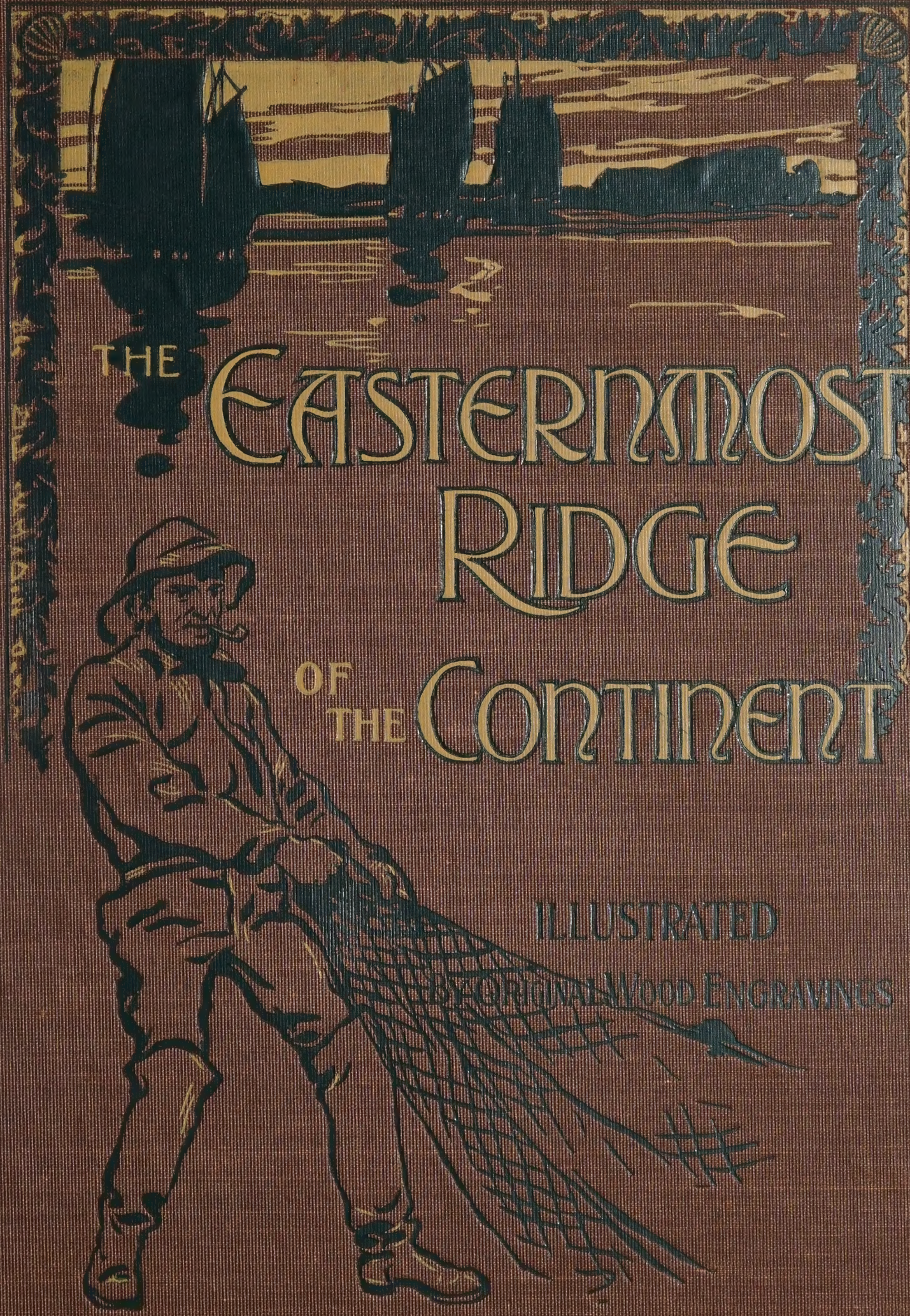


THE EASTERNMOST RIDGE OF THE CONTINENT

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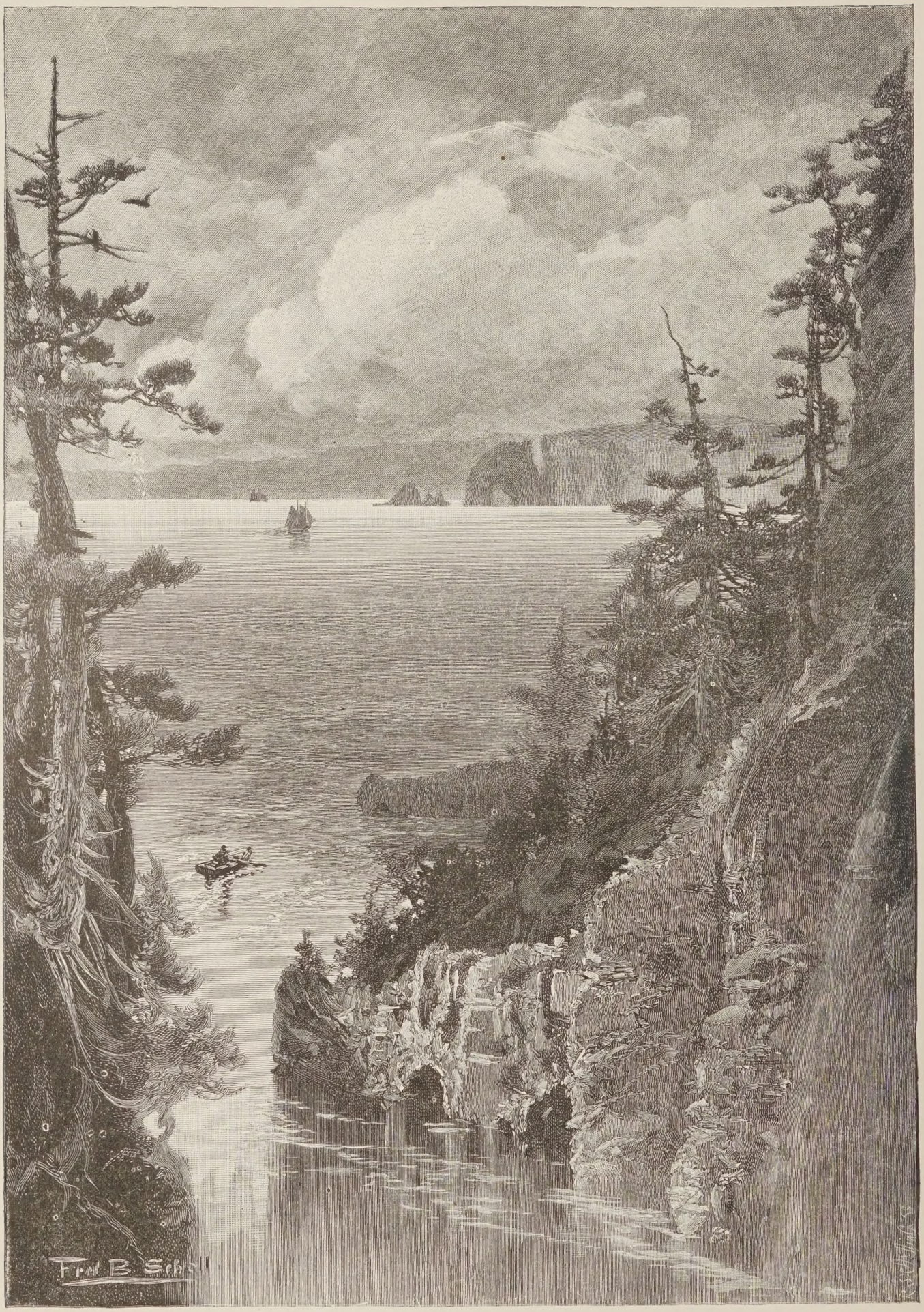


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CAPE SPLIT, FROM BAXTER'S HARBOUR.

THE EASTERNMOST RIDGE OF THE CONTINENT

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES OF THE SCENERY AND LIFE IN NEW BRUNSWICK, NOVA SCOTIA, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, AND ALONG THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE AND SAGUENAY

EDITED BY
GEORGE MUNRO GRANT, D.D.
QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON, ONT.

ILLUSTRATED BY WOOD-ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY L. R. O'BRIEN, F. B. SCHELL, HARRY FENN, A. B. FROST, W. C. FITLER, AND OTHERS



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ST. JOHN, FROM PORTLAND.

NEW BRUNSWICK*.

THIS is the province of ships, if we may trust the device on her scutcheon. She is also the province of pine-trees, of salmon, of deals, and of hemlock-bark. In anticipation, moreover, she is a province of mines, and would fain supply her sisters with iron, and antimony, and silver; she would show them new possibilities in architecture with her princely red granite. By no means poor in natural resources, her riches are only to be gathered by that strenuous effort which breeds a sturdy and determined race. And her growth, if slow, has been steady and sure, made up of lasting bone and sinew.

A glance at the history of New Brunswick as a separate province will take us over no long "Chronicles of wasted time"; but, as a part of ancient Acadie, some of



PASSAMAQUODDY BAY.

the most stirring episodes of Acadian story fell within her borders, some of the earliest efforts to transplant the lily of France were made upon her soil. Miramichi Bay, the coast and harbours to the north, and Bay Chaleurs, claim Cartier for their discoverer. Coming from the icy waters of Belle-Isle Straits, and from the forbidding shores of Newfoundland, he found these coasts, with their luxuriant forests, blossoming meadows, and wild fruits ripening in the sunny weather of July, a very land of enchantment. To a spacious bay, itself one magnificent harbour, its clear, green waters from shore to shore unobstructed by rock or shoal, he gave the name, "des Chaleurs," having come to anchor therein on a burning noontide, when no breeze tempered the heat. But this of Cartier's was only a flying visit, in 1534; and to the future New Brunswick he gave no further attention.

From the north-east corner of the province to the extreme south-west! For here, in misery and failure, began the actual settlement of the country. Here Champlain is with us. Accompanying De Monts, the newly-created Lieutenant-General, with a much mixed party of adventurers and settlers, on St. John's day, 1604, he entered the mouth of a great river, called by the natives Ouangondy. Having re-named this water in honour of the day of its discovery, they continued west to Passamaquoddy Bay, which they found so thick with islands that Champlain failed to number them. Here

another broad stream lay open before them, up which they sailed several miles till they came to a level, grassy island in mid-river; and this, strange to say, they chose for the site of their settlement. Both river and island they called St. Croix, and here the little colony established itself. Without fire-wood or water, the island to this day is as desolate as De Monts and his company found it. With its loose, sandy soil, the scant grass waving in the winds which swept its shelterless expanse, it was hardly a tempting place to found a home. But the explorers considered that it was easy of access by water, capable of defense, and well removed from the surrounding mainland, whose heavy forests were full of unknown dangers. The remaining months of summer were bright with activity and hope. A quadrangle of wooden buildings was erected, with a chapel, and the Governor's residence. In spite of the lateness of the season, grain and vegetables were planted; and a garden was laid out, after the fashion, faintly, of those old gardens in France, for which, it may be, the colonists were now a little homesick. But in the bleak days of late autumn their situation was dreary enough; and because their crops had failed to ripen, they were compelled to live mainly on salt meats, a diet which speedily affected their health and spirits. At last winter came, and the snow, and the freezing winds; such cold as in their own land they had never learned to dream of. The sleet drove in through the chinks of their ill-made buildings. Fuel was hardly to be obtained, and they shivered over their



ST. JOHN—BACK OF HARBOUR, LOW TIDE.

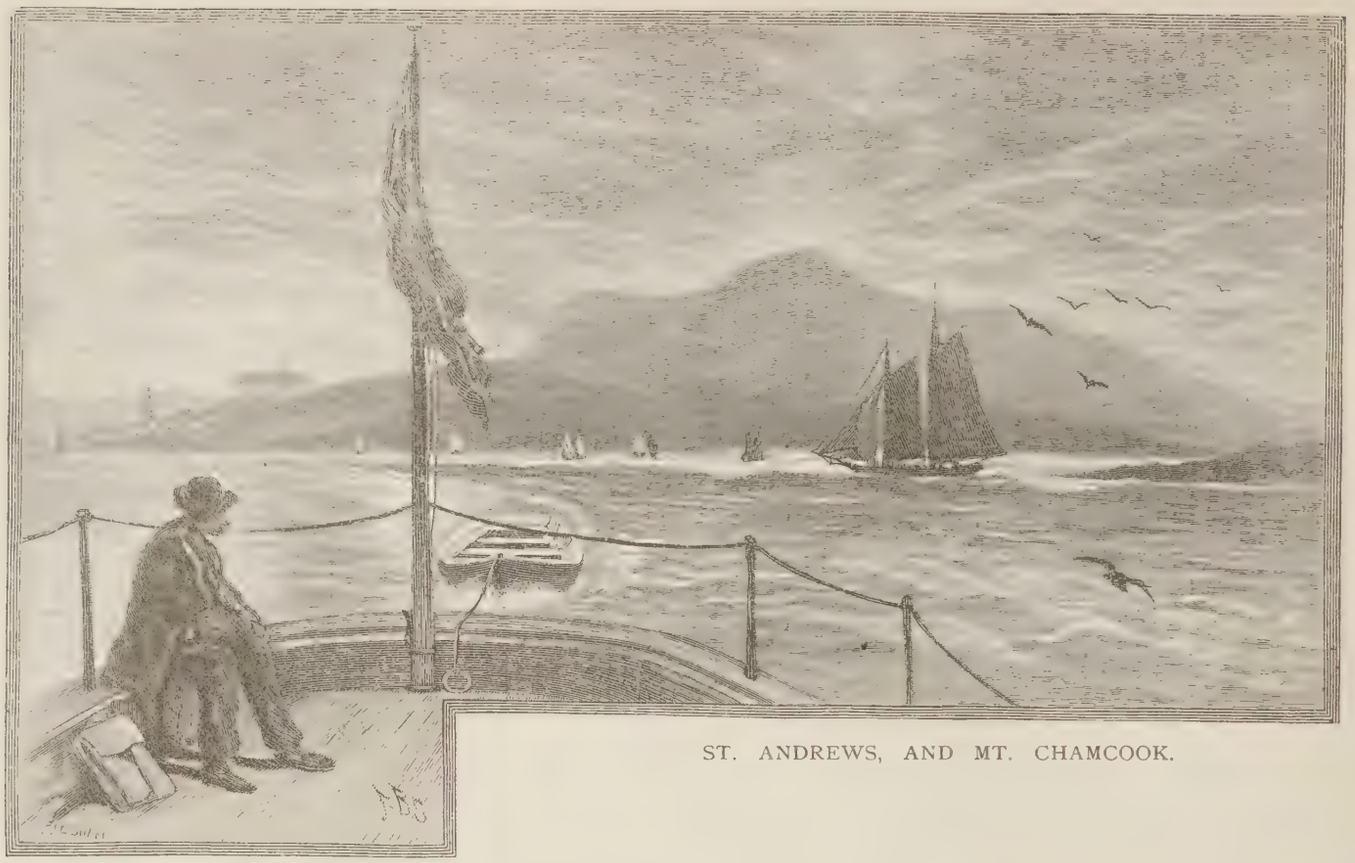
scanty fires, till, in spite of Champlain's indomitable and never-failing cheerfulness, their hearts sank utterly within them. When disease broke out, scurvy in a terrible form, from their unwholesome living, they fell an easy prey. Out of some eighty persons, but forty-four survived, and these hardly. When the first warm days came they crawled forth in the sun like shadows. Scarcely could the sick be attended, the dying ministered to, the dead buried. In the spring the island was abandoned, stripped of all that could be carried away, the fortifications dismantled; and the poor remnant of the colony fled over the bay to Port Royal. Now the light-house keeper is the one man who makes St. Croix Island his home.

But it is a fair and well-favoured corner of New Brunswick, this, where that attempted settlement in the days long ago came to so disastrous an end. Not a mile from the island now stands St. Andrews, one of the oldest of New Brunswick towns, and also one of the fairest. Its harbour is unsurpassed, but St. John has drawn off much of the trade that formerly flowed through the St. Croix mouth, and much of what remained has moved up river to the busy little town of St. Stephens. Therefore St. Andrews is now more dignified than lively, from a commercial point of view, and her chief treasure lies in the beauty of her surrounding scenery, the purity of her clear, green waters, the unfailing coolness of her salt breezes on the cloudless days of summer, all which attractions combined make her a very delightful watering-place. Peace is the word that comes to our thoughts when St. Andrews is mentioned, and our next thought is of sunshine. How tempting to bathers are the long, warm, tawny beaches, sloping down to the crystal lip of the tide. Bathing is the right thing to do in St. Andrews, and it is done heartily, by happy parties of young men and maidens, and elderly women and children. The waves look refreshingly cool as they come lapping up the sands, and they do not belie their appearance. They are icy cold in fact, and, in our judgment, those choose the better part who stay lounging in the warm grass or couched in the sand, watching, with comfortable commiseration, the crowd of gasping revellers. The other things which one is expected to do, and will do without much persuasion, are to go yachting on the bay and to visit Chamcook Mountain. A more questionable delight is lobster-spearing, which, however, does excellently in combination with the yachting. In the cool of the morning, when the tide suits, there is some excitement in being rowed stealthily over the transparent water, while each one, spear in hand, peers sharply into the masses of brown weed that ride at anchor on the level bottom at a depth of some five or six feet. In these bunches of weed lurks the bottle-green prey we are in search of, closely resembling his surroundings in colour, but betrayed by his red points. Not seldom the excitement reaches its highest pitch after a few active lobsters have been captured and turned loose in the boat, and have set about an investigation of the merry fishermen's ankles. For the trip to Mount Chamcook a day is chosen when no fog rests on the bay, as far out as

the eye can see, and when a propitious wind promises to hold this enemy aloof. After a drive through lovely country comes a not too arduous climb through deep clover and daisied grasses, under the shade of birches, and limes, and beech-trees, and white maples; then a short and sharp ascent over grey rocks, that keep liberal beds of scented fern in every ragged hollow, and we come out on the bald, windy summit of the mountain. Chamcook looks down upon all the neighbouring hills, which, to say the truth, are not very aspiring; and the view is really a magnificent one. Out across the water, which is populous with white-sailed ships, we see the dark island-cluster of "The Wolves"; and beyond, if the air is very clear, we discern a low, blue line, and hail it as the Nova Scotia shore. At our feet, in the noon quiet, lies the fair little town, wrapped in happy and, perhaps, not impossible dreams of a splendid future, which is to come with the building of a railroad from Old Canada to a terminus on St. Andrews Harbour. In another direction we follow the St. Croix, which widens into a suggestion of a lake, and contracts again before it reaches St. Stephens, where its waters become accessory to many a frolicsome and profitable evasion of the disagreeable myrmidons of the customs.

When one has drunk deep enough of St. Andrews restfulness, and turns his face and his desires towards St. John, the most pleasant and least orthodox way of going thither is to persuade some tug-boat captain to accept a passenger. Thus one cheats the railway, which is more safe than swift, or the regular steamer, which is tiresomely conventional, and quite without peculiarities, agreeable or otherwise. But before shipping as a tug-passenger, it is well not to omit a yacht-sail to the Island of Campobello, which lies far down the bay, near the American shore and the town of Lubec. This island, some eight miles long, and nowhere more than two in breadth, has become a popular summer resort, and the site of the modern architectural pomp of the summer-resort hotel. Nevertheless, the island is a delightful spot, and struggles to maintain its beauty and simplicity and wholesomeness of life. It has the attraction of being an island without the discomfort of inaccessibility. Its beaches are superb, its retreats are secluded and romantic, its nights and days are temperate and benign. In the way of assertive scenery its "lion" is the bluff called "Friar's Head."

In selecting a tug, or getting a tug to select us, we were fortunate enough to find our lot cast with one which called at St. George on its way to St. John. The nomenclature of this part of the country, by the way, is rigidly saintly, the causes whereof tradition fails to state. While the tug was kept in uneasy repression beside the wharf at St. George there was time to see the pretty town, which has in part transferred its faith from lumber to red granite. A wonderfully picturesque nook is this. The Magaguadavic River (pronounced "Magadavy") falls a hundred feet into the harbour through a chasm not thirty feet wide; on the sides of the gorge are fixed, like eyries, several powerful saw-mills, from which the lumber is sluiced into the whirling basin below.



ST. ANDREWS, AND MT. CHAMCOOK.

Above the town is a high plain; and near at hand, nested between low hills, is beautiful Lake Utopia.

As we sail into St. John Harbour, past the fog-discoloured rocks and sombre fir-clad heights of Partridge Island on our left, we are struck by the appearance of a huge white steamship approaching us. There is no sheering of the waters at her prow, however, no commotion round her sides, no vomiting of pitchy clouds from her odd-looking chimneys; and on nearer view this turns out no voyaging Leviathan, but a guide unto the ways of these, a structure immovably set on the rock foundations of the harbour. Opposite the Beacon, as this Protean mass is called, stretch long wharves, crowded with box-cars, and flat-cars, gay with odorous piles of "dry, bright deals," noisy with the "yeo-heave-ho" of the sailors, and flanked with ships of many nations, degrees, and colours. Yonder are two great iron steamers, with red, inaccessible, wall-like sides, their port-holes wide open, and engulfing endless quantities of lumber, which is supplied from scows; while the loading also goes on from above, and ever and anon a great bundle of deals sways up from the wharf, hangs gyrating a moment in mid-air among the spars and cordage, then sinks reluctantly, with groaning and creaking of tackle, into the yawning gloom of the hold. We sail close under one of these monsters, and read that she is from Barcelona. A band of keen-looking swarthy fellows, probably Lascars, are straining at the capstan, and the capacious yellow funnel, towering just behind, casts an inexpressibly sultry glow upon the group. They look so swelteringly hot, that we turn round instinctively for the fog. There are silvery banks and drifts of it, far out on the shifting surface and ungovernable tides

of Fundy, but to-day a light land-breeze holds it at a distance, and shows the whole city piled most picturesquely before us. Built on a steep and rocky peninsula, with loftier heights behind as a setting, crowned with many spires, and opened up by glimpses of wide, steep, busy streets, it comes together with admirable effect—as the artist says "composes" excellently. St. John contains no white buildings. All is graystone, red-brick, or brown-painted wood,—this brown a local and characteristic tint, not in any way to be departed from. This colouring, under a broad sun and clear sky, is rich and solid; but when the fog rolls in on the city, and hangs for days together, the gloom becomes profound. Nor is it made the less dismal by the recurrence at intervals of a low, sepulchral, booming sound, from nowhere in particular, which comes struggling through the fog as if from a damp throat. The inhabitants, however, have no grudge against their fog, which in all probability is responsible for the peach-bloom complexions with which the city's daughters are so daintily endowed. If this be the case, even we can forgive the fog; nevertheless such a day as this, when sight-seeing is our object, it is not to be lightly valued. As we steam up the busy harbour the scene is very lively. Large and small craft are everywhere, at anchor under bare poles, flitting across our way under white or ocher-coloured canvas, or lying three and four deep along the wharves. Yachts are careening before the racing breeze, broad-bowed stub-nosed wood-boats plough their way unbending, tireless little red and white tugs rush hither and thither, a huge black scow on each arm, as it were, and at the head of the harbour, where shrill saw-mills occupy all the available ground by the water's edge, the lofty shores curve round to the Carleton side, enclosing the forest of masts and yards. There, too, under the guns of Fort Howe, lies the *Charybdis* at anchor. Since the inestimable boon of her presence has been conferred upon St. John, the citizens sleep unharassed by disquietude. They rise in the morning and look out with con-



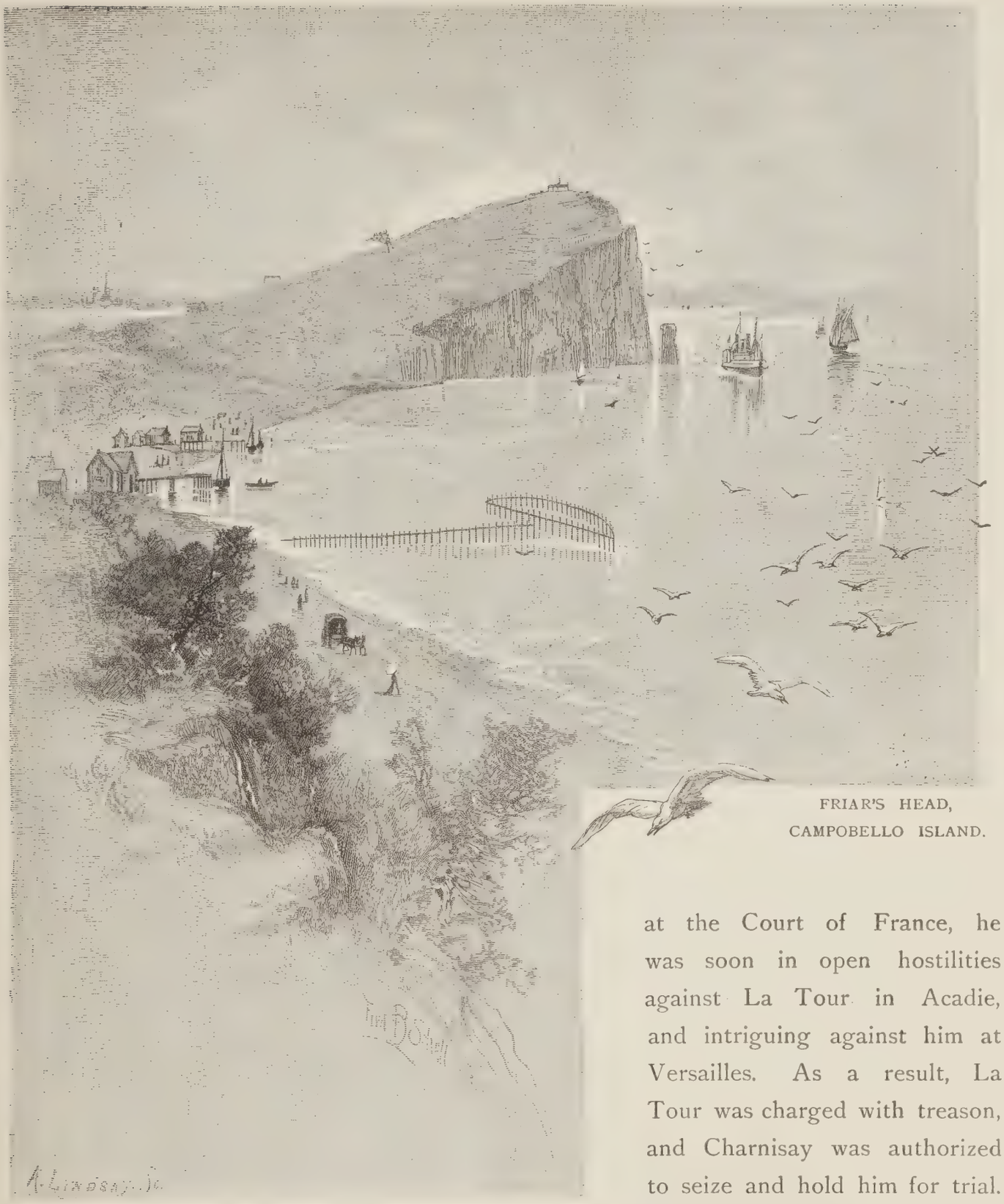
WHARF AT ST. ANDREWS.

fident pride to the spot where our young navy rides at anchor. It is said on good authority that St. John ranks fifth or sixth among the ship-owning cities of the world. Wide are St. John's interests,—and the *Charybdis* is their protector.

Meanwhile we have made fast at North Wharf, the slip is before us crowded with coasting schooners and wood-boats, lying high and dry on the sloping expanse of black mud; and above is King Street. The breadth of this street is magnificent; it climbs straight up a steep ascent, and is terminated at the summit by the dark foliage of King Square. It is lined on both sides by handsome stone or brick buildings, all of which, by the breadth and inclination of the street, are displayed to the best advantage. St. John is justly proud of King Street. As for the slip, at low tide, and especially in the fog, here is a scene hardly to be found elsewhere. The vessels are weird and ghost-like in the mist, their black hulls standing erect or leaning to one side on the leaden-coloured slime. The ropes hang limp and dark, the wet sails are drooping half-unfurled, and there is silence except for the rushing escape of water from a drain that empties here. From above come the bustle and hum, the noise of wheels, and the cries, from the teeming thoroughfare which the fog has veiled from our sight.

Before investigating the city of the present, let us glance at the city's past. A history belongs to the site and neighbourhood of St. John. Reverting to the old Acadian annals of a period some twenty-five years after the miserable failure at St. Croix, we find a second settlement attempted, this time at the mouth of the St. John. Here the prospect is more cheering, the brightness of longer continuance. But treachery and violence do their work, and the gloom again falls.

On the tongue of land jutting out toward Navy Island, from what is now called "the Carleton side," a strong fort was established by the La Tours. This fort commanded the trade of the interior of New Brunswick, and of the greater part of Maine, and here, in feudal fashion, reigned Charles La Tour over his retainers and dependants. There were peace, plenty, and ever-increasing wealth in the well-built fort. On the stretch of flats below, where every summer may be seen the same thing still, at each low-tide long ranges of stake-nets yielded fish of many kinds in abundance; and the surrounding forests swarmed with game. But La Tour's chief good fortune lay in the possession of a woman, who appears to have been in all ways the fit wife for a man of his stamp. Her ability, no less than his own, contributed to his prosperity; and losing her, he lost also, for the time, all his life-long efforts had availed to gain. It was through the vindictive jealousy of La Tour's brother-lieutenant in Acadie, D' Aulnay Charnisay, that an end came to these fair prospects. Holding undisputed authority over half the territory of Acadie, Charnisay had no joy in his possessions while his hated rival was in prosperity near him. Craving the rich trade that flowed through the post on the St. John, and conscious of his strength

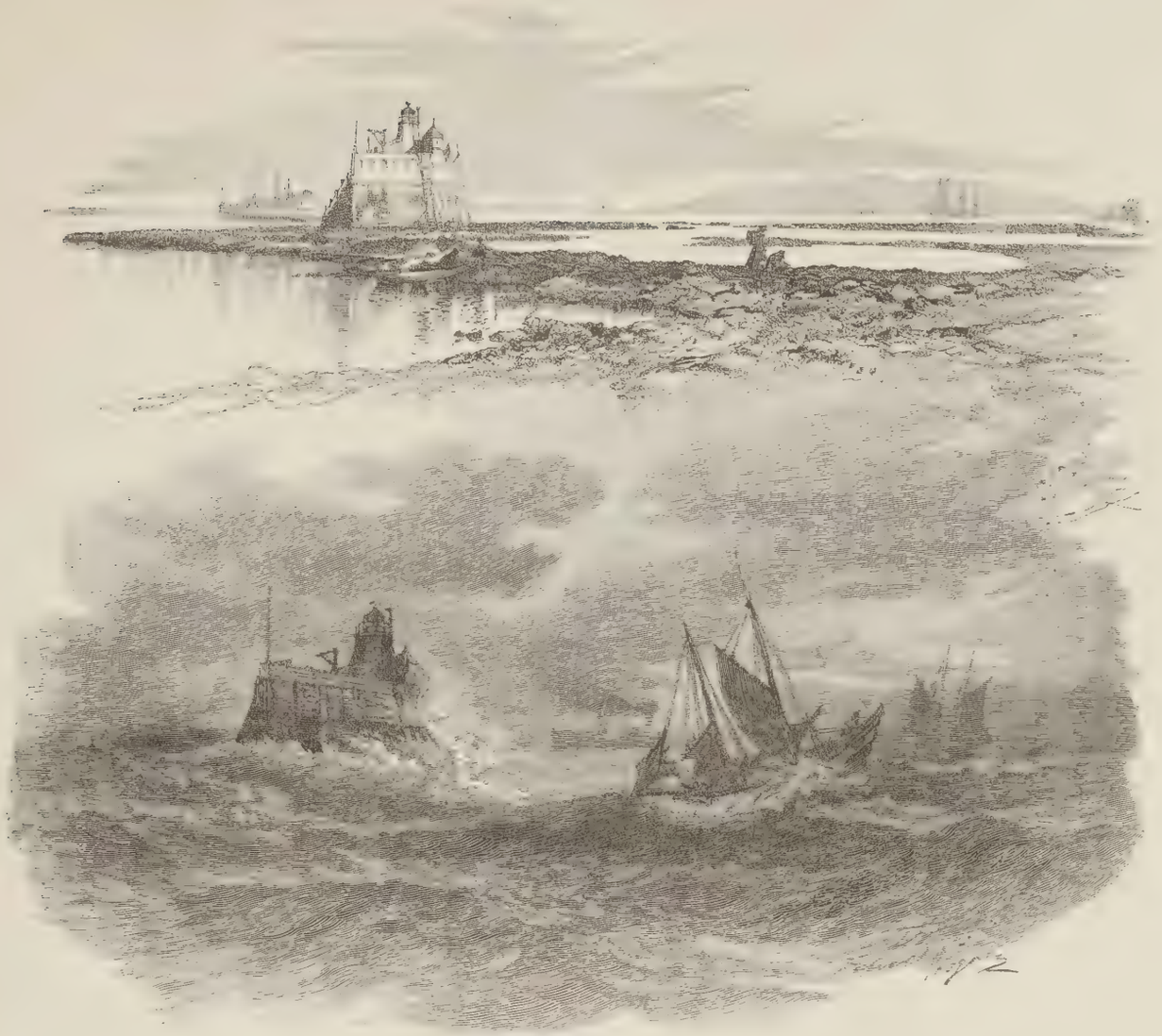


FRIAR'S HEAD,
CAMPOBELLO ISLAND.

at the Court of France, he was soon in open hostilities against La Tour in Acadie, and intriguing against him at Versailles. As a result, La Tour was charged with treason, and Charnisay was authorized to seize and hold him for trial. But La Tour was behind his walls, and secure in the justice of his cause. He mocked at the royal mandates and made ready for a struggle. The city of Rochelle came promptly to his assistance, while Charnisay drew reinforcements from Paris. In the spring of 1643 Charnisay suddenly, with a large force, blockaded the mouth of the St. John. Supplies were low in the fort, and a ship was daily expected from Rochelle. When this arrived it was signaled to keep at a safe distance; and one cloudy night a boat

slipped silently out of the harbour upon the ebb-tide. Invisible in the gloom along the Carleton shore, and beneath the rocky heights of Partridge Island, it passed under the very guns of the blockading ships, and La Tour and his wife were off for Boston in the Rochelle vessel. The next development of the situation was the appearance of La Tour in the harbour, at the head of five New England ships; and Charniray was driven across the bay to Port Royal, and sharply punished on his own ground. Again he essayed the attack, closely investing Fort La Tour in the hope of starving its defenders into submission. But from two spies, who, in the disguise of friars, had succeeded in penetrating the fort, only to be unmasked by Lady La Tour and contemptuously dismissed unpunished, he learned that La Tour was absent, and that the post was under command of his wife. Expecting an easy and speedy victory, he straightway ordered an assault, but was met unflinchingly by Lady La Tour at the head of the garrison, and obliged to draw off, writhing with shame. But La Tour could not always be at home to guard his own. While he was away on a trading expedition his enemy returned, and found the garrison weak. For three days his assaults were repulsed, but through the treachery of a sentry he at last gained an entrance. Even then the brave woman did not yield, but met him so intrepidly at the head of her faithful handful that the dastard offered honourable terms of capitulation. She accepted them, to save the lives of her brave followers. But no sooner had the articles been signed, and the garrison laid down their arms, than Charniray hanged every man of them but one, whom he forced to act as executioner of his comrades. And Lady La Tour he led to the gallows with a halter round her neck, and compelled her to witness the execution. Her home destroyed, her husband ruined and in exile, and the horrible fate of her followers ever present in her memory, Lady La Tour's health gave way, and she died within a few months.

After these things, the fort at the St. John's mouth, as well as that which had been established farther up the river, on the Gemsec, passed successively into the hands of many masters with the changeful fortunes of war, but remained a mere trading-post, and attracted no permanent settlement. Meanwhile, over other portions of the country, but chiefly along the north shore, sprang up gradually a very meagre population of French and half-breeds. For years after the country had fallen into the hands of England, no British subject could safely make it his home, by reason of the hostility of the Acadians and their Indian allies. Not until 1766 was the first English settlement established on the St. John River. This consisted of a number of families from Massachusetts, who built a fort on the mouth of the Oromocto, about twelve miles below the point where now stands Fredericton. Six years before this, Mr. James Simonds had attempted to establish a fishery on the St. John Harbour, but had been driven away by the enmity of the natives. On the 16th of April, 1764, however, accompanied by Mr. James White and Captain Peabody, with a party of fishermen, he landed



BEACON LIGHT, ST. JOHN, AT LOW AND HIGH TIDE.

on the site of the present city of St. John, where he soon succeeded in developing a profitable trade. A few small houses were roughly put together among the woods and rocks, at the foot of what is now Fort Howe Hill. At length broke out the American War of Independence, and a time of peril and loss ensued for the tiny colony. But for this came ample compensation at the close of the war, which may well be called the mother of New Brunswick. On the 18th of May, 1783, took place the "Landing of the Loyalists," which meant the founding of St. John, and within a year the separation of New Brunswick from Nova Scotia and its erection into a separate province. The landing took place in the gray of the morning; there were no signs of life among the chill rocks and sombre firs of the peninsula, save where, at the back of the harbour, the handful of fishermen's shanties huddled together; and the prospect was not cheerful. But these exiles were men of fibre, of strength and steadfastness, who had so strenuously striven in defence of their cause that when the cause was lost they had no leniency to expect from the victors. We may think those most truly loyal whose loy-

alty is devoted to their own country's service, but, however the object may differ the sentiment is always the same fruitful mother of heroic action.

"Out from the lovely land that gave them birth,
* * * * * * * *
Our grandsires passed, a brave, determined band,
Driven by hard Fate—
As men were driven of old,
Whose story hath been told
In lofty epic strain—
To plant, with toil and pain,
Upon a distant shore, and in a strange, wild land,
A new and glorious State."

A city rose, by the swift magic of energy and effort, among the misty beaches and high, bald hills. With just pride St. John has been celebrating, with song, and pageant, and illumination, and free-handed hospitality, the hundredth anniversary of her birth.

The nursling of opulent waters, guarded surely from even the cruellest droughts by the cool veils of the fog, St. John has found her enemy in fire. On January 14th, 1837, she suffered from a terrible conflagration, which destroyed over a hundred houses and shops, nearly a third of the business portion of the city. Then followed, at intervals, many more or less disastrous fires, but infinitely the most dreadful was that which took place on Wednesday, June 20th, 1877. In this at least a third of the whole city was annihilated. Nine hours sufficed for the swallowing of sixteen hundred and twelve buildings in the fiery vortex. The city burst into blaze in three separate parts at once. A strong wind fanned the flame. The rocks held and multiplied the furious heat till the streets glowed as a furnace, and the most massive structures of granite crumbled to powder, melting away swiftly like hoar-frost. The smoke was vomited up to the tops of the steeples, and there, driven on a level before the wind in rolling surges, formed a lurid roof which shut in the perishing city. The ships in the harbour were many of them burned before they could escape from their moorings. Coals and hot ashes were rained upon the villages miles about. In Fredericton, eighty-four miles distant, the sky to the south-east was like a wall of hot copper until daybreak. When the flames died out along the water's edge, all the city south of King Street had gone down. In a day or two the centres of the streets and the open squares were cool; and as one walked, ankle-deep in the soft, white ashes, at early morning, the scene was one of most weird and desolate grandeur. The sun shone over the dazzling ripples of the bay, over the silvered and soundless spaces which had been streets, and against the unclouded blue the thin smoke-wreaths rising from the cellars and masses of ruin took



MARKET SLIP, ST. JOHN, AT LOW TIDE.

a soft saffron colour. Here and there stood bleak, tall chimneys, red, and black, and gray, or thin fragments of high walls, loop-holed and ragged. At intervals the silence was broken by the crash of some masonry that had held itself up through the stress of the trial and now toppled reluctantly to its fall. In the centre of the squares, and in the open country about the city, were hundreds of tents and sorry cabins, wherein

reigned a sort of sullen tumult; and in spots a louder excitement, with piles of bottles and flasks close in view, testified that some treasures had been recovered out of the ruin by the endeavour of willing volunteers. On the site of one isolated liquor store, the *débris* of which still glowed most fervidly, stood a pitiable old figure poking, with a long-handled rake, among the ruins, his eyes gleaming with delight whenever an unbroken bottle was resurrected. St. John received prompt and liberal aid in her calamity, and rose from her fall with an energy and vitality that were marvellous. All that had been laid waste was rebuilt with added splendour, and the new city will compare more than favourably in its architecture with cities many times its size. But even yet, with so much of her capital locked up in costly blocks, she feels too vivid reminders of that grievously staggering blow.

What appears to the visitor as only one city really consists of two, connected by a populous street, which threads a deep ravine. These two cities, St. John and Portland, contain together nearly fifty thousand busy inhabitants. Some of the streets are cut through the solid Devonian rock, which towers, in places, far above the neighbouring roofs. Here and there one finds a street that may claim to be called level, but as a rule one's whole time in St. John must be spent in going up or down hill. It is, perhaps, from this that the women of St. John acquire their elastic and exquisitely balanced figures. These vagaries in the matter of level do not make St. John particularly well adapted for street-car traffic, but this disadvantage is counterbalanced by the excellence of her citizens' digestion, due to their abundant compulsory exercise. In the remotest corner of Canada a St. John man is promptly recognized by two possessions which are not supposed to go together—a sound digestion and a pocket corkscrew.

Running through the midst of Portland is a chain of bald, round hills, chief of which, Fort Howe Hill, is surmounted by a battery of heavy guns, commanding the harbour. These hills are so naked that only in scattered crevices and dips is there soil enough for the support of the tufted thin hill-grasses. From any one of these summits, on a clear night, when the moon is at the full, the view of the city and harbour is one of the most beautiful that can be imagined by the poet's brain. From the deep valleys, running in three different directions, comes a flare of light, which seems to brood just above the lines of the roofs, quivering with the din and movement beneath, and shrinking from contact with the calm, moonlighted upper air. In sharp contrast is the stillness of the silvered stretches of water beyond, upon which lie, black as jet, the hulls and heavy spars of the shipping, the light tracery of whose rigging is absorbed in the shimmering radiance. More to the left, beyond the most tumultuous of the busy valleys, that which holds in its deep heart the roaring terminal station of the Inter-colonial Railway, rises Jaffrey's Hill, with its steep lines of lights, leading to the highest portion of the city. No glare and bustle here, but this lamps gleam like



SALMON WEIRS, ST. JOHN HARBOUR.

red stars, and the massive walls of the hospital, with two or three high-steepled churches, loom heavily against the pale sky, touched with white light wherever a vane or metallic roof corner catches and throws back the flooding brightness. Yet farther to the left lie the unlighted expanses of the marshes, with a far-off gleam from Courtenay Bay's indolent waters.

Hardly appreciated by the inhabitants, yet perhaps the chief attractions which St. John has to offer the artist, are the quaint, picturesque, dilapidated "bits" to be found about the back of the harbour at low tide. Small houses and sheds of the oddest shape are built out from the face of the rocks, supported above reach of high tide by gaunt piles, rickety with age and shaggy with long, brown sea-weeds. In other places

a niche in the shore is seized upon, and built full of these tenements on stilts, piled in all positions and in admirable disorder, with refuse timbers above and under, and boats, and barrels; with brown nets drying on points of rock, and tan-coloured sails flapping from pole and roof tree. Sketchers' paradises these; and the high platforms for drying fish, in the absence of the fish, make a lounging, lunching, and sketching place that could not be improved. Here one is in an antique world of quiet and sunshine and odd corners; the warm-hued water pulses softly between the piles, waving the tresses of sea-weed, and flashing its gay sparkles up between the gaping boards of the platform. Down from the crest of the rock, by a clinging stairway, comes a girl, barefooted and bare-headed, greeting our admiring looks with gratified laughter. Even as we gaze, she vanishes within the door of one of the eyries, to reappear a moment later on the roof of another, where she proceeds to hang some garments out to dry.

When one makes up his mind to forsake St. John for Fredericton, in the language of Maritimers the "Celestial" city, he had better go by boat. This is, of course, the longer way, but what matters that to the summer tourist? By rail to Fredericton is less than sixty miles; by river it is eighty-four at least. But these eighty-four are each and all so fair that one could wish them twice as many. The steamer takes in her passengers at Indiantown, about three miles from St. John and above the falls. The freight is usually put aboard at one of the city wharves, below the falls, and the boat then waits till the tide serves to pass this strange obstruction. At the instigation of the man of the pencil, we classed ourselves as freight, and embarked at North Wharf at the comfortless hour of four, just on the edge of dawn. We were fain to go up through the falls. This cataract is of interest even to one satiated with cataracts. It is worth getting up at daybreak to become acquainted with, for it stands almost alone among waterfalls in being reversible. At one time it falls in one direction, in a few hours it is falling in the other direction. You go away marvelling. You return, of course, to settle the matter finally, and behold, there is not a vestige of a fall. You look down from the suspension-bridge, and instead of a seething tumult of mad surges assaulting the gray walls of the gorge, you see a placid surface, flecked here and there with gently wheeling foam-bubbles. This peace is but temporary; it passes away swiftly. And it is not strange that vessels on their way up river seek to catch this happy moment of mid-tide. The whole volume of the great St. John River, which is nearly 500 miles long, and four or five in breadth half a dozen leagues above the city, at this point finds its way to the sea through a deep ravine not a couple of stone-throws across, spanned by a suspension-bridge. When the ebb-tide has emptied the harbour, the accumulated river-waters fall through this ravine as through a mighty sluice-gate. As the tide returns the fury of the escape is diminished, the river is gradually checked, till a level is reached on either side of the great gate, and quiet reigns while the antagonists take a breathing space. But soon the tremendous Fundy

tide overpowers the river, bears it down, and roars triumphing through to brim the upper basin. Before it can accomplish much in this direction, however, its retreat is ordered, and the recovering river presses heavily on its rear. This battle is fought twice every day; and the river is so far successful that it holds its freedom, and can never be subjugated into a tidal river with drowned shores and banks of ooze. The



SUSPENSION-BRIDGE, ST. JOHN, AT LOW TIDE.

St. John is able to guard its narrow pass. Were the gate to be thrown wide open, as are those of other rivers, the barbarous hordes of the tide would overwhelm miles on miles of the low-lying centre of New Brunswick.

Soon after we embarked the boat cast off, to make the passage of the falls, and then waited at Indiantown till nine o'clock for passengers. Exquisitely fair appeared the sleeping city as we drew off from the wharf, and the scene came out broadly before our eyes. The day broke in saffron and cool pink behind roof and spire, and steep streets and piled-up walls. Coils of mist got up sluggishly as we ploughed through the eddying waters. As we neared the suspension-bridge the cliffs towered higher and higher above the saw-mills fringing their base. The mills were waking into shrill life as we steamed

past. In sight of the bridge we found we had not hit the time quite accurately. We were just a little late; the whirlpools were beginning to open, and low, white surges



FREDERICTON, FROM THE RIVER.

were leaping up and sinking. The passage was still safe, however, and with a mighty tremor, and two or three violent plunges to left and right, as the under-currents wrenched her keel, we were beyond the gorge, and were sweeping round toward Indiantown. Even while we held our breath, however, under the bridge, we noticed that the frowning grandeur of imminent dark walls which closed about us was defiled by the advertiser's filthy brush and pot. In huge letters, ochre-coloured, and crude white, and rasping red, were proclaimed the virtues of half a score of *quackeries.* In whose hands soever lies the power to forbid such vandalism, the citizens of St. John should see to it that the power be exerted.

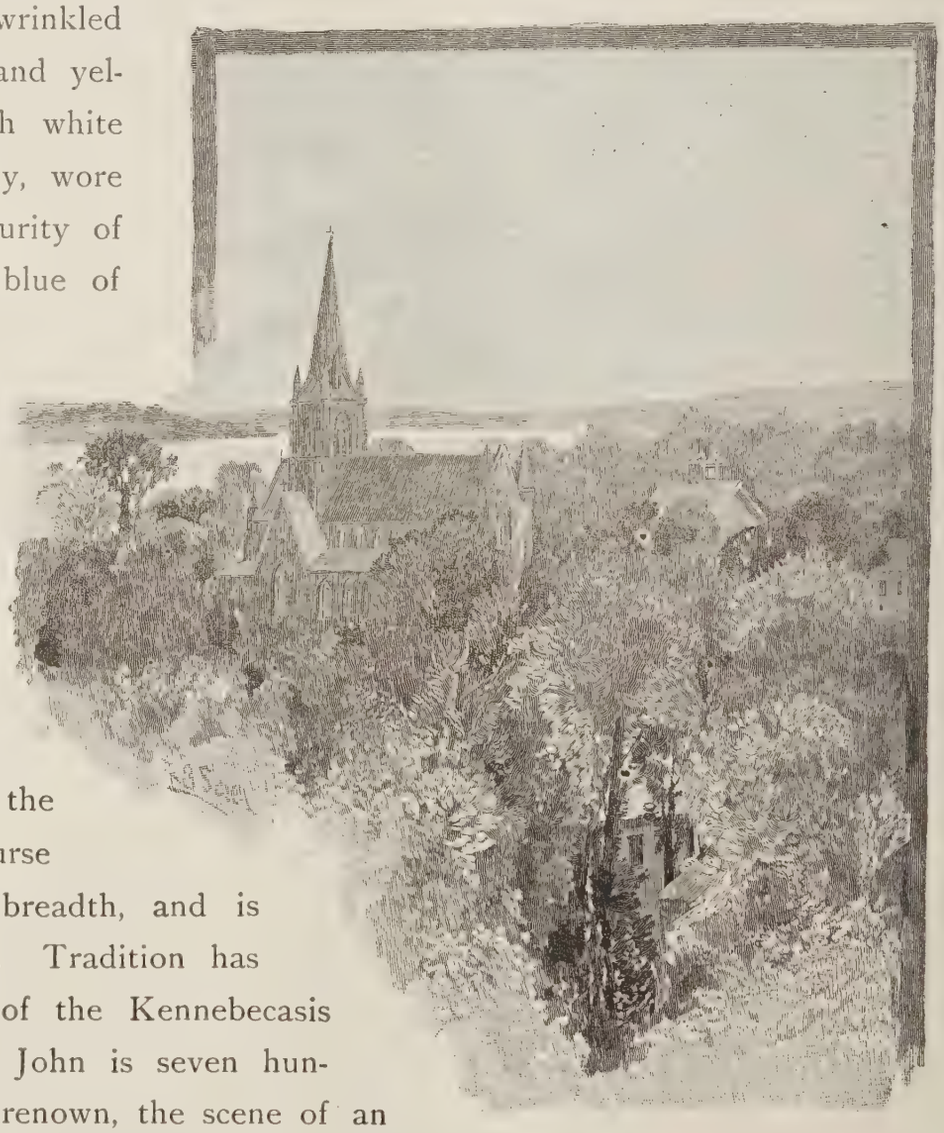
As the boat swings off from the wharf at Indiantown and heads up through "the Narrows," we are impelled to credit the theory that the present outlet of the St. John is not its ancient pathway to the sea. The river, it is said, had formerly two mouths, one leading from Grand Bay through the low lands west of Carleton, the other from Kennebecasis by the marshes to Courtenay Bay. The present channel bears no signs of erosion. It seems to have been opened by a tearing asunder of the rock strata; and the same stupendous convulsion which raised all the coast west from St. John thirty feet above its former level, and at this place clove the solid hills to their granitic bases, probably in its earlier stages obliterated the old channels of the



SUSPENSION AND CANTILEVER BRIDGES, ST. JOHN, N.B.

river. There is a tradition among the Indians that the Great Spirit once grew angry with the mighty river, insolent in its strength, and shut the gates to ocean against it. A variation of the story is that a great beaver appeared upon the earth, and in one night built a dam across the outlet, turning all the inland country into lake and marsh, and drowning the people. Even now, when the river is swollen with the spring freshets, it finds "the Narrows" very insufficient as an exit, and is driven back upon the intervales.

Here and there, as we passed, from niches far up in the many-coloured naked precipices we noticed sudden puffs of white smoke, followed in a second or two by a dull boom, and then by the rattle of falling rock-splinters. The miners were at work. As the great walls drew apart before us, and we steamed out from "the Narrows" into the splendid lake-like expanse of Grand Bay, it was high morning. The widely separate, bright-green shores, sharply cut off from the sapphire of the wind-wrinkled waters by a fringe of red and yellow beach, and dotted with white homesteads glittering keenly, wore a delicious freshness and purity of tone under the unclouded blue of the sky. To our right, between two rounded headlands crouched in guard, opened the beautiful sheet of water called the Kennebecasis, which would be esteemed a mighty river could it but escape from the neighbourhood of its mightier sovereign. For the lower eighteen miles of its course it averages two miles in breadth, and is navigable for sea-going craft. Tradition has it that the measured depth of the Kennebecasis at its junction with the St. John is seven hundred feet. It is a river of renown, the scene of an infinite deal of yachting and pleasuring, of the pair-oared skiffs of summer sweethearts, and of the famous boat-races which have time and again driven all St. John mad with excitement. Here trained the "Paris Crew," which at the World's Fair at Paris lifted St. John into



A VIEW IN FREDERICTON.

the broad blaze of fame as the home of the champion oarsmen of the world. Hither came the Tyne-siders to wrest away their laurels, and here fell dead in the struggle their gallant stroke, Renforth.

But as we discourse of these things to the man of the pencil, revolving at the same time many other memories which are the sweeter kept for private delight, we lose sight of the crouching headlands—the vision of the guarding Mounts—and passing one or two low islands, brimming with wealth of grass and scented clover, we enter on what is called the Long Reach, and there is open ahead of us a stretch of broad water unswervingly straight for nearly twenty miles. The shores rise from the water's edge lofty and thick-wooded, and bright little villages sparkle in all the nooks and hollows. What a fresh wind draws down this long funnel, dashing into our faces the thin crests of the white-caps and the spray from our vessel's bow, and compelling us to hold fast our hats! A boat is seen to put off from the near shore ahead, and soon there is a hoarse whistle from our steam-pipe and we slack speed. Here is a "subject," and he of the pencil whips out his sketch-book, makes one futile effort to divide his attention between his hat and his prospective sketch, then snatches off the hat and with an air of heroic determination sits upon it. The approaching boat is rowed by a seedy-looking Charon. Its bow is high out of water. In its stern is a solitary female, dressed in her best, with many blossoms of divers hues in her bonnet —muslin blossoms—and a much-fringed parasol held with dignity between the sun and her complexion. At her feet is a barrel of corn-meal, freight consigned to the corner grocery of some more remote up-river village, in the eyes of which this on the shore beside us is almost a metropolis. Our paddles are vigorously reversed as the boat closes under our lofty white side; one of the "hands" grapples her bow with the iron beak of a "pike-pole," she is held firmly to our gangway in spite of the surge and wash from the paddles, and barrel and female are deftly transferred to our lower deck. In another moment we are once more throbbing onward, the skiff dancing like an insane cork as it drifts back in the yeasty tumult of our wake.

At the head of the Reach are two or three islands of a pattern not generally affected by the islands of the St. John. They are high, rocky, and mantled in spruce and fir, birch and hackmatack. The typical island of the St. John River is a low, luxurious fragment of intervale, edged with thick alder and red willow, with here and there a magnificent elm, and here and there a hay-stack. One of these islands which we pass has no apparent reason for its existence, save that it serves as a rim for a broad and shallow lake, beloved of duck and rail. As we pass what looks like a very long island, we inflict upon the artist a reminiscence explaining the name of this curious bit of land structure. Some years ago the writer made the ascent of the St. John in a birch-bark, and, naturally, always hugged the shore to avoid the force of the current. Toward dusk he saw before him what seemed the foot of an island. To shoreward the current was delight-

fully slack until it disappeared altogether; but he paddled on, heedless and rejoicing, for miles. At last he found himself in a little reedy bay leading nowhither; and his chart, too late consulted, told him this was "The Mistake." His birch had borne him lovingly so far, and now it was his turn to carry his birch. Well weary, with an attentive retinue of mosquitoes, he made a painful portage of a mile or more through the twilight, and slept under his canoe by the open river, once more content.

Above the Reach the fringe of intervale becomes continuous, and increases in width all the way to Fredericton. Sometimes it is confined to one shore, but it is ever present. This soil is the wealth of the river farmers. Deep, of inexhaustible richness, because its renewal of youth is the regular fertilizing spring overflow of the St. John, it bears prodigal crops of grain and grass, and breeds such towering elms to shade its bosom as we have never seen elsewhere. All through this park-like country, wherever a gentle swell of ground promises an island of refuge in the floods, are scattered the well-contented farmsteads—capacious, fair, white dwellings, surrounded by red and gray barns, nestling down among apple-orchards, and with the sweeping boughs of elms, alive with black-birds, waving over them softly all day long. Behind all are the rounded sombre hills; and from these come brawling down brooks to startle the quiet. But touching the valley they yield to the spell of pervading peace, and steal along by circuitous courses, deep and still, with lilies on their bosom and their banks curtained with green.

What shall be said of the fertility of soil which often yields two crops in one season—in the spring a crop of *fish*, a liberal crop; and later an equally bountiful gift of grain or roots or hay. In many places the farmer sets his nets, and draws them bursting with silvery gaspereaux, where a few weeks after he will be ploughing and planting, thirsty under the hot sun, and no drop of water within sight.

We pass upon our left the little shiretown of Queen's County, Gagetown, than which is nowhere to be found a village more slumbrous:—

"Oh, so drowsy! In a daze
Sweating 'mid the golden haze,
With its one white row of street
Carpeted so green and sweet,
And the loungers smoking still
Over gate and window-sill;
Nothing coming, nothing going,
Locusts grating, one cock crowing,
Few things moving up or down,
All things drowsy—Drowsytown!"

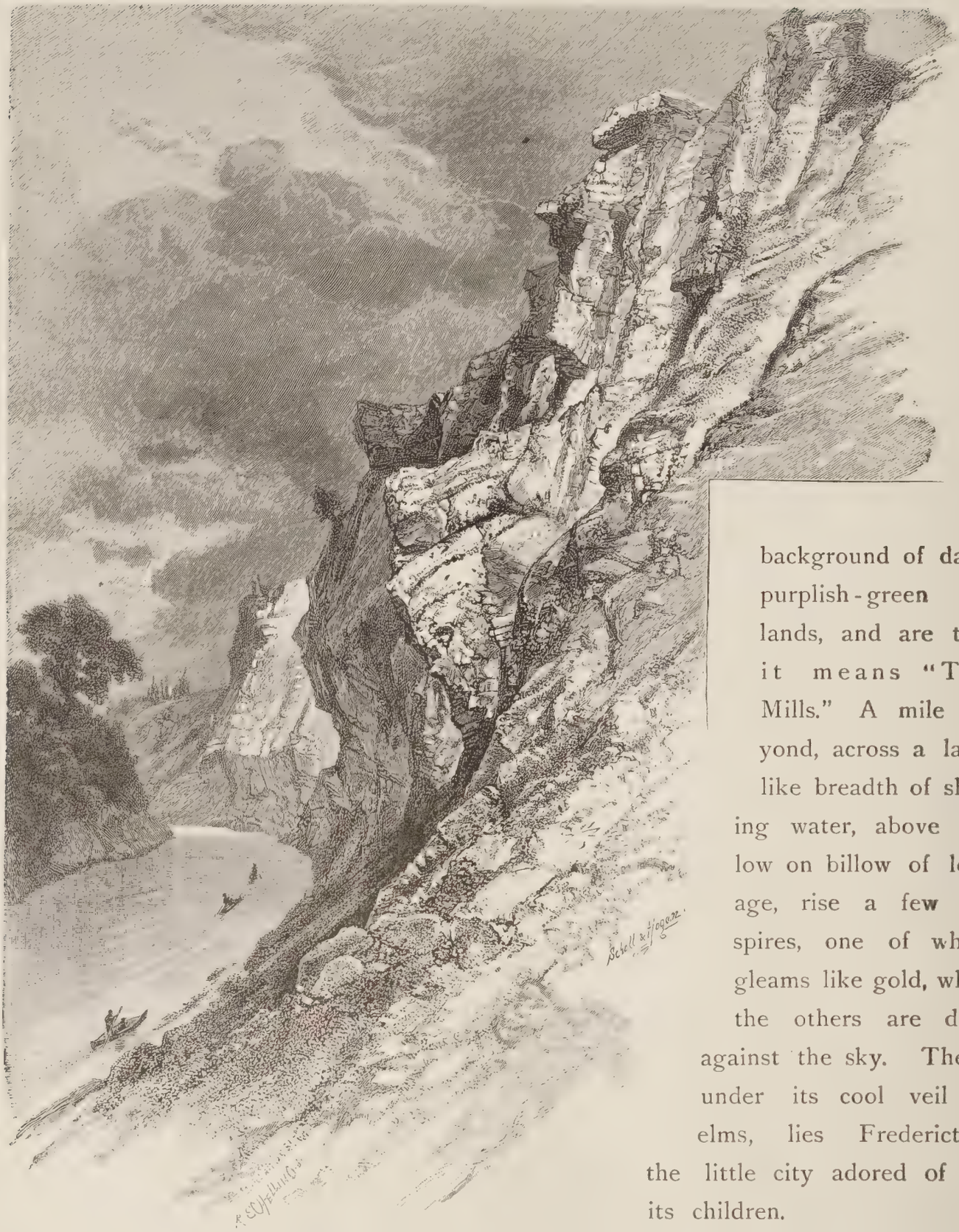
Canoeing in the old days, on reaching the neighbourhood of Gagetown, no matter what his haste, the traveller was apt to push through the lily-pads to shore, rest his

birch on the warm grasses, and indulge in hours of lotus-eating amid the summer scents and murmurs. On the other side is the mouth of the Gemsec, a deep, slow stream, the outlet of Grand Lake. The heavy-throated dwellers in this region call this stream the "Jumsack." Here was the site of one of La Tour's trading-posts and a strong fort, in its remoteness secure from all but the most determined onslaughts of the New Englanders. But several bitter struggles raged about it during its season of importance as the centre whence were organized and directed the expeditions of the Indians against the English settlements in Maine. Grand Lake is more than thirty miles in length, and lies in the centre of the New Brunswick coal area. There are large deposits of fairly good coal about its borders, and the lake-beaches are interesting to the geologist, affording many excellent specimens of fossil ferns and calamites, to say nothing of jasper and carnelian.

Beyond Gagetown, early in the afternoon, we enter the County of Sunbury, which formerly comprised all New Brunswick, but is now the smallest of the counties, though, perhaps, the garden of the Province. Maugerville, which we see from the wharf through a thick curtain of willows, is the oldest English settlement on the St. John. It was founded by a number of immigrants from Massachusetts in 1766, who were joined a few years later by Loyalist refugees. These were men quiet but indomitable. They suffered grievously for the first few years, and were several times in danger of extermination by the Indians. For protection against the fort on the Gemsec, which they perpetually dreaded, they built a fort at the Oromocto mouth, opposite their settlement, where now their descendants build wood-boats and river schooners. Gradually they compelled success, and their children in these days, as a rule, display like characteristics.

We make a long stop at the Maugerville wharf, taking aboard potatoes, a few huddling sheep, and a yoke of stubborn oxen for the Fredericton market. The shores above and below the wharf are edged with mighty willows, planted not for effect, but for the protection afforded by their roots against the current, which would eat the soft bank rapidly. At points particularly exposed there is built a guarding wall of cedar piles. Over all this region the St. John exerts its sovereignty with most unqualified vigour. Here the spring freshets reign supreme, and for weeks at a time the farmers may be compelled to go from house to barn, from barn to shed, in row-boats or small, light scows. To school go teachers and children, not in carriages, but in skiffs, taking many a short cut across the drowned meadows. When the family would go to church the boat is brought around to the front door; sometimes it is kept tied there. And the adventurous small Maugervillians explore in wash-tubs the extremest recesses of the back yard. Of course it is not always so bad as this; but sometimes it is worse.

It is nearly four o'clock when we catch sight of volumes of white smoke against a



PLASTER ROCKS, TOBIQUE RIVER.

background of dark, purplish-green uplands, and are told it means "The Mills." A mile beyond, across a lake-like breadth of shining water, above billow on billow of leafage, rise a few tall spires, one of which gleams like gold, while the others are dark against the sky. There, under its cool veil of elms, lies Fredericton, the little city adored of all its children.

TO FREDERICTON IN MAY-TIME.

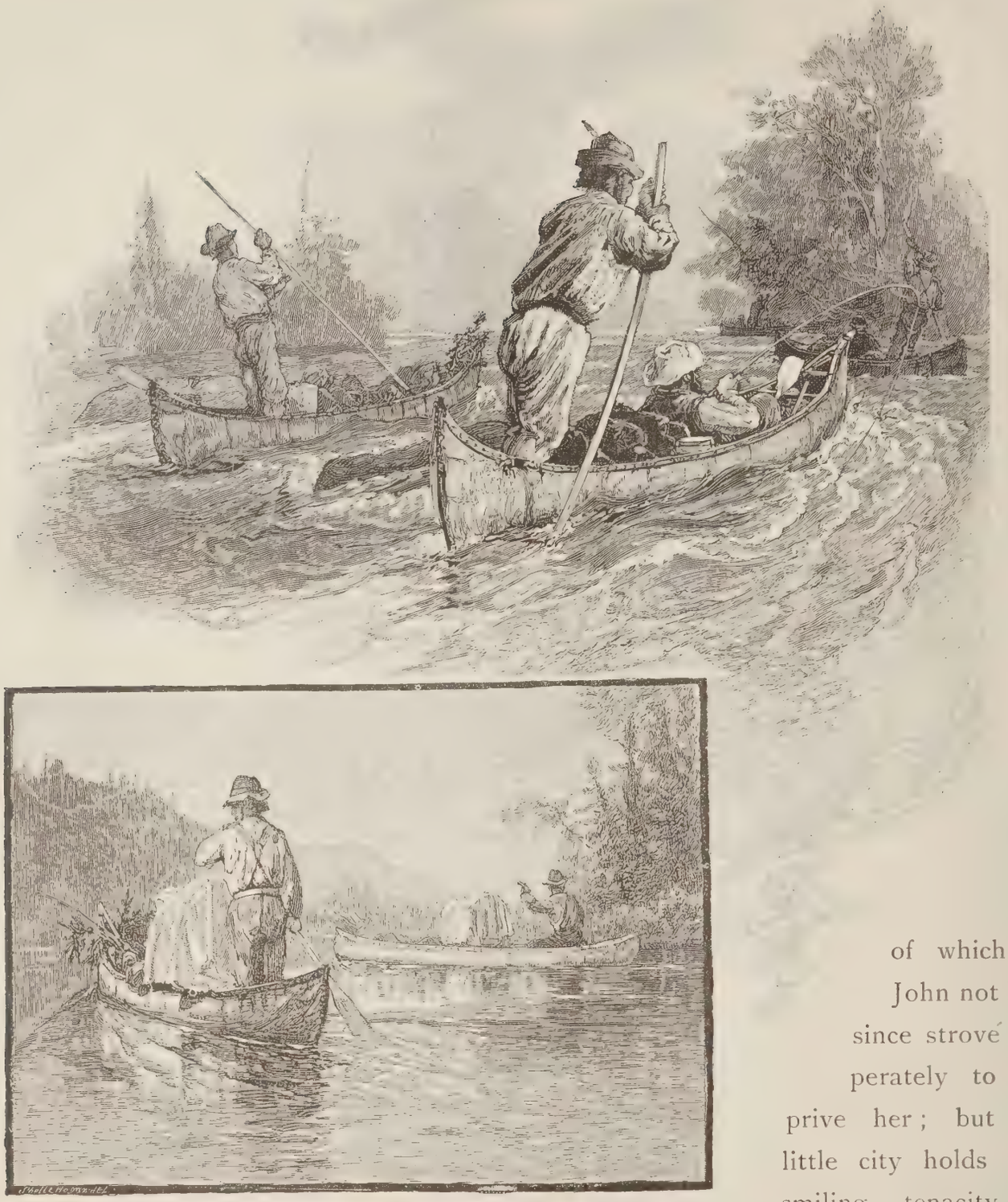
This morning full of breezes and perfume—
Brimful of promise of midsummer weather—
When bees, and birds, and I are glad together,
Breathes of the full-leaved season, when soft gloom

Chequers thy streets, and thy close elms assume
  Round roof and spire the semblance of green billows;
  Yet now thy glory is the yellow willows—
The yellow willows full of bees and bloom.

Under their mealy blossoms black-birds meet,
  And robins pipe amid the cedars nigher;
Through the still elms I hear the ferry's beat;
  The swallows chirp about the towering spire;
The whole air pulses with its weight of sweet,
  Yet not quite satisfied is my desire.

Within a year of the elevation of New Brunswick into a separate Province, the Governor, Sir Thomas Carleton, removed the seat of government to what was then known as St. Ann's Point, a spacious, sweeping curve of intervale ground, isolated by a line of highlands jutting upon the river above and below. About four miles long and a mile in breadth, watered by small brooks, wooded with elms of fairest proportion, clear of underbrush as a well-kept park, and carpeted waist-deep with luxurious grasses, it was certainly a tempting spot upon which to found a city. Not for the loveliness of the spot, however, was it chosen to hold the capital of the infant Province; strategical considerations moved the soul of Sir Thomas. Of a peaceful country the very peaceful heart, Fredericton owed its birth, and for long its existence, to the military spirit engendered by the War of Independence. St. John was open to attacks from hostile New England; and, moreover, it had speedily become obvious that its spirit would be aggressively commercial. It is hard to say which of these was in the eyes of Sir Thomas the greater evil. He saw that St. Ann's Point was a fair spot, easy of settlement, admirably adapted for defence, almost inaccessible by land, and not easily accessible by water save for ships of light draught. Against these, also, a few cannon on the heights below the town, at Simonds' Creek, would be an adequate protection. From the military point of view, then, Sir Thomas had every reason to be satisfied with Fredericton; and not less so from the anti-commercial.

The little city, that has stood still for years at a population of 6,000, is wealthy and looks it, but is troubled with an ambition to rival St. John and to become a great distributing centre for the agricultural up-river counties, and for the mining and fishing North Shore. She has ever been, and is, a centre of the lumber trade; but for the most part the Levites of commerce have but glanced upon her and gone by on the other side. The smoke of factories obstinately refuses to blacken skies so fair as hers; even a railroad, when it draws nigh, goes reverently and stays its course in the outskirts. Since the troops have been withdrawn, she has consoled herself for the commercial supremacy of St. John by making secure her political, ecclesiastical, and intellectual throne. She has the departmental and parliamentary buildings and the courts of law,



POLING UP AND PADDLING DOWN.

of which St. John not long since strove desperately to deprive her; but the little city holds with smiling tenacity to those good things she hath, and her big antagonist was worsted. She has also the cathedral—the most perfect specimen of pure Gothic architecture in Canada—and a multitude of churches. She has the Provincial University, and the Provincial Normal School. Call her a cathedral city, call her a university town, and her part is well filled. But should the change she prays for be wrought upon her, should she begin to grow, to bustle, to drive bargains, her distinctive charms would swiftly disappear. Her hopes, however, are

centred in the building of the Miramichi Valley Railroad, to run up the fertile and populous Nashwaak, over the backbone of the Province, and down the south-west Miramichi, a long-settled but largely undeveloped section of the country. With this road built, and the St. John bridged at the upper end of the city, Fredericton would probably swing out of the eddies and find herself in the full tide of advancement. It is possible, at the same time, that the growth would take place chiefly in the suburbs of St. Mary's and Gibson, on the other side of the river, in which case the aristocratic quiet of Fredericton proper would not be disturbed. Otherwise we could imagine one of her citizens, under the hoped-for new dispensation, ill at ease in the unwonted stir and din, asserting, in response to many congratulations, that truly the change was sweet, but murmuring afterward with Mr. Matthew Arnold—

"Ah! so the quiet was,
So was the hush!"

At present the brooding peace is seldom ruffled, save when the opening of the river brings in swarms of well-paid and very thirsty lumbermen from their winter's seclusion in the remote heart of the woods, or when, on the evening of a certain Thursday which falls toward the last of June, the city sleeps with one eye open, and in the small hours starts up to find that the old university on the hill is in full eruption, that the night is bright with blazing tar-barrels, and musical with ubiquitous tin horns. Then the ground shakes with the thunderous report of a huge rusty cannon, which was presented to the students some years ago by the spirit of an old French General, whom, tradition says, they had rudely awakened out of his centuries' sleep. The students' glee club was wont to meet for practice, on moonlit nights, in a secret part of the grove where the General had been buried. He arose and bribed them with the cannon; and thenceforth the club met no more in that place.

He of the pencil, with whom we had much argument on the subject, decided that the best view of the city was that from the lower ferry landing on the opposite side of the river. We may say here that Fredericton can boast of three steam ferries—upper, middle, and lower—no one of which favours the idea of a bridge! Let us take a canoe from the St. Ann's Rowing Club boat-house, and examine this view from the other side. We do not see much of the city except its steeples, rising out of billows of elm-tops. Beautifully rounded willows line most of the water front; white steamers, red tugs, black wood-boats, and schooners fringe the wharves; but we feel a little disappointed. The Normal School building, though its back is to us, as is the case with most of the buildings we catch sight of, looks well. But we are forcibly attracted by the City Hall, which, with a supremely ridiculous little tower stuck upon its rear, to match the big clock-tower upon its front, looks like the back

view of some prehistoric mammal with a rudimentary tail, in an attitude of alert expectancy. We are also struck by the curious pepper-pot with which, mistaking it for a dome, the builders have crowned the really beautiful new Parliament House. This structure is of free-stone and grey granite, with fluted, square pillars up the front, and is simple and good in design—saving for the dome. Some of the most beautiful elms and butternuts in the city are scattered through the open grounds which surround it.

But let us take an observation from the cupola of the university. It is a bright afternoon in September, and an early frost has startled out the leaves into their full splendour. Behind rises the remnant of the hill, dark-green with spruce and hemlock; directly beneath is the level sward of the terraces, walled off from the keener winds by a dense thicket of cedars at the north end. From the edge of the lower terrace sweeps away the broad hillside, clothed with maples all aflame, birches cloaked in clear gold, oaks with foliage a mass of smouldering purples, beeches of a shining russet brown. Stretching from the hill-foot, miles to left and right and straight ahead, lies the river-valley, bounded by a rim of purple uplands. As the aftermath is fresh upon the meadows, and the elms have not yet begun to turn, this valley is for the most part pale-green, save where the river draws a broad ribbon of azure round the gleaming city, disappearing under the shoulder of the uplands to our right, or where a square of rich saffron colour tells of the yet unharvested grain. Some three miles in our front a spire pierces the green, and its whiteness is so pure as to be almost dazzling. That is Gibson's costly and beautiful, though florid little church.

Close at hand the white arches of a bridge denote the mouth of the Nashwaak River, opposite Sherman's wharf. There is the birth-place of the history of this spot. To that low point from behind which rolls out the Nashwaak, Villebon, true hero and leader of men, in 1692 betook himself from the Gemsec, to be still further secure from invasion, and to be nearer his Melicite allies. Here he built a large and well-stockaded fort, which in the autumn of 1696 was attacked by the New Englanders under Colonel Hawthorne and old Benjamin Church. Villebon, being forewarned, was forearmed. That redoubtable ecclesiastic, Father Simon, brought thirty-six of his *Medoctec* warriors to swell the garrison, and all was enthusiasm within the fort. The New Englanders landed with three cannon near the south shore of the stream, on a point now much frequented by the school-boys of Fredericton in the cherry season. Truly it is a charming spot, and its cherries are marvellously great and sweet and abundant. But the New Englanders found little pleasure therein. The fire from the fort by day dismounted one of their guns and suffered them not to work the others with any degree of comfort, while by night a plentiful hail of grape upon all such watch-fires as they lighted drove them to sleep unwarmed and wet, whence came in the morning much rheumatism and complaining. The undertaking became unpopular

in the invaders' camp, and under cover of the next night they forsook it and fled. In the autumn of 1698 the garrison was removed to Fort La Tour, which had been rebuilt at the mouth of the St. John, and after Villebon's death in 1700 the Nashwaak fort was demolished. Nothing now remains to remind us of those exciting though uncomfortable times save some green mounds where once stood Villebon's ramparts, or a few rust-eaten cannon-balls which the farmer gathers in with his potato-crop.

To Grand Falls, 120 miles above Fredericton, one may go by rail; or he may continue by boat to Woodstock, and from that point take up his land-travel. The chief attractions of the river voyage between Fredericton and Woodstock, a distance of sixty miles, are to be found in the beauty of the Pokiok Falls which are passed *en route*, and in the oddity of the steamer, which is of the pattern called a "wheel-barrow-boat." This craft has heard of the feats of western vessels of her class, and claims to make occasional overland voyages after heavy rains.

Woodstock, a picturesque little town among hills and groves and well-tilled steep fields, is a dangerous rival to Fredericton for the up-river trade, on account of her position and the energy and enterprise of her citizens. Thrice has she been almost destroyed by fire, yet she rises quickly from her ashes, cheerful and busy as ever. She is very hopeful and self-reliant, has saw-mills, and iron-mines, and so nearly approaches the dignity of a city as to possess a suburb, called "Hardscrabble."

Above Woodstock the character of the river shores changes. The skirting intervales disappear, and the banks are lofty, bold, and diversified. The sketch which our graphite-wielding comrade made at Newbury Junction, a few miles up from Woodstock, while we waited for the train to take us to Tobique and Grand Falls, is characteristic of the up-river scenery in its more temperate moods. The New Brunswick Railroad traverses the heights, crossing wild and profound ravines on bridges of spidery build; again it rushes out upon a fertile rolling champaign laughing with prosperity; and anon it carries us back into the fire-ravaged wildernesses. But everywhere we see that the soil is strong, and the country capable of sustaining a great population.

At the little village of Andover, some twenty-four miles below Grand Falls, we resolved to ascend the beautiful Tobique River, partly for the sake of its scenery, but more, it must be confessed, for the sake of its trout-fishing. We had little difficulty in securing three trusty Melicites, with their still more trusty canoes—a canoe and an Indian for each of our party. The inhabitants of this Tobique village are making excellent progress in civilization. They are intelligent and religious, own many horses and cattle, do some good farming, and show no signs of poverty. Their village is fairly clean, their houses are well built and cared for. Sewing-machines proved that even hither had the persuasive travelling agent found his way. Beside one door stood a handsome baby carriage, with a black-eyed, red little Melicite crowing proudly



ON THE TOBIQUE.

therein ; and we found in the chief's cottage a good cabinet organ, beside which were some piles of sheet-music and a violin. Some of these Indians win for themselves French wives from among the *habitants* of Madawaska county. One of our guides, by name Frank Solas, spoke English fairly well, French better, Micmac thoroughly, and his native Melicite. He could also *write* English intelligibly. His companions, Tom and Steve, had not attained to quite so wide and varied a culture, but they were quick-witted and receptive; while Steve was almost an encyclopædia of useful knowledge, and his knowledge he was wont to impart with a laconic terseness which an encyclopædist might have envied.

It was late in the afternoon when at last we found ourselves afloat upon the green waters of the Tobique, which lay in rich contrast with the amber current of

the St. John. We leaned back luxuriously upon hemlock branches heaped in the bow of each canoe, while our Melicites, erect in the stern, propelled us against the swift tide with long, surging thrusts of their white spruce poles. In half an hour we reached "The Narrows," where the straitened river hisses along for nearly a mile through a deep gorge marvellously tortuous. It struck us as a miniature of the sublime cañon through which the river St. John thunders and smokes away from its mighty plunge at Grand Falls. It took us two hours to struggle up through these narrows. The glistening green and white waters curled maliciously as they split and sheered past our obstinate bows. The white poles trembled and flickered under the strain, and great beads of sweat rolled down the guides' dark faces. Here and there we clung a few moments with our hands to some projecting cornice of rock, and snatched a breathing space. Only once did we find a side eddy large enough to hold our canoes for a little while out of the grasp of the current. Above our heads towered the ragged and overhanging cliffs, unscalable, with an occasional dwarf cedar swinging out from precarious foothold in some high crevice. The sombre surface of the shale through which this chasm has been cleft is traversed by irregular seams of white limestone, forming a delicate tracery in strong contrast with the rest of the scene. Above the Narrows the river widens abruptly, the current becomes almost placid, and the shores turn pastoral. We camped here for the night, and pitched our tent on a tiny piece of clean sward, half surrounded by a veritable forest of tall ferns. No such ferns as these for luxuriance are to be found elsewhere in Canada. We cut them by the armful for our beds, and our dreams that night were pervaded by their fragrance.

Allowing for such exceptions as shall hereafter be noted, the banks of the Tobique are a mixture of deep intervale and fertile upland, all admirably adapted to the support of a farming population. Wherever the shores are low the natural growth consists of elm and water-ash and balsamic poplar, rising from a quiet sea of grasses and flaunting weeds. In such regions the wild iris is everywhere in possession along the water's brim, holding purple revel with the multitude of azure and golden dragonflies; and everywhere, also, the broad, green banners of the fern. But where the low, round hills draw close to the water the shores display the warm olive tints of fir-thickets, mingled with the pale colour of birches and the glaucous hues of hackmatack. For many miles of its course the river runs through red sandstones, very warm and vivid in tone. We passed long ranges of bank so steep that most of the soil had slipped away, and the glowing red surface was netted over with a deep-green tangle of vines, accentuated here and there with a group of cedars. The splendour of such colouring under full sunlight, with the rosy reflections from the bottom of the shallow river seeming to set the very air aflush, we can find no words to paint. At the Red Rapids the river chafes down over a long incline of this sandstone; and here a new effect is produced by the chill white of the waves which leap up against the great red

boulders in the channel. These rapids are three-quarters of a mile in length, and to spare our devoted Melicites we disembarked and made a detour on foot. We stopped awhile on the way to cast a fly in a tempting lakelet, and on reaching the head of the rapid found our Indians complacently awaiting us.

This obstruction passed, we crept on indolently. Under the measured, slow thrusts of the pole, the canoe kept climbing forward against the current with a gentle, pulsing motion. Though at this season the larger trout had retreated to the upper waters, or were gathered at the mouths of brooks, yet all about us swarmed the small fish, eager and hungry. Dropping our flies lazily to either hand, we landed all we needed to keep our frying-pan supplied. Soon growing too sybaritic for such exertion, we gazed with idle approval upon the little villages, snug, solitary farmsteads, and quaint, deserted mills that from time to time unfolded to our view. But for the most part we were out of sight and hearing of civilization. Once we passed a raft laden with hemlock bark, stranded in the shallows and forsaken till a more convenient season should arrive. Voyaging on thus carelessly, we had nothing to make us complain save an occasional light shower, or some over-fervency in the sunshine. When encamped, however, came the mosquitoes and other equally fierce denizens of the wild, desperately athirst for our blood. Our artist went to the fire, hung up his wet socks to dry upon the "cheep-lah-quah-gan," and proceeded to anoint himself copiously with tar-ointment.

We have mentioned the "cheep-lah-quah-gan." High indeed is the importance of this article in a camper's eyes. As soon as a landing is made one sallies into the woods to cut a "cheep-lah-quah-gan." By this the pot and the kettle are enabled to perform their duties, upon this are hung the party's damp garments, on this depends half the picturesqueness of the camp. It is simply a hard-wood pole forked at one end, the other end pointed and driven into the ground at a low angle. It is fortified in this position with a few stones, and the fire is built thereunder.

On our third day from Andover we reached the "Plaster Cliffs," whose beauty more than surpassed our expectations. The river at this point is narrow. One shore is low, semi-tropical in the luxuriance of its vegetation; while on the other hand rises from the water's edge the broken front of the cliffs. The strata are twisted intricately, and the whole rock-face is a lovely blending of pale grays, purples, reds, browns, and white. The rock crumbles easily, and settlers come from miles about and bear it away by cart-loads as a top-dressing for their grass-lands. To the exquisite colour of the rock itself was added here and there a mass of the most vivid green and violet, where some broad patches of vetch clung against the steep surface. Here and there, also, was a drapery of pale lycopodiums, a thick fringe of pendulous blue-bells, or a silvery veil of the wild yarrow.

At the mouth of the Gulquac stream we first obtained such fishing as we de-

sired. But still better was the sport which is brought to mind by the recollection of "Blue Mountain." All along under the fish-fence of stakes and brush-wood extending to mid-stream, what swarms of trout lay in ambush, and how hungrily they rose to the fly! Splendid fellows, too, and full of play. As for the mountain, a geological report which is at hand, assures us that its height is two thousand one hundred feet, and that its summits are visited by terrific thunderstorms.



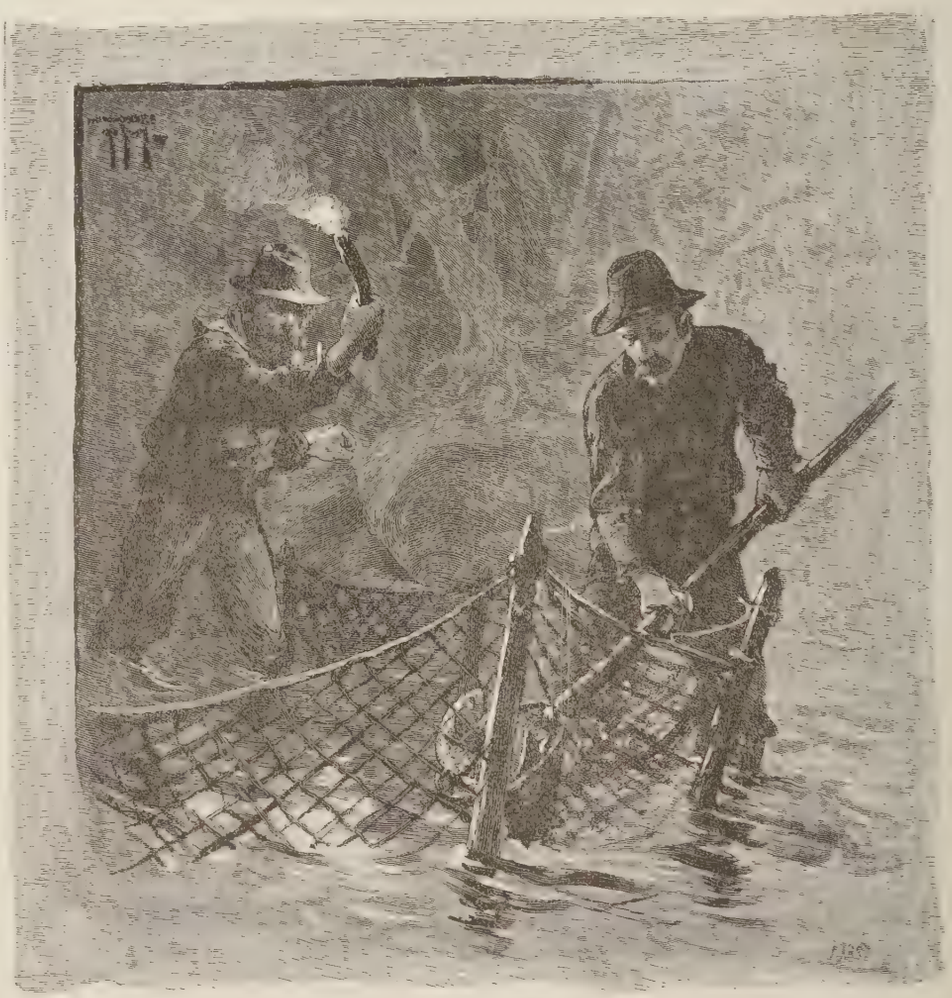
ST. JOHN RIVER, NEAR NEWBURY JUNCTION.

The next day Bald Mountain came in view, a round, naked peak thrust up from the bosom of an impassable cedar-swamp. Upon the solitary arm of a dead, gray pine-tree on the shore perched a white-headed eagle, which thrust out its neck with a gesture of anxious inquiry, and yelped at us as we passed. Soon we reached the Forks, where the fishing surpassed itself. We remained a day, and the store of trout which rewarded us the Indians salted down in little crates of birch-bark for the homeward trip.

At the Forks the right branch, or Tobique proper, flowing from the south, is joined by the Mamozekel from the east, and the Nictor, or Little Tobique, from the north. Up this stream, the wildest, grandest, and most beautiful of the three, we pushed to its source in Little Tobique Lake. This lake is the most sombre of inland waters. Its depth is mysteriously great, so that, though pure as crystal, it looks black even close to shore. The hills stand all about it, and Nictor Mountain dominates it. The winds seemed never to descend to the level of its bosom, and the woods that fringed it were silent. We saw no birds here but a bittern, plainly out of her reckoning, and a white-headed eagle which stood guard over the scene. We explored, sketched, fished; and, moved by a spirit of defiance, we took a swim in the icy waters, and shocked the ancient forests with rollicking songs. But soon the weird solemnity of the spot overmastered us. We became grave. Then we turned and fled back. The journey down was very swiftly accomplished. The distance of a hundred and odd miles was covered in a day and a half. The Indians sat and paddled gently.

and the shores slipped by like visions half noted in a dream. The sun shone hotly, but we were well protected from his beams;—the manner of it may be seen in the picture which stands in contrast with that entitled "Poling Up." When we came to the Red Rapids we cast aside our canopies, and seized our paddles. There was a brief season of wild excitement, while the canoes leaped down through the mad, white chutes, many a time just grazing through the perilous jaws of rock which thronged the channel. A longer and severer test of our Indians' skill awaited us at the Narrows, which we raced through during a sudden storm, with lightning gleaming across the gorge, and the roar of the water mingled with thunder in our ears. That evening we bade our guides a temporary farewell, and took train for Grand Falls.

Canada is the land of cataracts, and so many have been depicted in these pages already that the reader's ears may be wearied with the sound of many waters. Yet to pass hastily by the Grand Falls would be nearly as irreverent as to ignore Niagara. It is no rash enthusiasm to speak thus. Incomparably less in magnitude than Niagara the proportions and surroundings of the Grand Falls are such that they produce a similar overwhelming effect. A river nearly a quarter of a mile in width narrows to three hundred feet, and takes a perpendicular plunge of eighty feet into a chasm, beside the gloom and raging of which the gorge at Niagara seems joyous.



EMPTYING SALMON-NETS BY TORCHLIGHT.

The village of Grand Falls is an irregular scattering of white cottages upon the summit of a high plateau. From end to end down the centre runs a street ambitiously named Broadway. In truth, it is broad enough to be mistaken for a meadow. Over it, even in the hottest days, there is a continual racing of cool breezes. The citizens may be studied to best advantage in the neighbourhood of the little Post Office or in the shadow of the huge

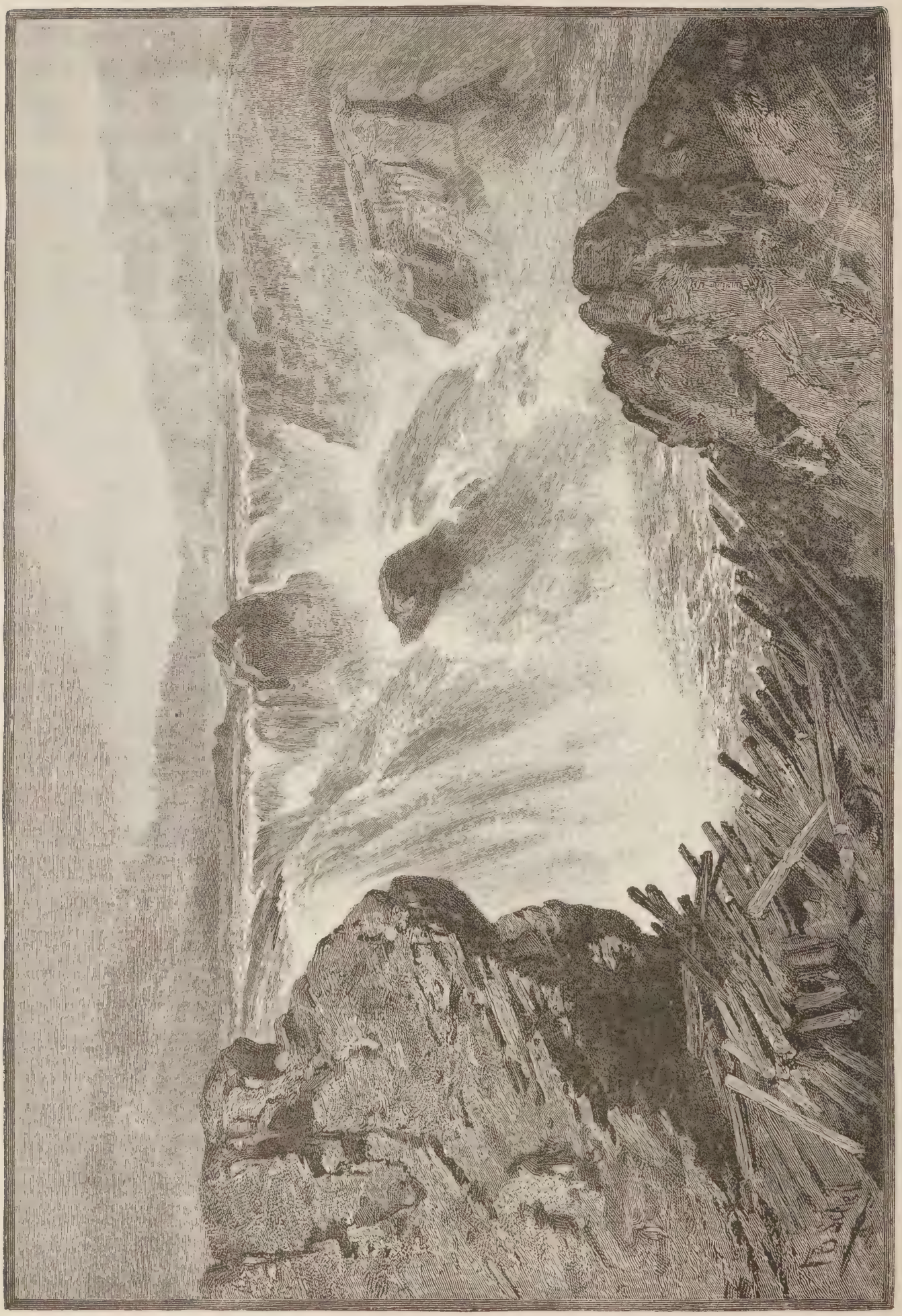
white pillars which adorn the front of the hotel. These pillars are Doric in their massive simplicity; and the whole structure causes one to fancy that a Greek temple has captured a modern white washed barn and has proudly stuck it on behind. In spite of the paucity of citizens, the streets have an air of life, the pigs being numerous and always engaged in some work of excavation, while the geese are as clamorous as hawkers.

It was a perfect night when we arrived. The summer moon was at the full, low down in the sky, so we went straightway out upon the suspension-bridge which spans the gorge a few stone-throws below the falls. The falls are nowhere visible till you meet them face to face, but their tremendous trampling had filled our ears ever since leaving the hotel. From the centre of the bridge, which trembled in the thunder and was drenched continually with spray-drift, we looked straight into the face of the cataract, through the vagueness of the moonlight and the mist. On the one side leaned over the great crags, black as ebony, with their serrated crest of fir-tops etching the broad moon, which had not yet risen quite clear of them. On the other hand the higher portions of the rock, being wet, shone like silver in the light. To the white chaos beneath us no moon-ray filtered down, and we could mark there nothing definite. As we watched the cataract in silence the moon rose higher, and suddenly athwart the swaying curtains of the mist came out the weird opalescent arch of a lunar rainbow, which kept dissolving and rebuilding before our eyes. Not till it had melted finally did we go back to the hotel.

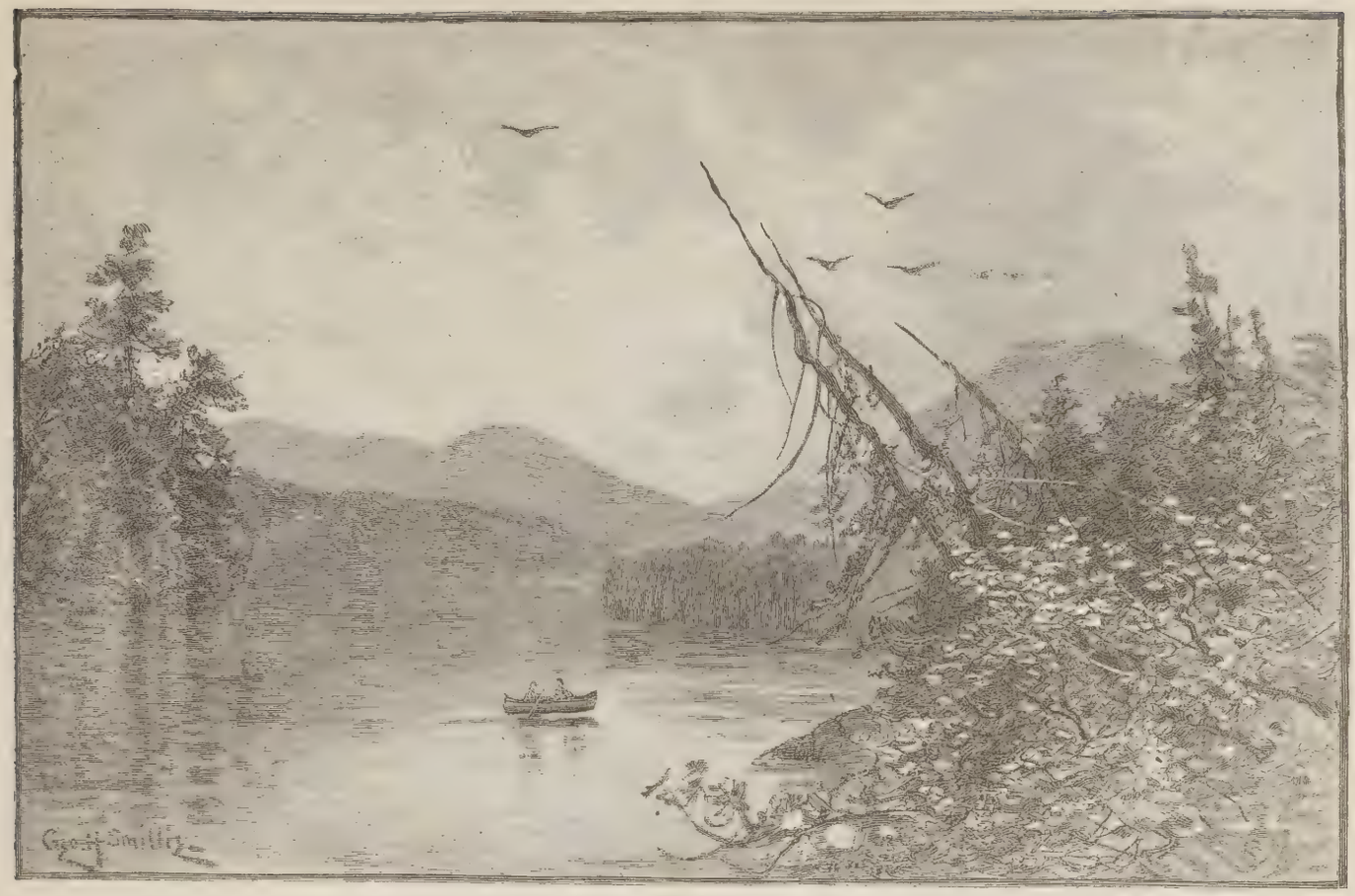


INDIANS MAKING TORCHES.

We took days to examine the falls and explore the grim wonders of the gorge. The longer we stayed the stronger grew the spell of the place. At the base of the cataract is thrust up a cone of rock some forty or fifty feet in height, which the foam alternately buries and leaves bare. From the foot of the descent the river does not, as at Niagara, *flow* away. It does not even rush or dart



GRAND FALLS, ST. JOHN RIVER.



LITTLE TOBIQUE LAKE.

away, but it is belched and volleyed off with an explosive force so terrific that masses of water, tons-weight, are hurled boiling into the air, where they burst asunder vehemently, white to the heart. Great waves leap unexpectedly far up against the walls of the chasm. At times the river heaps itself up on one side, giving a brief glimpse of naked rock down to the very bed of the gigantic trough. This ungovernable bursting of the waters continues through almost the whole extent of the gorge. A side ravine close beside the fall, a sort of vast wedge-shaped niche, is piled full of hundreds of thousands of logs, jammed inextricably during the Spring freshets. At half-freshet, when the cone is entirely hidden, we have seen mighty pine timbers lunge over the brink, vanish instantly, and then be shot their full length into the air, perhaps fifty yards away from the fall. Sometimes a log is raised half its length above the surface and held there in a strange fashion, so that it goes off down the torrent on its end, spinning like a top.

Throughout the gorge occur several minor falls, which disappear when the river is high. Except during freshet, most of the gorge is accessible to good climbers. At one point an elaborate stairway has been built to the water's edge. Here, in the opposite cliffs, there is a recess which is occupied by "the Coffee Mill." This is a whirlpool about one hundred feet across, kept constantly full of logs, blocks, and *débris*. The water is invisible under its burden, which sweeps around its circle unceasingly, ever striving to escape at the outlet and ever inexorably sucked back. Where the floor of the gorge is exposed the strata are all upon edge, crushed

together in coils and folds. Here are the "Wells," as they are justly called, deep circular pits, bored clean into the heart of the bed-rock. Here also is the cave, which is like the open jaws of some Titanic crocodile, threatening to crash together momently. Toward the exit from the gorge, which, by the way, is about a mile in extent, the cliffs again withdraw a little space to make room for Falls Brook Basin, a still black pool supposed unfathomable, contrasting its sullen surface with the white wrath of the torrent which roars past on the other side of a low shoulder of rock. From this pool towers, unbroken, perpendicular, and smooth as glass, a precipice two hundred feet in height. Toward one side of this vast wall, where it begins to break, Falls Brook spreads itself in a noiseless network of silver,

> "And, like a downward smoke,
> Along the cliff to fall, and pause, and fall doth seem."

It was here, if tradition lieth not, that the Indians used to hurl down their captives taken in war.

As might be expected, Grand Falls has been the scene of many an awful tragedy. The first bridge over the gorge fell with several teams upon it. Lumbermen — "stream-drivers"—have been sucked down, and, caught probably in the dreadful whirl of the Coffee Mill, never the smallest trace of them has been seen thereafter. One tragic story is a story also of woman's heroism. In the days when the Melicites were a great nation their implacable enemies were the Mohawks. A Mohawk war party launched its canoes upon the head-waters of the St. John, intending by this new route to surprise the chief village of the Melicites, at Au pak. Before reaching the Falls they captured a small party of Melicites, all of whom they put to death save one young squaw, who was kept to be their guide through the strange waters. As they drifted silently down



MAKING NEW POLE FOR CANOE.

by night she was put in the foremost canoe, and ordered to take them to a safe landing in the Upper Basin, whence they would, next day, make a portage around the cataract. She steered them straight for the vortex. When they started up from their half-slumber, with the hideous menace of that thunder in their ears, it was too late. A few moments of agonizing effort with their useless paddles, then they and their captive were swept into the gulf. Never did another Mohawk invasion vex the Melicites; but the latter have not preserved the name of the girl who saved them.



STRIPPING OR BARKING A TREE FOR TORCHES.

From Grand Falls by train to the mouth of Grand River; and hence, with our guides and canoes, summoned from Andover to meet us, we set out for the Restigouche and North Shore. Poling up Grand River, it appeared tame after the Tobique. Into Grand River flows the Waagansis, a meagre, dirty stream, grown thick with alders, through which we pushed our way with difficulty. Thence we made a portage to the head of the Waagan, a tributary of the Restigouche. We were now on the other side of the watershed, about to commit ourselves to the streams of the Gulf slope, famous for their salmon and trout.

The Waagan is, if possible, a more detestable little stream than the Waagansis. The canoes had to be pushed and dragged through the dense growth occupying the river's bed, and the shores were almost impenetrable with shrub. The only picturesque object seen was a bear, which evinced no regard for his æsthetic importance, but made all haste to vanish from the landscape. But the mosquitoes surpassed themselves in their efforts to entertain us fitly. At last we rounded a fair wooded point, and slipped out, in ecstasy upon the pale-green waters of the Restigouche, "the Five-fingered



GORGE BELOW GRAND FALLS, ST. JOHN RIVER.

River," as its name is said to signify. What a contrast to the Waagan! As we headed down the lucid current the sky now seemed to grow blue and the breeze to soften. A wood-duck winged past, its gorgeous plumage glowing in the sun. The mosquitoes and the gnats vanished, and in their place came exquisite pale-blue butterflies, delicate as the petals of flax blossoms, hovering about our heads, or alighting on prow and gunwale. Then from a dead branch projecting over the water a great kingfisher launched himself, and darted away down stream with mocking laughter. And through the whole down trip we never lacked the companionship of a kingfisher. There were bluejays, too, and sand-pipers, and Canada-birds whistling far and near; and sometimes the hermit-thrush sounded his mellow pipe as we passed a secluded thicket. The forests were everywhere luxuriant; the waters populous with fish as the air with birds and butterflies. We cast our mimic flies till we grew tired of it, and fed upon the fat of the land. Altogether, the Restigouche won our very hearty approbation, though in the upper portion it is not of such diversified beauty as the Tobique. However, in the possession of a mighty tributary, one of the "five fingers," the title thereof the "Quah-Tah-Wah-Am-Quah-Davic," it easily distances the Tobique. Luckily, the lumberman has been here, and has abbreviated the name to "Tom Kedgwick."

Here, fish-wardens being scarce, in the interests of art and science we took upon ourselves the guise of poachers, and went spearing salmon by torchlight.

Where the paper-birch grew large and clean upon the river shore, we called a halt. Rolls of bark about three feet in length were stripped from the larger trees, in the manner shown in the sketch. With a dozen of such rolls we were content, and proceeded to our torch-making. A strip of bark eight or ten inches in width was folded once down the middle. Five such folded pieces laced tightly together with tough and pliable straps of the inner bark of a young cedar constituted one torch, capable of burning for about fifteen minutes. With a couple of dozen torches we were fully equipped, as only one canoe was to engage in the forbidden sport. The night was windless, according to desire, but a faint mist coiled lazily on the placid surface of the river. The hour was late, and a gibbous, weird, pale moon peered through the lofty elms and poplars on the lower bank. The torch, thrust into a cleft stick and placed erect in the bow of the canoe, flared redly, and cast off a thick volume of lurid smoke, which streamed out behind us as noiselessly we slipped through the water. In the bow, spear in hand, stood our chief guide, his dark face gleaming fiercely in the sharp-cut lights and shadows, while his keen gaze searched the river-bottom. On one side loomed a rocky bank, which seemed about to topple over upon us. Through the fitful glare and the distorting smoke, the trunks of solitary pine trees and of ancient birches that had fallen prone upon the brink took on strange menacing shapes of gigantic stature. White decaying stumps and half-charred branches leered impishly through the darkness of the underbrush, and a pair of owls flapped to and fro, hooting

dismally. All at once the spear, held poised just clear of the water, darted downward like lightning. But it was withdrawn empty, and the Indian grunted with disgust. He had missed his mark on account of the deceiving veil of fog. Again the breathless silence, the stealthy searching; and again the lightning dart of the two-pronged spear. This time a huge sucker was brought up, killed with a blow on the head, and deposited in the canoe, its flesh being held in honour by our guides. At last, after nearly an hour of drifting and watching, the lunge of the spear was followed by a mighty lashing of the water, and the silver belly of a splendid salmon flashed before our eyes. The steel prong of the spear was through his back; the cruel grip of the ashen barbs was fixed about his sides, and his writhings made our light craft rock, till the exultant Indian gave him his quietus. On the way back to camp a whitefish also fell to the well-wielded spear.

The mysterious scenes we had beheld, the intense but still excitement, and the inviting fire which we were surprised to find glowing before our tent, though our absence had lasted full two hours, had warned off sleep effectually. We heaped our blankets upon hemlock boughs, outside the tent-door, and lay with our feet to the fire, smoking, and repeating in low voices certain uncanny legends of these shores. Suddenly a long, tremulous, exceeding sorrowful cry came floating in upon our ears from vaguest distances. We sprang to our feet. Wild and unearthly it swelled, died away, rose again more near and more distinct; and it seemed as if we heard in it a note of strange laughter. Shuddering, we turned to our Indians, and saw them sitting attentive, awed, but not afraid. In answer to our mute inquiry the chief guide muttered — "Clote Scaurp's hunting-dogs! Big storm bime-by, mebbe!" He said they would not come near us. Their howls were often heard at night time in these regions, where they ranged in search of their master, but no man of those now living had ever seen them. Nor could he tell us what manner of beast they were. But, with that voice still in our ears, we straightway pictured them gliding under and parting the low thickets in the desolate, broad, moon-lighted spaces of the wilderness. Then, as the cry was not repeated, we questioned of this Clote Scaurp, and were told quaint fables of him. He was a wise, powerful, and benevolent hero, holding men and beasts and birds and fishes under his kindly sway, and they all spoke one language. In his time the moon had been a dreadful beast, greater than a mountain, and fierce; but Clote Scaurp struck it between the eyes with the palm of his hand, and it shrank to the size we see it now. The stories of his disappearance differed widely; but the one thing certain was that he vanished, and that earth had since become a sorry place. One legend of his going reads with the wild, impressive beauty of Celtic tradition. It is the Melicite "Passing of Arthur":

"After many years the ways of beasts and men grew bad, and Clote Scaurp talked to them, till at last he was angry, and very sorry; and he could endure them no

longer. And he came down to the shores of the great lake, and he made a great feast,—all the beasts came to it, but the men came not to the feast, for they had become altogether bad,—and Clote Scaurp talked to the beasts very heavily. And when the feast was over he got into his canoe, and his uncle, the Great Turtle, with



SPEARING SALMON BY NIGHT ON THE RESTIGOUCHE.

him, and went away over the great lake toward the setting sun; and all the beasts stood by the water, and looked after them until they could see them no more. And Clote Scaurp sang, and the Great Turtle, as they went away; and the beasts stood listening to them till they could hear them no more. Then a great silence fell upon them all, and a very strange thing came to pass, and the beasts, who until now had spoken one tongue, were no more able to understand each other. And they fled apart, each his own way, and never again have they met together in council. And Clote Scaurp's hunting-dogs go up and down the world in search of him, and men hear them howling after him in the night."

The deliciousness of that salmon soothed our uneasy conscience. The remainder of the voyage down, though luxurious, was uneventful. We passed the Petapedia, a tributary from the north which forms the boundary between New Brunswick and Quebec; then the Upsalquitch, from the south; and at last, having entered a

country of grand hills and winding valleys far withdrawn, we reached the mouth of the swift Metapedia, nigh to where the Restigouche meets the sea.

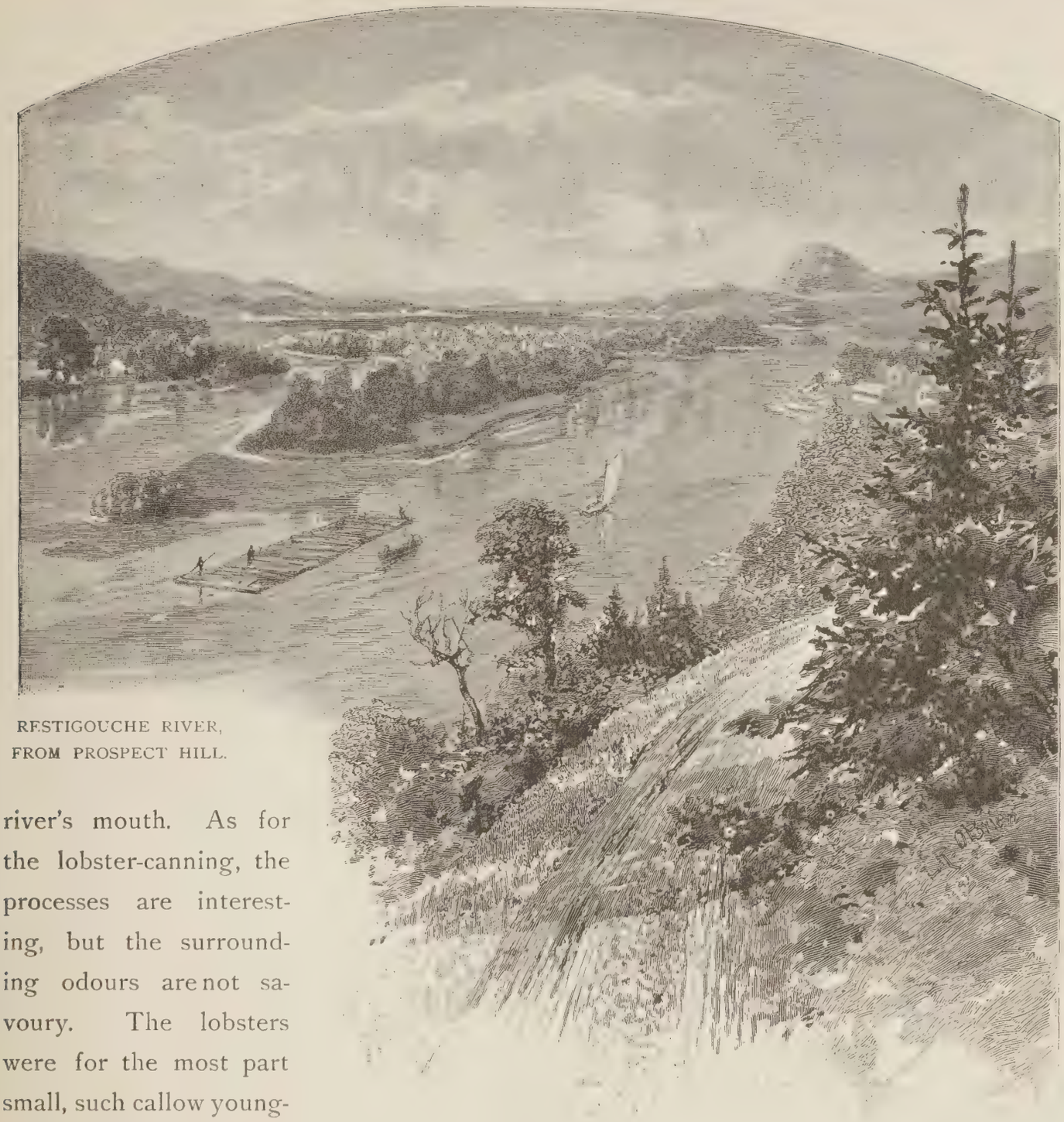
The junction of the Metapedia with the Restigouche takes place in a vast park-like amphitheatre, set with magnificent groves and dotted thick with clumps of tiger-



ON THE BAY CHALEURS.

lily. Steep mountains hem the valley in on every hand, save where, through a cliff to the north side, the Metapedia enters, and where, by a pass through which the setting sun looks down the valley, the Restigouche rolls calmly in. Seen from the hill summits the two streams appear to shun meeting. They wind, and double, and recoil, till the vale is embroidered in every part with sinuous bands of azure. From the naked top of "Sugar Loaf" we saw not this lovely vale alone, but beyond its eastern pathway the waters of Bay Chaleurs, golden in the late afternoon. We saw, too, the peaks of "Squaw's Cap" and "Slate Mountain," near at hand; and more remote the deep blue mountains of Gaspe, and the further purple shores. At our feet lay the village of Campbelltown, its white cottages shining as clear as marble in the transparent atmosphere, and all the western windows keenly ablaze. On the side next the village the "Sugar Loaf" is wholly inaccessible. As we rushed off by the Intercolonial for Chatham, its forbidding front took long to sink from view.

The little town of Bathurst is beautifully situated at the head of a spacious land-locked harbour. It is built upon both sides of an ample shallow estuary, across which runs a broad road built on piles. From this point we visited the lobster-canning establishments on the coast, and the falls of the Nepisiguit, twenty miles above the



RESTIGOUCHE RIVER,
FROM PROSPECT HILL.

river's mouth. As for the lobster-canning, the processes are interesting, but the surrounding odours are not savoury. The lobsters were for the most part small, such callow youngsters as the fishermen would once have scorned. At the present rate of destruction, the industry must very soon perish, and our delicate lobster salads become extinct as the dodo. But the other lion of the place, the Nepisiguit Falls, gave us unmitigated satisfaction. The river plunges down one hundred and forty feet, by four mighty leaps, into a cañon chiselled out of the solid granite. The basin at the foot is visited by salmon, who here take grave counsel together concerning this bar against their further progress up the river. Much consideration has thus far availed them naught, and no salmon knows the longed-for upper waters. In the neighbourhood of Bathurst, however, lobsters and waterfalls are not the sole attractions. There are the "Elm-Tree" and the "Nigadoo" silver mines. Since silver ore, very rich and workable, was discovered in

the county, the place has been in periodical peril from the mining fever. Fortunately, all the lands where silver was found have been safely gathered in by the capitalist; but every citizen who takes a walk in the country of a Sunday afternoon has become an amateur prospector, and dreams and possibilities are boundless.

From Bathurst to Newcastle, on the Miramichi, the run is through a barren and monotonous country. The Miramichi is the great rival of the St. John. About it cling romantic and stirring memories of old Acadian days. Here attempts at settlement were early and obstinate, but the savages were fierce and the French met with terrible reverses. A mile above Newcastle is the junction of the northwest branch with the southwest, or main Miramichi. Massive railway bridges span the twin streams at this point; and immediately below is Beaubair's Island, now uninhabited, but once the site of a flourishing little colony, with a chapel, and a strong battery commanding the sweep of river below. Of this colony the Governor was Mons. Pierre Beaubair. In 1757 a pestilence visited the settlement, and swept it out of existence. The few survivors fled to the Restigouche, to St. John's Island—now Prince Edward Island—and to Memramcook, on the Petitcodiac River, where their descendants now swarm. This at Beaubair's Island, however, was not the first settlement on the Miramichi. As early as 1672 a number of families from St. Malo emigrated hither, and established themselves near the river's mouth on the shores of Bay du Vin, or, as the first name hath it, Baie des Vents.

Soon after the obliteration of Beaubair's village came emigrants from England and Scotland. The first British settler was William Davidson, who landed on the Miramichi in 1764, and found the Micmacs, a vigorous and warlike nation, numbering about 6,000, in undisputed possession. They were friendly, however; and Mr. Davidson, joined soon afterwards by a Mr. Cort, from Aberdeen, soon developed a most profitable trade in salmon, exporting yearly some 1,800 tierces. But when the American Revolution broke out, here, as at the mouth of the St. John, came trouble. The Micmacs took sides with the Revolutionists, burned and pillaged several houses and stores, then summoned a grand council at Bartibogue Island, where they resolved upon the death of every British settler. During the session of the council an English ship appeared, sailing under American colours. The Indians detected the stratagem, attacked the vessel, and almost succeeded in capturing her. Once again were the Indians on the eve of massacring the colonists, but they were prevented by the coming of a priest of great influence among them, a certain M. Cassanette.

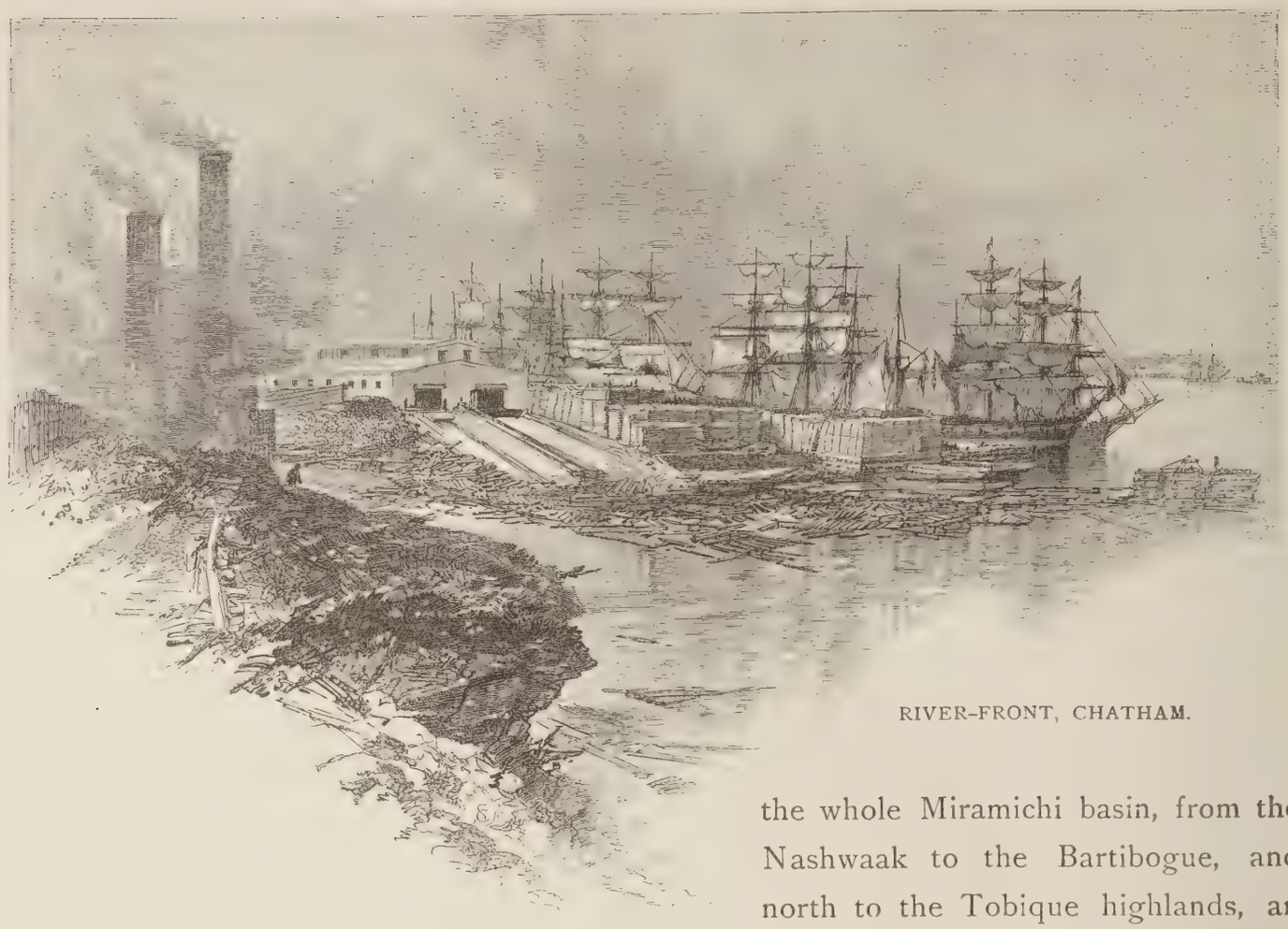
At the wharves of Newcastle, which is a prettily situated town of perhaps 3,000 inhabitants, the largest ocean ships can lie in safety. Here, in the season, the screaming of the saw mills never stops. The mills fringe the river. Opposite is the village of Nelson, with more saw mills, and more ships. Three miles below Newcastle is Douglastown, with saw mills and ships. Two miles further, on the opposite

shore, is the town of Chatham, the commercial centre of the Miramichi district, half hidden by a forest of masts; and, perhaps it is not necessary to say, here also are saw-mills. The river, at this point, more than twenty miles from the gulf, is nearly a mile wide, and in depth less like a river than an arm of the sea. The ships are at the wharves in places twelve deep. They are anchored in the channel. They are everywhere, and from all lands. And hither and thither among them rush the tugs.

Chatham, though its population does not exceed 5,000, extends a mile or more along the river's bank, and, from the water, creates an impression which a close acquaintance will not quite bear out. The town piles up picturesquely behind the spars and cordage; some white steeples give emphasis to the picture; and the highest hill, to the rear, is crowned with the bald but impressive masses of the convent, Bishop's house, hospital, and R. C. schools. The streets are narrow and ill-cared for and the houses not, as a rule, in any way attractive. But a change may come with the building of the Miramichi Valley Railroad, which will tend to break the supremacy of the lumber kings, widen the range of trade, and, above all, give direct access to the American markets, without transhipment at St. John, for the vast quantities of fresh fish which are annually exported during the winter. This exportation of fish packed in ice is a growing industry. Fresh Miramichi smelts are to be met with even in the markets of Denver.

From Newcastle a hasty trip up the Northwest Branch took us into the heart of the salmon country, amid sternly beautiful scenes. The river breaks over numerous low, shelving falls, below which halt the salmon on their way up stream. On this trip trout were ignored. In one famous pool, with a "Jock Scott" fly, which took when all others failed, we killed two splendid salmon. Some three weeks after our visit to this pool, a veteran salmon-fisher of this Province, killed here, with a medium trout rod, a twenty-eight pound fish!

Returning to Newcastle, we took stage for Fredericton, with the object of traversing the line of the proposed Valley Railway. The post-road leads up the Southwest Branch, through good farming lands, past bright little villages, with their inevitable saw-mills, and over beautiful tributary streams. Sometimes we saw the river, for miles of its course, black with a million feet of logs, packed in booms, extending along both shores, leaving only a narrow way between for the passage of tugs and small sailing craft. At Boiestown, a quaint, still village of one street, the loveliest of nooks for lotus-eating, we stayed the night. A portion of Boiestown bridge, picturesque but not in good repair, is shown in the sketch. The river, up which we look, is divided and choked with wooded, grassy islets innumerable, whereon the tiger-lilies lord it superbly over the meeker weeds. At Boiestown the road forsakes the Miramichi, and strikes across an elevated table-land for the head of the Nashwaak valley. Here, more plainly than ever, we trace the ravages of the awful conflagration which in 1825 swept over

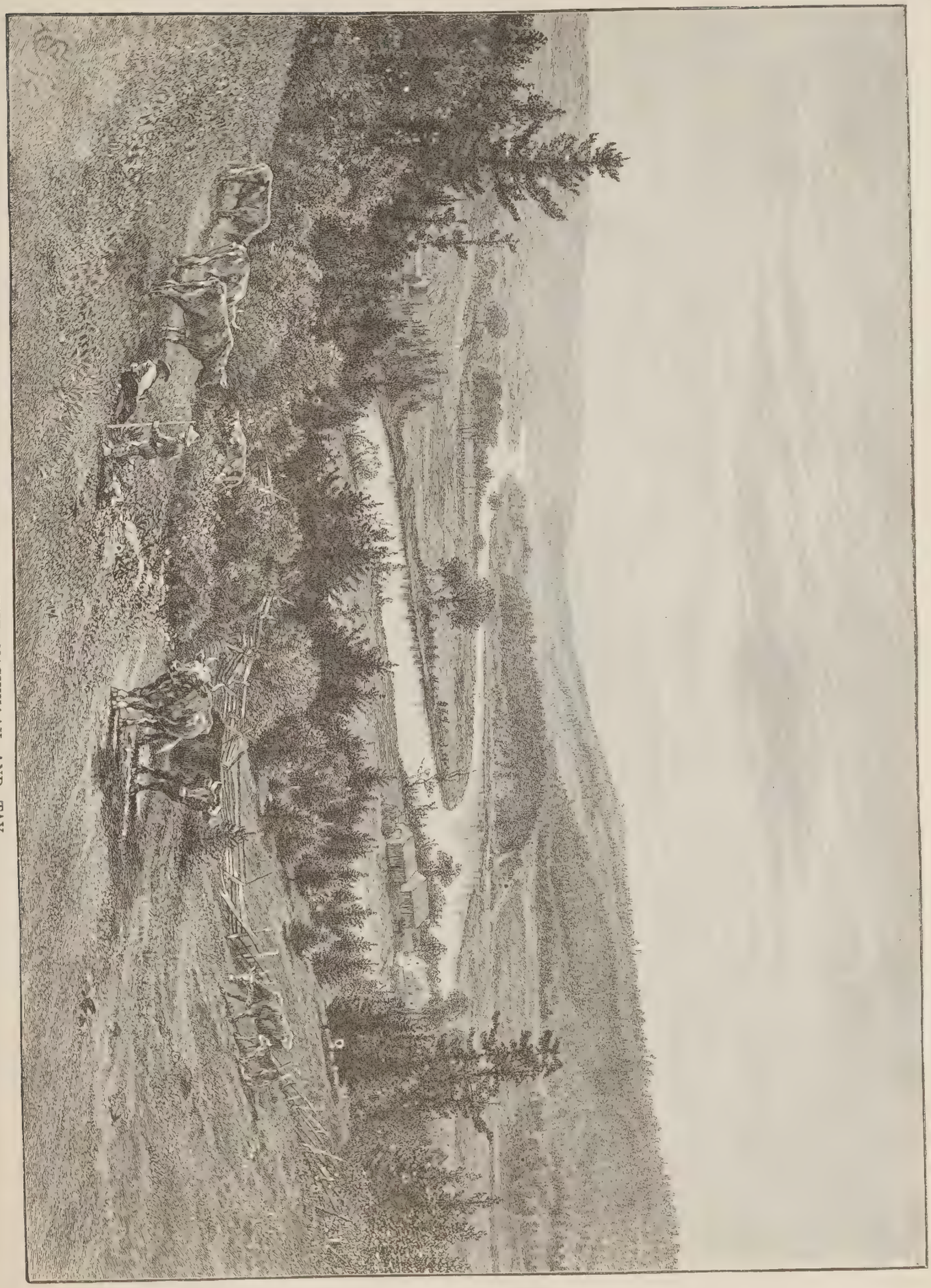


RIVER-FRONT, CHATHAM.

the whole Miramichi basin, from the Nashwaak to the Bartibogue, and north to the Tobique highlands, an area of six thousand square miles. In the settled districts the villages are all rebuilt, and the hand of man has covered up the scars. But on this high divide the forests are nothing but dead, ghastly, fire-hardened, indestructible trunks; and the baked soil even now bears little but a stunted growth of whortle-berries and shrubs and moss.

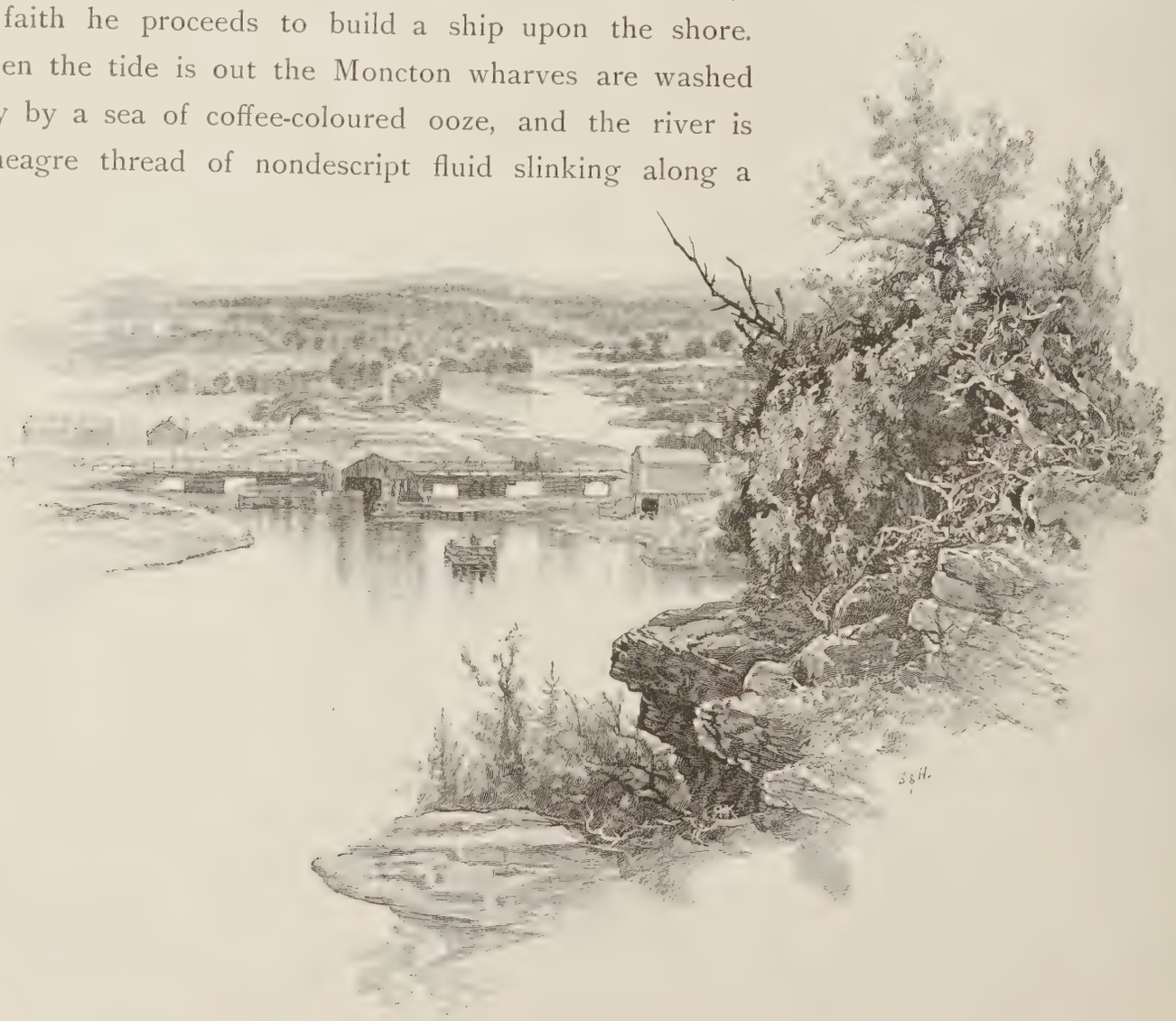
Striking the rim of the valley through which the Nashwaak winds to the St. John, we look down upon a deep-set landscape, which breaks out into laughter with harvests. The fields are so fertile, the farms so sweetly nestle amid their orchards, the river ripples so contentedly under its fringes of mountain ash and sumach, the elms so emulate palm trees, the islands are set so jewel-like, and all the distances so melt in purple and gold, that our road not seldom leaves the lowland and goes by the summits of the hills, apparently for no other purpose than to let the fairness of the valley well be seen. At the junction of the Tay with the Nashwaak, that low cottage, prominent in our sketch, is "Bell's," the resort of merry men who drive out hither from Fredericton, fifteen miles distant, to cast the mimic fly upon the Tay. The distance from Chatham to Fredericton by this road is just one hundred miles. We grudged not our two days' drive, but, from a business and commercial point of view, the railroad will offer some advantage.

From Fredericton back to St. John by rail; and here the Intercolonial once more received us and whirled us off to Moncton. The rails follow up the Kennebecasis,



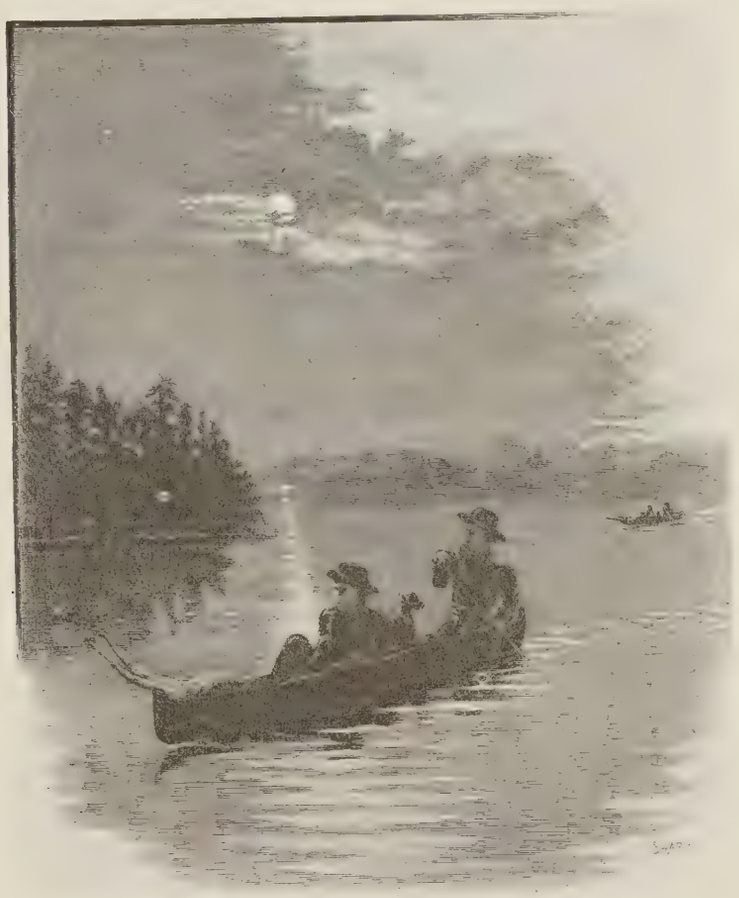
JUNCTION OF THE NASHWAAK AND TAY.

and bid its diminished waters farewell a little beyond the thriving town of Sussex. Names of stations along this section of the road are fresh, and a trial to the memory. Quispamsis, Nauwigewauk, Passekeag, Apohauqui, Penobsquis, Anagance, Petitcodiac—they are jumbled in our ears inextricably. Moncton is a railway centre, a place of car-works and machine-shops, of incessantly screeching locomotives, of trains ever coming and departing, so that one at first imagines it a great metropolis. But when he leaves the station he finds himself in a very crude little city of perhaps seven thousand inhabitants. Hotels are primitive, and with one exception, the quaint, homelike, old Weldon House, unsatisfactory. The streets are deep with mud on a rainy day, and in dry weather deeper still with a marvellously pervasive red dust. No one was ever heard to claim that Moncton could be called beautiful. But it is certainly lively, and to all appearances is going to give a good account of itself. Everywhere houses are going up, and shops and factories. The citizens have unlimited trust in themselves, and the trust seems to be tolerably well grounded. At the remotest end of the city, spouting black smoke, rises the tall tower of the sugar-refinery, toward which the faithful Monctonian turns his face in adoration seven times a day. In faith he proceeds to build a ship upon the shore. When the tide is out the Moncton wharves are washed only by a sea of coffee-coloured ooze, and the river is a meagre thread of nondescript fluid slinking along a



LOOKING UP SOUTHWEST MIRAMICHI.

full half-mile from the spot where the ship is on the stocks. But he knows that when he wants it the water will be there. Twice a day the Petitcodiac takes its rank among great rivers. After the wide, rusty-hued mud-flats have lain vacant during the long hours of the ebb, their gradual slopes gullied here and there by headlong rivulets, there is a distant, muffled roar beyond the marshes and the dykes. Presently a low white bar of foam, extending from side to side of the channel, appears around the bend. Almost in a moment the channel is half-filled, the flats disappear, the flood is pouring into the creeks, and behold a mighty river, able to bear fleets upon its bosom. Moncton's present desire is for docks, which she will probably get. Then, having set her heart upon becoming a seaport town, in spite of the slight inconstancy of the Petitcodiac, a seaport town she will in all likelihood be.





HALIFAX HARBOR, NOVA SCOTIA, FROM DARTMOUTH.



NOVA SCOTIA.*

NORSE adventurers, storm-loving Vikings, explored the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia from Cape North to Cape Sable four hundred years before Columbus turned inquiring eyes upon the Western Sea. Icelandic and Norwegian tales tell of bootless wandering far from home, nameless lands, — lands sunny and fertile, bordering upon waters blest with perpetual calm, — but very far away. All honour to the unremembered pioneers, strong of arm and stout of heart, who, fleeing from a victorious tyrant, sought freedom under the gloomy skies of Iceland and on the lonely waters of the ocean. That old discovery of the New World survived only as a dream; the record of it was hidden away amid myths and romances. Actual European settlement was made in Cape Breton, near Canso, as early as 1541; and before that time the fisheries of Canso and other places in the vicinity had attracted the attention of the French. One old mariner is spoken of who had made forty-two voyages between Canso and his home in France, prior to 1605.

In 1583 Sir Humphrey Gilbert visited Sable Island

and found it then (as we find it still) rough and perilous. No lighthouse warned him of dangerous sands or treachous currents; and he lost one of his vessels with a hundred men. The two vessels which remained, the *Golden Hind* and the *Squirrel*, set out for their English home. They were sorely tossed by tempests, and on a dark night, off the Azores, the poor little *Squirrel* was swallowed by the waves, Sir Humphrey Gilbert going down with her. She was a craft of only ten tons. "Courage, my lads! we are as near Heaven by sea as by land," was Sir Humphrey's last message to the Captain and men of the *Golden Hind*.

Baron de Leri had attempted, some years before, to colonize Sable Island, but the only good resulting from his effort was that live stock was left on the desolate spot, a veritable casting of bread on the waters, which has since saved many a shipwrecked seaman from famine. Towards the close of the Sixteenth century a grim experiment in colonization was made by Marquis de la Roche, who had been sent to America with two hundred convicts from French prisons. Forty of these he placed on Sable Island to prepare for a larger settlement. He was to call for them, but while trying to fulfil his promise a terrific storm caught him and hurried him across the Atlantic in twelve days. The captives were left to battle with hunger, cold, and the rage of an almost ceaseless tempest. For seven dreadful years they struggled for existence. At the end of that period twelve survived, gaunt, long-bearded, squalid,—eager enough to return to their native land, where they were pardoned and provided for. Thus ended the attempt to colonize Sable Island. The dreary spot is twenty-six miles long, by two or three miles in width. There runs along its centre a salt water lake, thirteen miles long. The almost constant gales pile up great sand dunes into hills, and surround their bases with fringes of white foam and spray. Here myriads of sea fowl gather, lay their eggs, and hatch their young. It is also a gathering place of vast flocks of seals. Sable Island ponies have a reputation second only to those of Shetland. There are about two hundred on the island, and from twenty to thirty are sent up every season to Halifax to be sold. D'Anville lost part of his ill-fated fleet on these sands. A Spanish fleet sent out to colonize Cape Breton was wrecked here. Every winter brings its sad tale of ships and lives lost; but the story becomes less heart-rending as lighthouses, fog-horns, fog-bells and other provisions for saving life and preventing suffering are becoming more and more efficient. The benevolent care of the Government has robbed Sable Island, this dreary outpost of our Dominion, of more than half its terrors.

When De Monts and Champlain explored the Nova Scotia peninsula, in 1604, they found that it was spoken of by the Indians as Acadie, a "region of plenty." It abounded in what the Indians prized most highly, fish, moose, caribou, partridges and the smaller fur-bearing animals. We, who have succeeded the Micmac and the Maliceet have ampler proofs that Acadia is rich in "the chief things of the ancient mountains,

the precious things of the lasting hills, and the precious things of the earth and the deep that coucheth beneath." Champlain, with De Monts, explored the coast, visiting the harbors all round to Annapolis Basin. The Bay of Fundy was named Baie Française; a name which it retained till the British took permanent possession of the country.

On board De Monts' ship was an active and intelligent priest from Paris, an ardent student of nature. This good priest, Aubrey by name, was wont to land with the exploring parties, in order to take note of the flora and fauna of the country. At St. Mary's Bay he landed, but failed to return to the ship. Days and nights were spent in searching for him, without success. The expedition was partly Catholic, partly Protestant; and the last person seen with Aubrey was a Protestant, an ardent controversialist. For a time the grim suspicion crept into the minds of Aubrey's friends that he had met with foul play at the hands of his keen antagonist; but after seventeen days he was found on the shore, very weak and wasted, having subsisted on herbs and berries.

The explorers crept along, by creek and cape and headland, till they came to a marvellous gap between two hills, offering a vista into the bowels of the land. Entering, they found themselves in a placid harbour, very beautiful, and most inviting to men who were weary with the rough buffeting of the Bay of Fundy. Poutrincourt breaks out into simple eloquence: "It was unto us a thing marvellous to see the fair distance and the largeness of it (the Basin), and the mountains and hills that environed it; and I wondered how so fair a place remained desert, being all filled with woods, seeing that so many pine away in this world who could make good of this land if only they had a chief governor to conduct them thither." "We found meadows, among which brooks do run without number, which come from the hills and mountains adjoining." "There is in the passage out to sea a brook that falleth from the high rocks down, and in falling disperseth itself into a small rain, which is very delightful in summer."

This is our first authentic glimpse of what is now and long has been "Annapolis Basin." The praise lavished on its loveliness is not unmerited. Steamers now daily come and go through Digby Gut, the narrow and picturesque entrance. The Basin itself is rimmed with hills, which, in the stillnesss of the morning and evening are reflected in its bosom. Between the hills and the water's edge are ranges of white cottages, long lines of orchards, gardens, cultivated fields—proofs enough of the presence of an industrious and prosperous population.

Poutrincourt obtained a grant of this region and founded the town of Port Royal on the north side of the river, several miles above the present town of "Annapolis Royal." For a time the little colony lived right merrily, as if there were no plagues, famines or wars in the world. They toiled and rested when it suited them; they formed

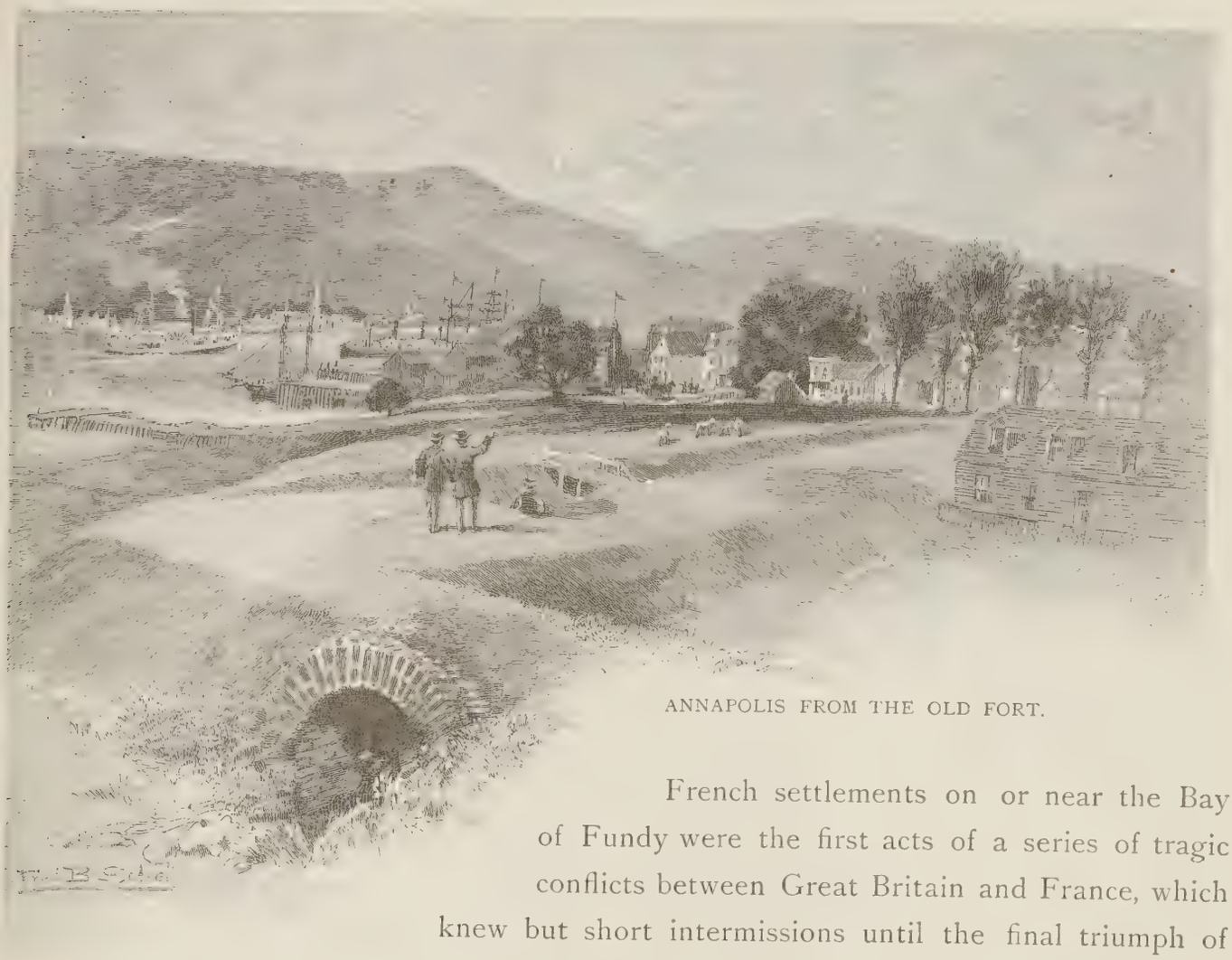
lasting friendships with the Indians; they explored the country, endured its inevitable hardships, and enjoyed its freedom. They boasted of a baker who could make bread as good as could be found in Paris itself! For a time they had to grind their grain by hand—labour which they detested; but by and by they were able to utilize water power. They had a good store of wine, and used daily three quarts each; but the supply showing signs of exhaustion, the allowance was reduced to a pint. Fish and game of the finest quality were abundant. The Indians freely gave their new friends half the venison they brought in. Was it any wonder that Champlain was moved to institute a new order of chivalry—*l'ordre de bon temps?* It consisted of fifteen chief members, each of whom became in turn caterer and steward for the day, and entertained all the rest. At dinner the steward for the day led the van, with napkin on shoulder, staff in hand, and the collar of his order round his neck. The guests followed in procession, each bearing a dish. At the close of the day's festivity a new steward assumed the insignia and the cares of office, and was responsible for the next feast. Thus cheerily passed the winter of 1606–7 on the shores of Port Royal Basin—the happiest winter, perhaps, in all these centuries.

We cannot follow minutely the fortunes of this brave and heartsome little colony. Once and again, when they felt the sting of winter's frost, they resolved to remove to a warmer clime; but storm or misadventure drove them back again. Bad news from France led to the total abandonment of the little settlement in August of 1607, greatly to the regret of the Micmacs, among whom they had made many friends and no foes. Champlain had been three and a half years in Acadia. He left it now for a wider sphere and vaster explorations.

In 1610 Poutrincourt, with the King's sanction, returned to the spot he loved so well. He was accompanied by Jesuit missionaries, among whose converts was the veteran Chief Membertou, who was then a hundred years old, and could well remember Jacques Cartier. Dying shortly after his baptism, he was the first Indian in Acadia buried in consecrated ground. How simple a matter in those days for kings and queens to dispose of provinces and parcel out the earth's surface! Poutrincourt had a grant of Port Royal. De Monts had the whole of Acadia besides. Madame Guercheville bought out De Monts, and then the King granted her the whole province, with the exception of Port Royal.

Evil times were near. In 1613 Captain Samuel Argall, commissioned by the Governor of Virginia, swept down upon the French settlements along the Bay of Fundy, and utterly demolished Port Royal. The rough seaman destroyed every memorial he could find of the French pioneers. Before leaving Port Royal he had a stormy interview with Biencourt, son of Poutrincourt, then in charge, a stream running between them. They accused each other of robbery, piracy, and other crimes. An Indian naively expressed surprise that men who seemed of the same race and faith should

make war on one another. How often has that difficulty occurred to other minds since 1613! Poutrincourt abandoned his beloved scenes forever. Returning to France, he died in battle in 1615. The two expeditions of Argall from Virginia to destroy the



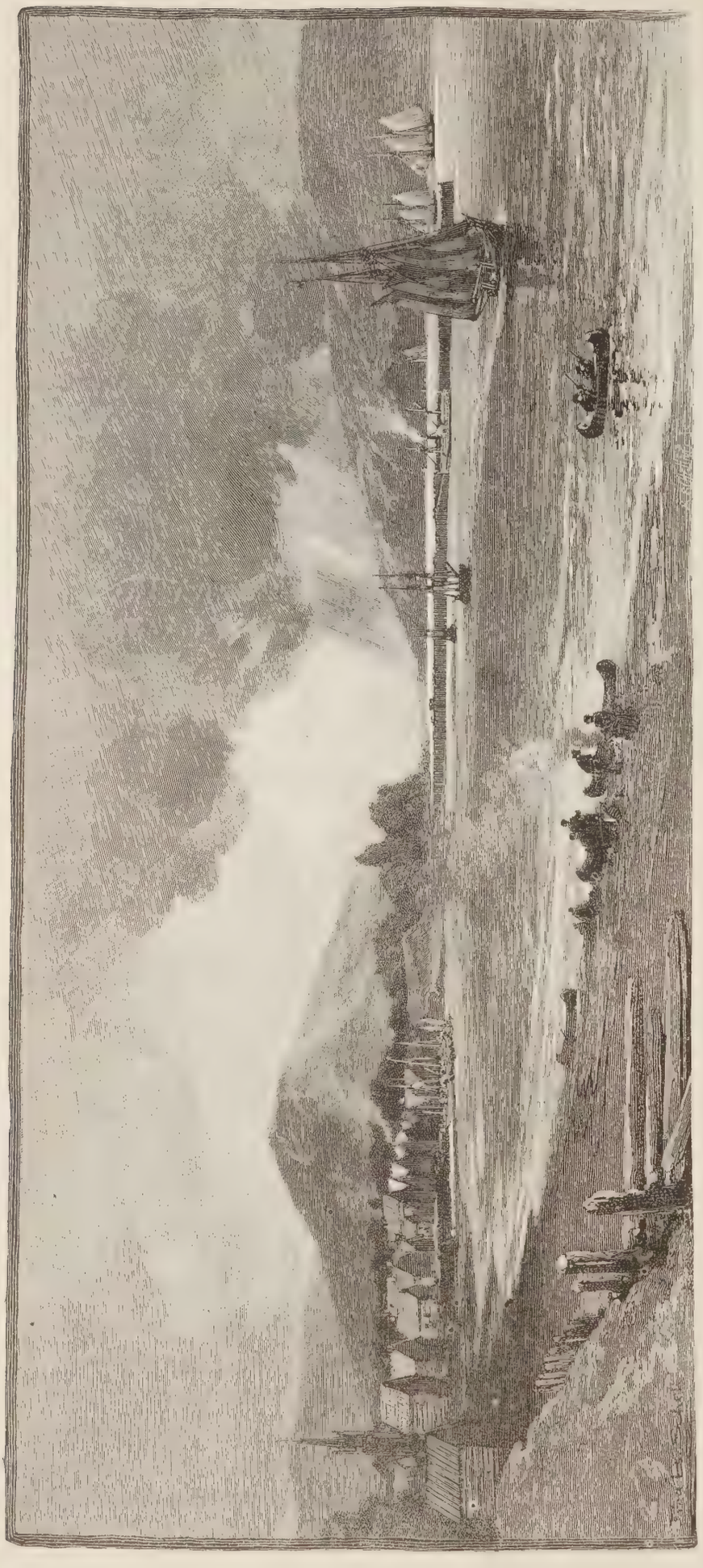
ANNAPOLIS FROM THE OLD FORT.

French settlements on or near the Bay of Fundy were the first acts of a series of tragic conflicts between Great Britain and France, which knew but short intermissions until the final triumph of British arms upon the Plains of Abraham.

Annapolis Basin, so peaceful now, was the scene of many a hard tussle between the contending races. The hills echoing to the whistle of the steam engine, the rumbling of railway trains, or the signal guns of steamers, often echoed the thunder of war. After Argall's destructive swoop, a Scotch colony came, but failed. The French tried again with fair prospects of success, but an English fleet visited them and left nothing behind but ashes. It is a sadly monotonous story for many long years,—sunshine and hope and then sudden hurricanes of war.

Biencourt bequeathed his rights in Port Royal to young Charles de La Tour, a man of remarkable sagacity, courage, and enterprise,—the most noteworthy figure, indeed, in the Acadian period of Nova Scotia. For a time he lived at Port Royal, and then, about 1626, he removed to a convenient port near Cape Sable, and built a fort there which he held for France, and which he named Fort Louis.

Charles La Tour is remembered for his chivalrous loyalty to his country in the face of severe temptation. His father had been captured by Admiral Kirke and taken



DIGBY HARBOUR AND GUT

as a prisoner to England. In a few months he was ready to give up his own country and serve King James, to whom he was introduced and with whom he became a favourite, and married an English lady; and being made a baronet of Nova Scotia, he returned to Acadia in the interest of England, promising that his son also would at once submit to the English crown. He had with him two armed vessels, and, accompanied by his wife, arrived at Port Latour. He told his son how the King of England had honours in store for him if he would only give up the Fort; he coaxed, he promised, he entreated, he threatened; but all in vain. He even attacked Fort Louis with what force he could bring to bear upon it; but the attack was bravely repulsed. The father, chagrined, disappointed, dreading the punishment of treason if he fell into the hands of the French, and ashamed and afraid to return to England, hastened with his Scotch colonists to Port Royal. After a time, when Charles La Tour was in quiet possession of Acadia, he invited his father to live near Fort Louis, in Port Latour, but neither he nor his wife was ever allowed

to enter the Fort. In the days of his deep poverty and disgrace, Charles La Tour told his English wife of his grief on her account and his willingness that she should return to her old home with its peace and comfort. She replied that she had not married him to abandon him in the day of adversity—that wherever he should take her and in whatever condition they were placed, her object would be to lessen his grief. It is pleasant to learn that their closing years were peaceful and happy.

The Scotch colony existed in Port Royal for about ten years. Disease made fearful havoc in their ranks; and the Indians did the rest of the deadly work. Two or three survived and joined the French. The little town of Port Royal was taken and retaken over and over again by contending adventurers,—Frenchmen against Frenchmen, or New England Puritans against the French. In 1654 Cromwell sent a fleet to recover Nova Scotia from the French, and Port Royal was captured but not destroyed. Charles II. restored it to French rule. It was captured in 1690 by Sir William Phipps, who came suddenly from Boston with three war vessels and eight hundred men. The defences were in a deplorable condition. The fort contained eighteen cannon; but there were only eighty-six soldiers, and no defence was attempted. The Governor of Acadia, M. Menneval, though present, was ill with gout. The people offered no aid to the soldiers. So the shrewd old Governor made the best terms he could, which were highly honourable. Phipps, however, found pretexts for breaking the articles of capitulation, made the Governor a prisoner of war, and permitted the wholesale plunder of the place.

This year the much-vexed Acadian capital was visited by two pirate vessels with ninety men on board. They burned all the houses near the fort, killed some of the inhabitants and burned a woman and her children in her own house.

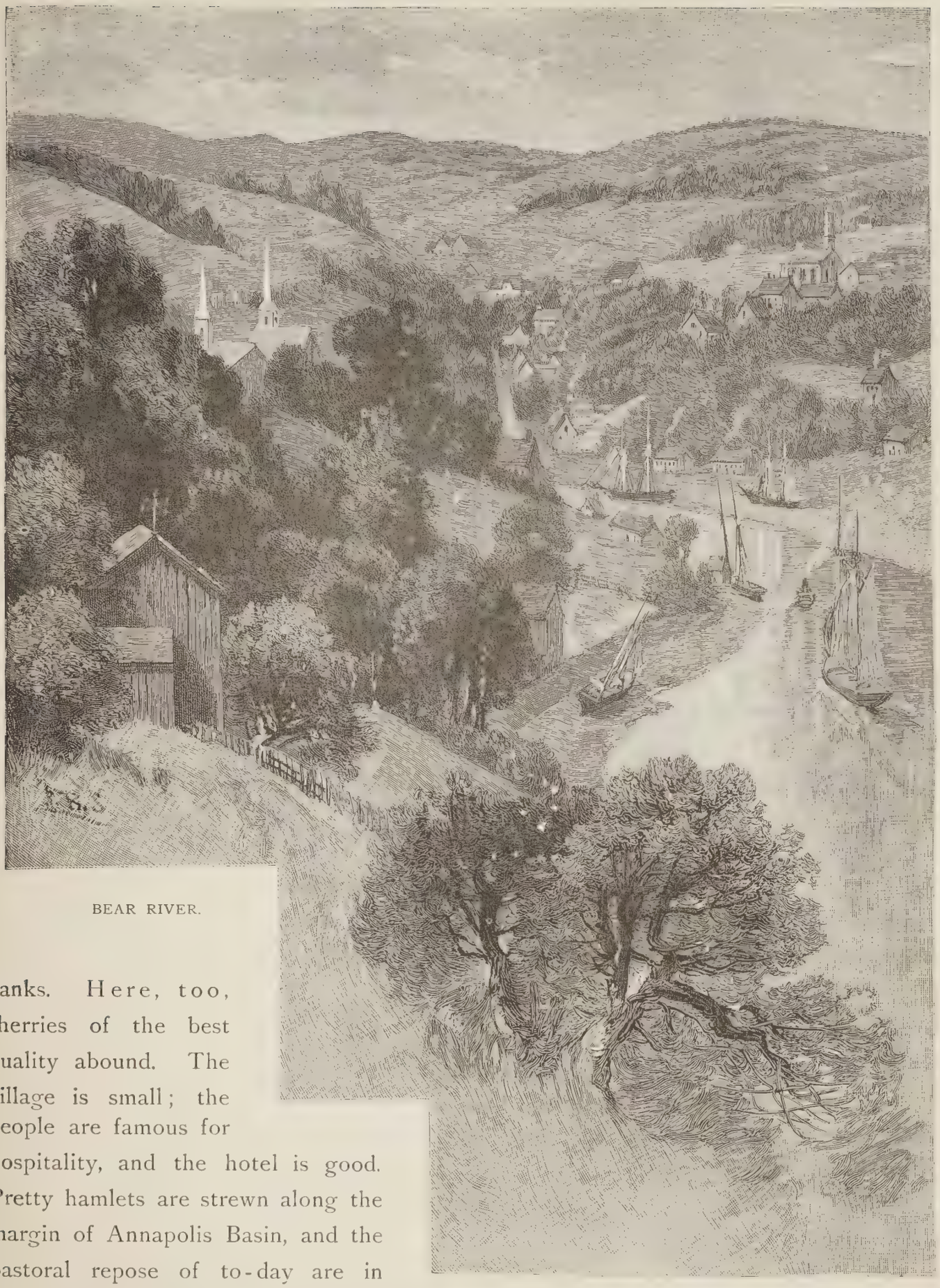
Port Royal was then given up by the French authorities until Nov. 26, 1691, when Villebon resumed possession. In 1707 repeated but fruitless attempts to conquer it were made by strong but ill-managed expeditions from Massachusetts. The French defenders fought with wonderful skill and gallantry,—at the same time complaining bitterly of the neglect with which they were treated by the King's government. Three years afterwards the New England colonists, aided by the British Government, sent a force consisting of four regiments of colonists and one of Royal marines. Queen Anne largely aided the expedition out of her own purse. The invaders were well equipped for their work. A sturdy veteran, General Nicholson, had supreme charge. Port Royal was in no condition to resist. Soldiers and civilians were poor and discontented. Governor Subercase had only about three hundred men on whom he could depend, while the invader had more than ten times that number. The siege continued six days when Subercase capitulated. Garrison and town people were almost in a state of starvation. Nicholson changed the name of Port Royal to *Annapolis* Royal, in honour of the Queen. He left a garrison of two hundred marines and two hundred and fifty

New England volunteers in charge of the place. The expedition cost New England £23,000, but the amount was reimbursed by the English parliament. This proved to be the final conquest of "Port Royal"; but the era of peace was still in the far future.

The English tried to establish friendly relations with the Indians, but their efforts were defeated by keen-witted French missionaries. The Acadians refused even for hire to procure timber for rebuilding the fort. Eighty men, the best in the garrison, were sent twelve miles up the Annapolis river (1711) to capture some troublesome Indians. They were waylaid, and thirty were killed, and the remainder made prisoners. The French, with Indian allies, besieged Annapolis, reducing its garrison to sad straits. But it held out bravely, and in 1713 came the peace when France at last acknowledged Nova Scotia as a British possession. In 1744, Annapolis was again in great peril—besieged by Acadians and Indians. Through the energy and determination of Governor Mascarene the safety of the place was secured. The last sound or touch of war was in 1781, when two American vessels crept into the Basin under cover of night, captured the fort, spiked the guns, locked the townsfolk in the block-house, and then plundered the houses to their hearts' content.

To-day no scene is less likely to suggest war than this peaceful Basin, these gardens, orchards, groves,—these well-shaded streets and fragrant pathways. Even the ruins of the ancient fortifications—ditches, walls, ramparts,—wear an aspect of peace. A few ancient cannon are rusting, never again to waken the echoes of the vales and hills. Relics of the French regime are still to be met with; cannon balls are turned up by the plow, and the tide sometimes washes to the surface other souvenirs of the wars. One house built in the French period remains.

Annapolis Basin is perhaps never so delightful as when the voyager enters its placid waters after encountering for a night or so the wild tumult of the Bay of Fundy. You leave behind the fog-laden gale, and the darkness, and the rage of waters, and you bless the sunshine and calm inside the narrow gateway. Digby Gut (called by the earlier voyagers by the more dignified name of St. George's Channel) is about eighty yards wide and two miles long. The cliffs on the north are six hundred and fifty feet high, and on the south side from four hundred to five hundred and sixty feet. The town of Digby is three miles southeast of the strait, and is very pleasantly situated on the hillside. The white houses are embowered among cherry trees, apple orchards, and ornamental shrubbery. It is a favorite resort during summer, and its attractions are doubled when cherries are ripe. Excursionists from Halifax, St. John, Portland, Boston, and still greater distances, come to Digby to taste the cherry ripe and red, or ripe and black, in its cool perfection. No fruit surpasses it in delicacy or flavour. A few miles beyond Digby, along the edge of the Basin, Bear River tumbles down from the South Mountain between bold and picturesque



BEAR RIVER.

banks. Here, too, cherries of the best quality abound. The village is small; the people are famous for hospitality, and the hotel is good. Pretty hamlets are strewn along the margin of Annapolis Basin, and the pastoral repose of to-day are in pleasant contrast with the troubled times that are gone. Annapolis Royal rejoices in its growing export of apples, for which an ample market is now secured in London. Digby is famed for its "Digby

chickens"—its smoked herring, "bloaters," haddock, and shad. Bear River builds ships, exports lumber, and fascinates with its cherries. Clements exists on the reputation of long-slumbering iron works. Bayview smiles from its pleasant perch at the very entrance of the Bay. Granville lies under the shelter of the North Mountain, and is connected with Annapolis by a constantly plying ferry.

But Annapolis Royal ceased to be the capital of Nova Scotia more than a hundred and thirty years ago, and we must now tell the story of Halifax.

The Honourable Edward Cornwallis sailed from England with 2,576 emigrants, and entered Chebucto Harbor June 21, 1749. Thirteen transports, led by the "Sphinx," war-sloop, swept up the bay, their flags flying, their sails outspread, watched by wondering savages, who darted about in their bark canoes like shuttles through the silvery meshes of the water.

The men of Massachusetts had presented the claims of Nova Scotia before the British Parliament in 1748, and their representations resulted in a generally aroused interest in the Province. A scheme was formed for populating it with the troops which had been disbanded on the declaration of peace with France. The Earl of Halifax, President of the Board of Trade and Plantations, was empowered by the King to carry out the project, and as he felt for the infant colony a paternal affection, he entered into the details with the utmost ardour. Parliament granted £40,000 to fit out the expedition.

Intending emigrants were to be conveyed to the colony, maintained for twelve months after their arrival, and supplied with weapons of defence and implements for clearing the land and for fishing, all at the expense of the British Government. So liberal were the inducements held out that in a short time the thirteen transports were filled by an eager throng, impatient to enter upon the new Land of Promise.

The settlers chose a site upon the western shore of the harbour, and commenced work vigourously. Five thousand people had to be housed before the cold weather, and few of them had handled builders' tools before. Under the leadership of their gallant young Governor, they cleared away the woods and laid out a number of straight streets, crossing each other at regular distances. A large wooden house was built for Cornwallis, the doors, window-frames, etc., having been brought from Boston. A strong palisade, with block-houses at intervals, armed with guns, was thrown round the town. By the time the dreaded winter had arrived most of the emigrants had houses of their own, and those who were unprovided for found shelter in the transports.

The settlers had other and more formidable enemies to contend against than forest and winter. The founding of a military town on Chebucto Bay meant that the English would ultimately possess the whole country if they could. The Acadian French understood it so, and they and the Indians, influenced by them, were thoroughly unfriendly. Soon collisions occurred. Men who ventured into the forest for firewood



POINT PLEASANT PARK, HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

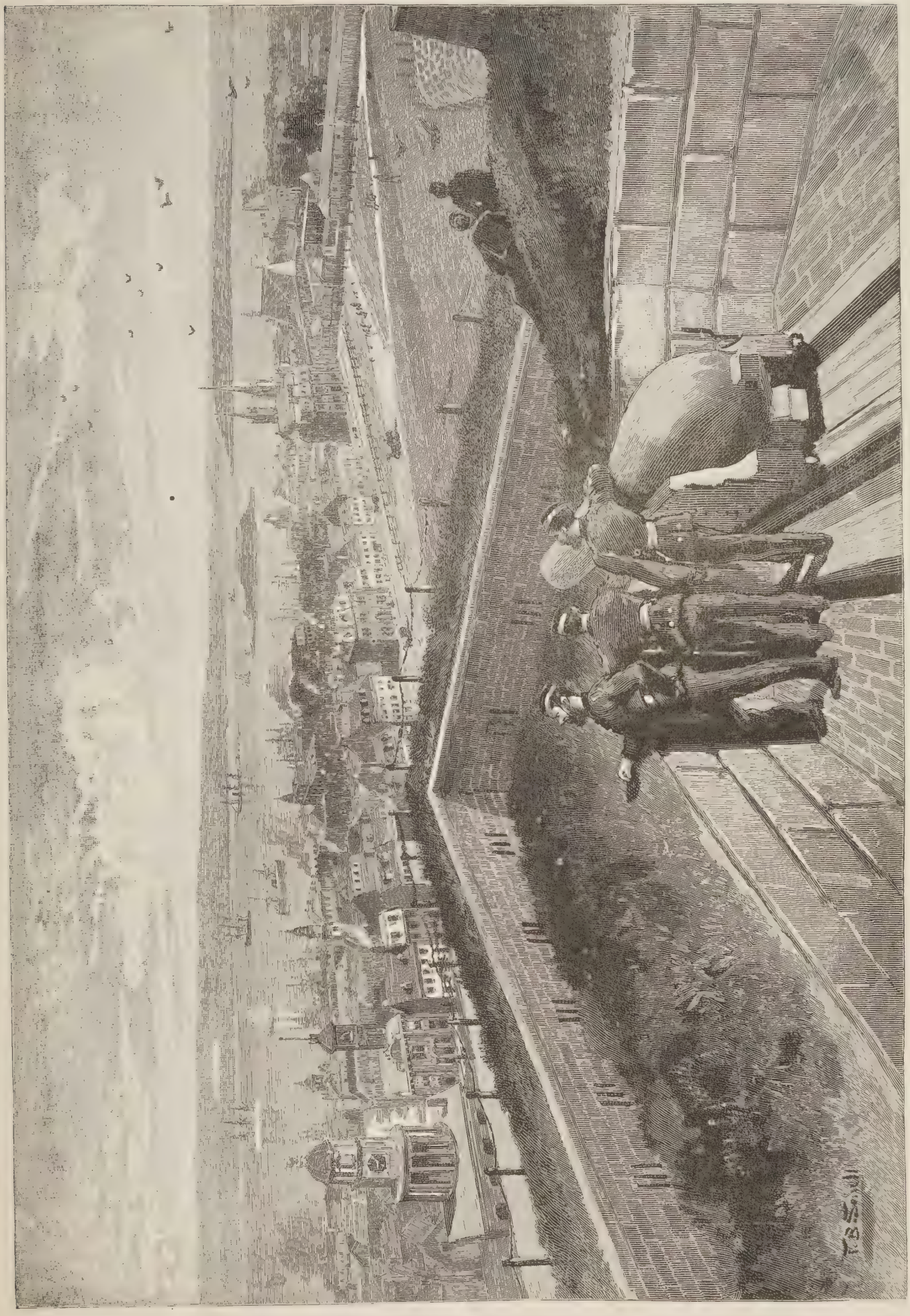
never returned. Children were snatched from the cradle while the mother filled her bucket at the spring. Lonely huts were burned, and whole families carried off to a captivity worse than death. On one occasion Dartmouth, a small hamlet on the eastern side of the harbour, was discovered in flames at midnight, the shrieks of the helpless victims and the rattle of fire-arms apprising the horrified watchers across the water of the attack. When a party from Halifax ventured across next morning they found a third of the village destroyed, and the scalped bodies of their countrymen consuming in the embers of their homes.

No Fenimore Cooper has yet arisen to chronicle these tales of blood. Through the musty pages of ancient city archives, and the impassive records of history, they are scattered like thorns dropped by a careless hand to pierce the hearts of those who read. These are the nails which fasten Chebucto's pioneers forever upon the memory.

The early settlers of Halifax were of a devout mind. We hear of the first divine service on what is now known as the Grand Parade. St. Paul's Church and St. Matthew's meeting-house were both commenced the first year of settlement. Government House was built on the site of the present Province Building. It was but a primitive abode for a commander-in-chief, with its low walls of one story, and its defences of cannon small enough to be mounted on hogsheads filled with gravel. Another residence was built on the same site eight years later, which was afterwards sold for private use and removed to a distant part of the town. It stands to this day, or rather the bones of it stand, for modern shingles and plaster have clothed the old skeleton, and it has lately been turned into an Infants' Home, as a gay young belle might ripen into a Sister of Mercy in her old age. The present Government House was erected in 1800, at the south end of the town, the stone for the building having been procured from Scotland. Our early settlers seem to have been unaware of the wealth of freestone and granite at their very feet. The Province Building was erected on the old Government House site in the same year. It contains the council-chamber, library, and assembly room, and is a plain and rather gloomy edifice.

It is said, no doubt truly, that a thousand vessels may ride in perfect safety in Halifax Harbour. It lies nearly north and south, is six miles long, and contracts into the "Narrows," widening afterwards into the Bedford Basin, a beautiful sheet of water. The harbour is accessible at all times of the year. Sambro Island, with its light-house, marks the entrance; here a party of artillery are stationed with their guns to give the alarm in case of danger.

Any foe attempting to run the blockade past the fortifications of Halifax Harbour would encounter a perfect *chevant de frise* on both sides of the bay. Three miles from the city is MacNab's Island, on which stands Sherbrooke Tower, a circular stone battery, bearing on its top a beacon light to warn ships off the Thundercap Shoals.



HALIFAX, FROM CITADEL.

Next come the Martello Tower and batteries of Point Pleasant on the western side, Fort Clarence on the eastern side, and Fort Charlotte on the small green island called St. George's, which rises like a sugar-loaf hat in the middle of the harbour. Should fortune favour the invader thus far, he would be exposed to a *feu d'enfer* from Fort George on the Citadel, a hill overlooking the town, apparently fashioned by Nature herself for its defence.

Leaving our imaginary foe where, let us hope, our guns would blow him—nowhere—let us take a peep at the big, rambling earth-work called Fort George. A superb view of the city, harbour, and surrounding country can be seen from its walls, as a glance at our illustration will show. Citadel Hill is 256 feet above the level of the sea. The city lies between it and the water, but as far as the eye can reach on either side the houses have crept up, hugging their guardian. It is a pretty scene on a clear, sunny morning—the straight cross-streets leading the eye down to the glistening water; the spires here and there among green foliage; then beyond the wide sweep of sail-flecked ocean, with the smoke of a steamer brushing the horizon; the low hills on the Dartmouth side, and St. George's Island, so green and prim, like an islet dropped out of a play, mid-harbour. The first battery that was raised on the Citadel was an octangular wooden tower, with port-holes for cannon; a ditch and ramparts surrounding it, pickets placed close together. Massive stone-work has displaced the wood; a spacious fort, with subterranean casemates, shows only a grass-covered roof above the wide, dry moat which surrounds it. Cannon at every angle, and few would guess what a busy world is concealed within those earth-works. A sentry marches up and down the swinging bridge before the narrow entrance-gate, and eleven guns stand in a semi-circle below him, like petrified watch-dogs.

Halifax is viewed to best advantage, however, from the water. Step into a small rowboat, such as wait for hire by scores at the various public wharves, and push out on a summer evening, when the sun is setting behind the Admiral's house and the moon waits behind the Dartmouth hills for her turn. On every glassy ripple glimmers a mimic sun; the terraced city is bathed in *couleur de rose;* the grass in her Majesty's Dockyard and the big tree near which his Worship the Mayor stands to welcome royalty take on a gem-like green, as though illuminated and transformed by Aladdin's Lamp. The windows of Mount Hope Insane Asylum are sheeted with fire, that slowly dies as the sun sinks lower; soon only the tall flag-staff on the Citadel, with its many flags telling of ships coming home, flames in the dying sunset embers. Myriads of pleasure-boats thread their way in and out on the water alleys among the ships at anchor; her Majesty's flagship and her consorts lie motionless as forts amid the animated scene.

Before we leave the harbour let us take a peep at the battery on St. George's Island. Like the fort on Citadel Hill, it is built of massive stone, behind great earth-

works. It is an ant-hill of human beings, whose cells are casemates, armories, and arsenals in the vaulted flanks of bastions, deep buried in the piles of masonry. As we grope after a guard through descending passages, the air gets colder and colder, until the walls can be seen glistening with the ooze-hidden springs, and ice-cold pools receive our unwilling feet. We step, at length, into one of the casemates, where a cannon stands before its round port-hole, like a lion peering from his covert, waiting for his prey.

No lovelier "bit" could be than the bird's-eye view from that port-hole out of the bowels of St. George's Island. All round the grim circle sun-gilded grass waved in wanton grace, concealing the port-hole and its deadly occupant from outsiders. Out yonder a flood of sea and sunshine, with a lonely light-house perched upon its tongue of rocks, and a yacht skimming past, her sails tinged like rose-leaves, while a sea gull flew from the dark woods on MacNab's Island and fluttered seaward.

Halifax is fond of her big pleasure pond. There is the Royal Yacht Club, of which the Prince of Wales became an honourary member during his visit in 1860, and to which he presented a challenge cup for yearly competition. There are boat races, water parties, excursions, and fishing ad libitum. In the winter season the Basin, which is ten miles long, makes an admirable ground for trolling matches, sleighing parties, and a score of other ice amusements. "Up the road" is a favourite drive of the citizens, and a lovely one when the oaks and maples are in foliage. You skirt the edge of the Basin for nine miles, when the pretty village of Bedford comes in view, and you put up at one of the hotels, and return to the city in the moonlight. The "Prince's Lodge" is a relic of the Duke of Kent's days, situated about six miles from Halifax, and built by him for a summer house. Nothing now remains but a small wooden pavilion (once the music room), perched upon a romantic height, overhanging the deep, maple-shadowed water. The railway now cuts so closely under it that it trembles to its foundations as the iron steed thunders on its way.

There are upwards of thirty churches to the city's forty thousand inhabitants, the oldest being the "Little Dutch Church" (Lutheran), built by the German settlers in 1761. It remains unchanged, with the exception of such necessary repairs as prevent it from falling to pieces. A conspicuous object, as seen from the water, is the tall white spire of St. Mary's Cathedral (Roman Catholic). Like the "Dom," of Cologne, it swallows up all other spires, a fact due rather to its excellent situation than its architectural merit.

Halifax is distinguished for its charitable institutions—the Lunatic, the Blind, the Deaf and Dumb Asylums, Infants' Home, Orphans' Home, and a long list of others. A stately castle in red brick, with turrets galore, was dedicated to the paupers; but it was, unfortunately, destroyed by fire in 1883, and the old Penitentiary received the inmates for a time.

Until recently the twin arts of music and the drama found but a lukewarm welcome in Halifax; but the erection of the Academy of Music, a gay little theatre somewhat in the style of the Fifth Avenue, New York, has given them an impulse. Exhibition Hall not only serves for Provincial exhibitions, but also for a spacious rink,



MEN OF WAR. HALIFAX HARBOUR.

bazaar hall, and general public entertainments. Dalhousie College, situated at the north end of the Grand Parade, was established in the year 1820, at the desire of Lord Dalhousie, whose name it bears. It has had a somewhat checkered history, but is at the present time in a flourishing condition. Within the past few years it has benefited by the liberality of one of Nova Scotia's best sons, who has contributed to it over a quarter of a million of dollars. The High School, which is the old Grammar School resuscitated and enlarged, occupies a central position at the south end of the Citadel.

Let us now turn from these details to the contemplation of some of the city's breathing places.

A charming resort for the people of Halifax is Point Pleasant Park, situated on the tongue of land between the harbour and the Northwest Arm. Broad carriage-drives of a most excellent smoothness wind through the natural forest, the shimmer of the sea ever and anon closing the vista. Foot-paths abound, where one might lose himself most enjoyably among the labyrinths of rock, trees, and tall brackens. Shut your eyes and ears to the plashing ocean all around, and fancy yourself in

the Black Forest of Germany. There are the mossy reaches under tall pines, the wealth of wild flowers, the sweet, resinous odour, as the path winds up and up, you care not whither. Where are the ruins? There is a good substitute in the old Martello Tower — "Prince of Wales Tower" — standing guard in the centre of its green clearing, and though there are no legends of Black Barons or wily Loreleis attached to its walls, it is a memorial of the days when rough-handed marauders hung about the shores and skulking Indians peered out of the surrounding greenery at the pale-face braves, longing for their scalps!

This park contains one hundred and sixty acres, and its foot-paths, riding-paths, and driving-courses average some ten or fifteen miles. The commissioners, with admirable taste, have merely cleared away the underbrush, planted young trees in vacant spaces, and crowned the best spots for views with summer-houses. Four forts and batteries, besides the Tower, command the coast at different points. The War Department owned the whole peninsula until 1874, when it handsomely conceded it to the city for a park. Almost opposite the park stands another frowning fort, York Redoubt, on the west bank of the Northwest Arm. The quaint little village of Falkland clings to the side of a precipitous hill below it. Beautiful is the scene from this stern spot, of the Arm, with its richly wooded banks and its graceful inundations. Near the mouth of it are two massive iron rings, fastened into the solid rock, from which heavy chains were wont to be stretched across to the opposite bank in time of war. Melville Island, near the head, contains what was formerly a war-prison. It is a two-story wooden building with grated windows, and is utilized by the resident garrison as a jail for their criminals. Any day as you drive past on the charming "Shingle Road" you may see the soldier felons in their prison garb at work upon the walls or embankments of their small territory. Gentlemen's residences can be seen

"Bosomed high in tufted trees"

along the shores of the lovely sheet of water, and tiny pleasure-boats dot the clear expanse. If one would feast his eyes on a prospect not easily forgotten, let him climb the hill which overlooks the Arm on the western side and enjoy it at his ease in the rustic summer-house that has been perched there by Sandford Fleming, the great engineer.

Humanity in this quarter of the globe is worth a passing glance; and if one desires his specimens *au naturel*, let him go to the Green Market on Saturday morning. There is an excellent brick market-house with stalls that can be hired for a very small rent, but the preference of the honest country folks is to sit in the open square behind the Post-Office and there vend their goods untaxed to the early customer. From the country settlements east and west they come in horse-carts, ox-teams, and

on foot. There are Dutchwomen from along the eastern shore with their baskets of green crops, which have been nourished on the purest ozone and the richest sea-kelp. There are the Blue-nose women, broad and high-coloured, fearless alike of wind and weather, as they drive their loaded teams by night over rough and lonely roads, to reach the earliest Dartmouth ferry-boat. They offer, with a friendly smile on their weather-beaten visages, primrose butter, *perdu*, under cool cabbage-leaves, and pearly eggs, food for the gods. There are lank-limbed countrymen clad in rough gray home-spun, standing beside their loads of vegetables or salt marsh hay; not keen and shrewd-eyed, like New England farmers, but bashfully courteous of speech, with the soft lisp of the German fatherland on their tongues or the burr of their Scottish ancestry. Here are a pair of Frenchwomen with baskets of knitted goods on their arms. Contrast the withered and yellow grandame, her grizzled hair bulging in a roll above her bushy eyebrows, her claw-like hands plying her knitting-wires, with the fresh young girl by her side, whose arch black eyes sparkle from out of her smooth olive face, and her white teeth display themselves in full force as we finger the huge mittens in her basket. Old and young are habited alike in blue or black handkerchiefs tightly knotted under the chin, loose blue jackets with napkin shawls folded over them, and short woollen skirts. Scores of them have been on the road all night, trotting the twenty-six miles from Cheggetcook on foot, their fingers busily plying the knitting-needles all the way. There squats a negro matron on the pavement, her clouted feet stretched before her in utter disregard of passers by, a short black pipe between her pendulous lips. Her layers of rags clothe her like the fungi of a dead tree; her padded hood is fashioned to fulfil the office of a saddle for her load. She has luscious wild strawberries in little birch-barks, which she offers you in an unctuous falsetto, stuffing her pipe into her bosom the better to overhaul her store for a fresh one. You pause in your bargain as you wonder whether *her teeth* hulled the tempting fruit!

The "noble red man" and his squaw also attend market. There they stand, a degenerate pair, clad in the cast-off clothes of the white man, their merchandise consisting of flag and willow baskets gayly dyed and an occasional porcupine-quill box. The squaw is prematurely aged. Her broad, copper-coloured face is inconceivably wrinkled; her eyes, from their ambush of folds, peer forth with a snaky gleam. The "brave," propped up right against the Post-Office wall, dozes with his bunch of rabbits (in their season) dangling in his hand, and, working his jaws mechanically on his quid, dreams of—rum. A bronze-tinted papoose is strapped under a filthy blanket at the mother's back and its impassive little face surveys life over her shoulder with a perfect philosophy. This trio has drifted from one of the wigwam hamlets near Dartmouth, and thither they will return when their wares are disposed of, if they do not fall victims to rum and the station-house.

Before we leave the market-square let us glance up George Street, a busy quarter at all times, but doubly so on market days. In the foreground a company of her Majesty's 97th regiment is marching to the Dartmouth ferry-boat — probably on its way to the Eastern Passage shooting-ground. Some of our market-folks are sitting at the receipt of custom driving their bargains, while an ox-cart or two are composedly stationed by their coloured owners where the street traffic must flow round them as it best can. On the left of the picture stands the Post-Office, a handsome stone building of recent date. The vista up the street is very quaint, closed in as it is by Citadel Hill, so softly green, with the queer old town-clock in front of it.

The Public Gardens on "band-days" are the favourite resort of nurse-maids and their charges and young gentlemen fond of flirting and lawn-tennis. There are fourteen acres of ground, beautifully arranged with ornamental shrubberies, rookeries, arbours, ponds, fountains, lawn-tennis court, etc. The military or marine band, as the case may be, performs in a tree-circled stand; the babies and their maids wind round the musicians, and the fair ladies of Halifax promenade the outer walks to the music of Strauss or Sullivan, quite unconscious of the knots of young exquisites who stand on the grass and admire them. A stranger is struck with the peculiarly healthy glow of these ladies' complexions, as compared with the bleached faces of their American sisters. Doubtless, the Atlantic breezes have to answer for the delicate *soupcon* of tan—the light sprinkling of freckles on pretty noses—that William Black has taught us to admire on his heroines.

Since Nova Scotia was settled fishing has been one of its most important industries, and Halifax county has gone into the business largely. Not only are salt-water fish in abundance, but the lakes and streams swarm with salmon, trout, gaspereaux, perch, and eels; not forgetting the small, delicious smelts; caught through the ice by the cart-load, and worthy of a place on Delmonico's bill-of-fare. Halifax fish-market is said to have a more varied supply all the year round than any other in America. There are sixteen different species, of which the salmon, cod, and mackerel are the most important. Halifax fits out numerous fleets for the Labrador and Island Banks fisheries, but all along the Atlantic shore, east and west, there are fishing villages, whose chief subsistence is gained by the cod and mackerel fishing along the coast. As the Spring opens the boats are exhumed from barns or heaps of spruce-brush and caulked, pitched, or painted anew; long nets are spread on the grass around the cottages; the women are busy netting or mending, their fingers plying the rude wooden shuttles as dexterously as a lady weaves her fairy tatting with her ivory toy; hooks and lines are prepared; all is bustle and expectation. And when the boats go out in the brightening dawn, full of stalwart men—the fathers and husbands of those they leave behind them—when the sun smiles through the white fog, sending it back to its breeding-ground; when the fish come in fast as hands can haul them, and the



LOOKING UP GEORGE STREET, HALIFAX.

mackerel-schools drift on the deep blue water all around with a sound as of falling rain — then the weather-beaten faces relax and the patient hearts rise high with hope of a "good fishin' spell." But when the fierce squall smites the rock-bound shore and the wild breakers lash it with resistless force, many a deeply-laden boat is swept to its destruction; many

a brave man sinks in sight of wife and home; the earnings of toilsome years are lost in the greedy maw of the sea.

> "For men must work, and women must weep;
> And the harbour-bar is moaning."

Not one of the dozen towns or villages that lie along the Southeastern coast of Nova Scotia but has its story, or garland of stories, of adventure on the stormy deep. "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in the great waters," sometimes go forth to come back again with no returning tide. The sea claims her prey; and nowhere is there a larger proportion of young widows and groups of little orphans than along the Atlantic coast. But there are abundant stories of triumphant conflict with the elements. Many a one has battled the storm all the way from Labrador to La Have, and the recital stirs the young blood during the long winter evenings when it is all in vain for the fisherman to tempt the perils of the deep. Many have won wealth on the coasts and banks and coves of Newfoundland, or away up among the rough Magdalens. They tell of comrades lost or snatched from the very grip of death. They tell of long, weary waiting, and then of sudden fortune, and the joy of the home-coming. No time in all the year is so eventful as when the well-known vessel heaves in sight, and the eager watchers name her name, and the word passes from lip to lip till the good news reaches the hearts of wife and children. Anxious fears are dispelled; gloomy forebodings are laughed at and forgotten; and there is more than the joy of harvest. The gains of this year tempt to renewed adventure next year; or the season's losses kindle a hope of next season's gains.

Scarcely a family along these bays and coves but has a deep personal interest in the sea: it is their mine and their harvest field; a father or brother, a cousin, a lover, perhaps, is on the wave. The mother, the wife, the sister, the sweetheart, will watch and wait with longing heart and eager prayers. And often the waiting is for a 'morrow that never comes—for a smile that is never seen again.

One has to go back only to the closing years of last century and the earlier years of the present to gather up tales of privateering, bold robberies by invaders and keen reprisals by the sturdy children of the sea. One story out of many must serve our turn. Its authenticity is vouched for. The hero was Captain Godfrey, of the little town of Liverpool, and the vessel was the armed brig *Rover*, which carried fourteen four-pounders. Her crew consisted of fifty-five men and boys, nearly all hardy fishermen. Near Cape Blanco, on the Spanish Main, the *Rover* was attacked by a schooner and three gunboats under Spanish colours—the schooner carrying 125 men, ten six-pounders and other heavier guns. After a struggle which continued over three hours the gunboats made off, and the schooner, *Santa Ritta*, was taken! Says Captain God-

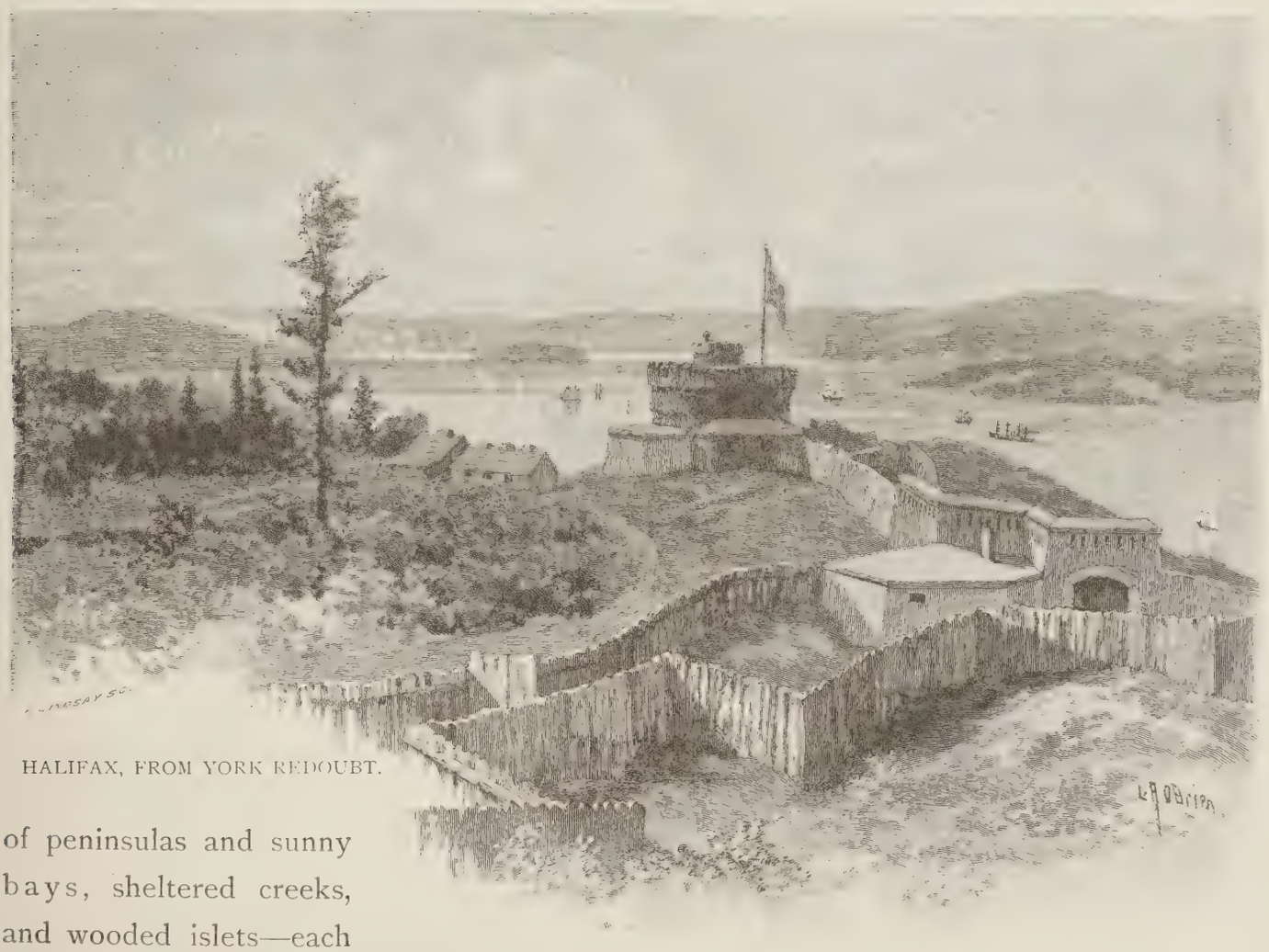
frey: "She was fitted out the day before for the express purpose of taking us; every officer on board of her was killed except those in command of a party of 25 soldiers; there were fourteen men dead on her deck when we boarded her, and seventeen wounded; the prisoners, including the wounded, numbered seventy-one. My ship's company, including officers and boys, by this time amounted to forty-five, and behaved with that courage and spirit which British seamen always show when fighting the enemies of their country. I had not a man hurt! The enemy lost fifty-four. I landed all the prisoners except eight, taking their obligation not to serve against His Majesty until regularly exchanged." After numerous adventures Captain Godfrey arrived safely in his *Rover* at Liverpool, where, after the peace, he disarmed her and used her to carry fish to the West Indies. The British Government had offered him the command of a man-of-war, but he declined the offer.

Tales of sore battle with the fierce Atlantic storms are too common at some spots. Yonder by that jagged, rocky islet, a great steamer sank in the gale, and not a soul survived to tell the story. In the grey dawn the fishermen on the shore could descry the masts and rigging of the *Hungarian* as the furious gale shrieked through them. Sadder still, close by a quiet cove near Prospect and sheltered from the storms by a beetling headland,—the spot where are hundreds of graves, of men and women and children, drowned, when no storm was on the sea and no darkness in the sky to excuse the cruel blundering of the careless captain of the *Atlantic*. The ledges are still pointed out beyond Cape Sable where many a gallant ship has gone down—where long ago a large portion of D'Anville's fleet was cast away by the great storm which the worthy Puritans of Boston believed to have been sent specially in answer to their Fast Day prayer to confound the plans of the invader.

Halifax has within easy reach of it some sandy beaches that naturally attract hosts of summer visitors. Cow Bay, within a few miles of the city, is one of the most bracing and delightful bathing resorts in America. Westward, we find two silvery sand beaches at the head of Margaret's Bay, and the largest of all, some miles in extent, at Petite Riviere. These places are not so easily accessible—not reached by railway or steamer—and hence are not yet popular. The Atlantic coast seems as if specially designed to afford the greatest possible relief in summer to those who suffer from the terrible heat of the interior of this continent. The large bays are dotted with islands, affording abundant scope for safe and pleasant boating excursions. The streams abound in fish; and the coast waters yield codfish, herring, mackerel and sometimes halibut, in abundance.

CHESTER, forty miles south-west of Halifax, is reached by daily stage-coach, or private conveyance, along a delightful road, skirting the shore, or passing under the shadow of lofty hills. The village crowns a hill which slopes towards the sea and commands extensive sea views. There are delightful drives in the vicinity, and the bay is

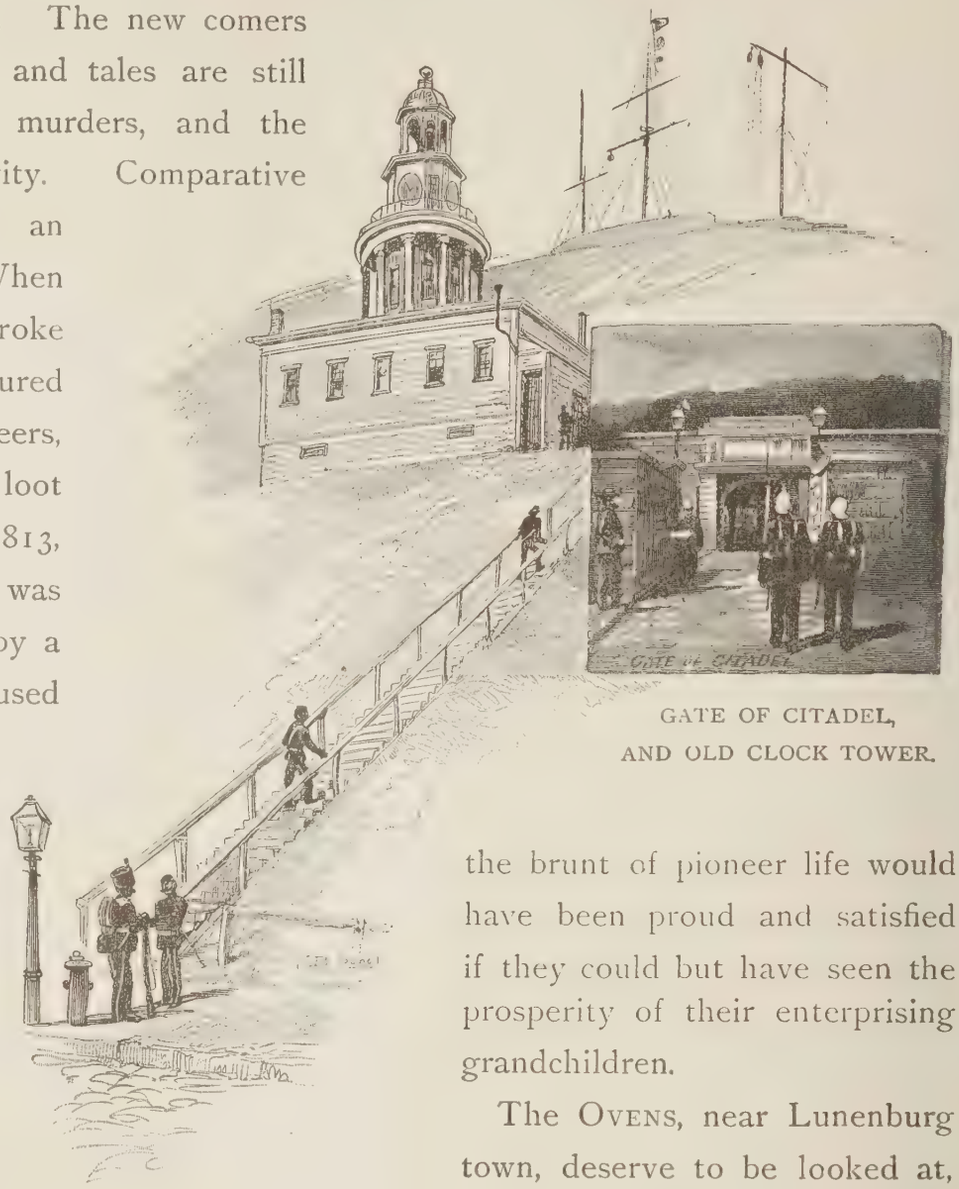
dotted with innumerable islets. Aspotogan, a bold, bare hill, the loftiest along the Atlantic coast, is usually visited from Chester. From its summit one sees the fabled three hundred and sixty-five islands of Mahone Bay. Captain Kidd, the redoubtable pirate, is credited with having hidden his treasure on Oak Island, near Chester, and ardent seekers after forbidden wealth have expended fortunes in trying to reach the earth's centre here. Once and again they have penetrated over one hundred feet, as if a pirate could dig so deep even if he had wished! The village of Mahone Bay is charmingly situated at the head of a narrow basin, whose mouth is screened by islands, and whose sides are sheltered by steep hills. A few miles farther on is Lunenburg, a flourishing town, the centre of the county of the same name—a slice of Germany laid down in Nova Scotia. In winter this county is bleak and dreary, the forests having been largely destroyed by fires. In summer it is green and lovely, and in harvest time its hillsides are golden with yellow grain. The town of Lunenburg rises on a gentle slope from the shore of the harbor. Viewed from Cosman's Observatory, which stands on the summit of an adjacent hill, the town appears white and clean in the midst of a vast panorama



HALIFAX, FROM YORK REDOUBT.

of peninsulas and sunny bays, sheltered creeks, and wooded islets—each set in a mirror of molten silver;—pretty cottages on grassy hillocks or half hidden in the valleys; northward a vast crescent sweep of dark forest; far southward the shining sea. An

Indian village, Malagash, once stood on the site of the town. Over two hundred families, German and Swiss, settled here in 1753, at the invitation of the British Government, which gave them farming implements and three years' provisions. The new comers suffered from the Indians, and tales are still told of atrocities, fearful murders, and the horrors of a long captivity. Comparative nearness to Halifax was an element of safety here. When the Revolutionary war broke out, Lunenburg was honoured with a visit by two privateers, which took away all the loot they could find. In June, 1813, an American privateer was chased into these waters by a British man-of-war. It refused to surrender, and being in imminent danger of capture, was blown up by one of its officers. The whole crew perished. Lunenburg is now deeply engaged in fisheries, in ship-building, and in the lumber-trade. The German colonists who stood the brunt of pioneer life would have been proud and satisfied if they could but have seen the prosperity of their enterprising grandchildren.



GATE OF CITADEL, AND OLD CLOCK TOWER.

The Ovens, near Lunenburg town, deserve to be looked at, if not explored. High cliffs facing the Atlantic have been undermined by the constant crash of the mighty waves. Several caverns have been formed a hundred feet wide and two hundred feet deep, or more, into which the waves roll and rush with tremendous force, and with a noise like thunder. When the wind is favourable the spectacle presented is grand, and the battle-sound of rock and wave deafening. Here, in 1861, gold was found in considerable quantities in the sand; but the "washings" were quickly exhausted. Let us take a glimpse at the broad and peaceful tidal river which meets the sea inside of Ironbound Island,—the La Have, a favourite resort of the French when they possessed this land. The river winds between banks that are well cultivated, or still picturesquely wooded. Along the sandy borders of the river the waters curl in gentlest ripples or seem quite asleep, while a mile or two outside the perennial conflict of iron, rocky barrier and fiercely dashing wave goes on. Ironbound is a treeless rock, serving to break

the force of the sea and to screen the islands that are inside, which are well wooded, fertile, and habitable. But when the storms of winter rave round these coasts, when the Atlantic is aroused by the gales of March and April, there are weeks that the dwellers on the islands cannot communicate with the mainland. This was one of the first spots colonized by France: here Isaac de Razilly, the wise and gallant Knight of Jerusalem, the sagacious Lieut.-General of Acadie, the far-sighted captain of the West, died suddenly in 1636, and here he lies buried. His death was an irreparable loss to the men of whom he was the leader; for internal strifes followed which proved more deadly than the attacks of the common foe.

Liverpool is the aspiring designation of a pretty little town, a mile long, on the right bank of the Rossignol. The river is the outflow of a series of lovely forest lakes away up in the bosom of the hills. This region was explored in 1622 by Sir William Alexander, who found "a pleasant river, and on every side of the same they did see very delicate meadows having roses white and red growing thereon, with a kind of white lily which had a dainty smell."

Shelburne is one of the prettiest of towns, on a land-locked bay ten miles long by two or three wide. It has a curious history. The beauty of the situation attracted the attention of the Loyalists of New England, large numbers of whom came here in 1783. In one year the forest along these peaceful shores gave way to a city of 12,000 people. Wealthy patricians sought here to live under the old flag. For the first year all seemed brilliant with hope. Governor Parr entered the bay in a royal frigate, and so delighted was he with the progress and promise of the place, that he encouraged the project of making it the capital of the Province in place of Halifax. Unfortunately, the harbor is so thoroughly land-locked that it is frost-bound in winter; and this proved fatal to the claims of the new city. There was also no back country—nothing but the mighty forest behind from which to draw supplies or with which to trade. For two years the city grew apace. Two millions and a half dollars were expended in the costly experiment. It collapsed almost like a dream. In three or four years it became a village of 400 inhabitants. Many of the Loyalists went back to the United States. Many moved to other places where the hand of industry could earn a living. But the beauty of the situation remains,—bay, cliff, stream, island, the gleam of the distant sea, and the unbroken belt of forest along the low ridges of the Blue Mountain range. There are fertile and well-peopled valleys in the county, and rising towns, such as Lock's Island, that the fisheries have made wealthy.

Port Latour must be looked at in honor of the brave man whose name it bears, and who stood true to his loyalty in spite of every temptation. Fort Louis, which young Latour held against his father, has vanished into space. There is but a small fishing hamlet now, where in the 17th century there was much trade and military stir. Cape Sable is the veritable Land's End of Nova Scotia,—rocky, rough and barren.

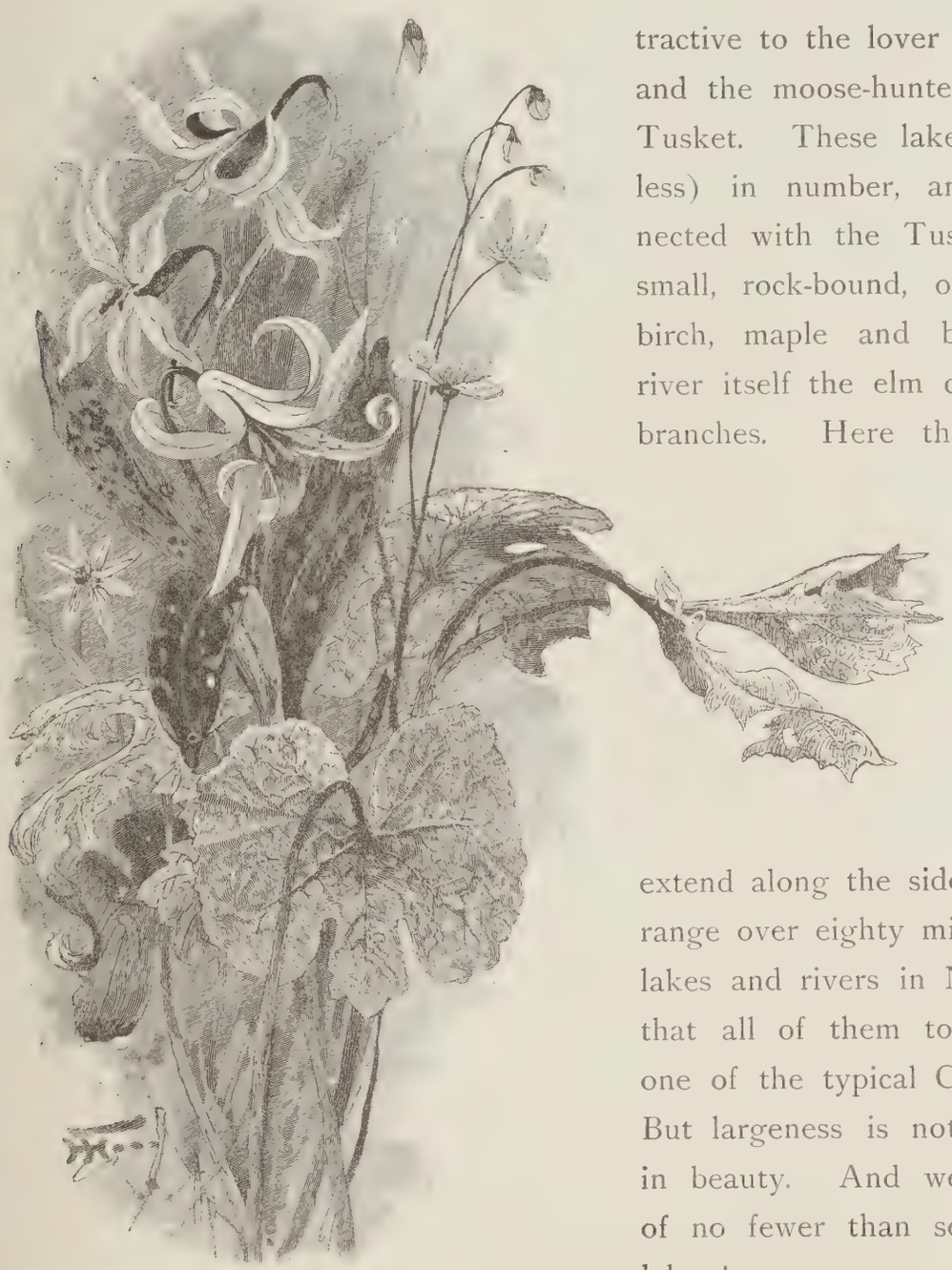
Yarmouth lies along a line of low, rocky coast,—the harbour at high tide full to the brim with the turbid waters of the Bay of Fundy, and at ebb tide scantily enough supplied. Cooling mists and dense fogs often come in with the tide, and the consequence is that the verdure of Yarmouth is of the deepest green, and its blossoms of the bright-



FISHERMEN LANDING IN A GALE.

est white and red and purple. The streets are fairly well built, and off the lines of the streets rise the handsomest villas, embosomed in gardens and presenting every appearance of taste and wealth. Nowhere will you see six thousand people better housed; and the schools, churches, court house, factories and shops have caught the same air of substantial comfort. Yarmouth is a ship-owning town. It is stated that in 1761 the whole county owned 25 tons of shipping. The town now owns over a hundred and twenty thousand tons,—more in proportion to the population than any other place. The most eligible sites, the most elegant buildings in town and vicinity, are the property of "captains" who have won wealth on the stormy seas, and who return to enjoy their well-earned rest in the bosom of their families. Every one is deeply interested in the sea, and shipping news is eagerly scanned to find tidings of father, brother, son, or friend. The cruel sea claims large tribute from those who woo it for wealth,

and Yarmouth has paid its share. The graves of her sons are in many a strange port, and in many an ocean cave. Prudently, Yarmouth is turning her attention to manufacturing industries. She has foundries, woolen mills, a duck factory; and a beginning is made in iron ship-building—one of the greatest industries of the future. The Acadian story could be repeated here—the long conflict, the expulsion, the return of a few, the coming of New Englanders to take possession of the pleasant heritage. Argyll Bay in this county is singularly beautiful with its 365 islands and numerous peninsulas, and pleasant little hamlets of prosperous fishermen. But the section which is peculiarly attractive to the lover of nature, to the angler and the moose-hunter, is the lake region of Tusket. These lakes are eighty (more or less) in number, and are nearly all connected with the Tusket River. They are small, rock-bound, overshadowed by spruce, birch, maple and beech; while over the river itself the elm often droops its graceful branches. Here the fisherman is sure of abundance of gaspereaux in the lower reaches of the river, and farther inland, salmon and trout. The favorite haunts of the stately moose and graceful caribou extend along the sides of the Blue Mountain range over eighty miles. When we speak of lakes and rivers in Nova Scotia, be it noted that all of them together would not make one of the typical Canadian lakes or rivers! But largeness is not necessarily an element in beauty. And we boast in Nova Scotia of no fewer than seven hundred and sixty lakes!



SPRING BEAUTY, SANGUINARIA, AND DOG-TOOTH VIOLET.

And now let us return to the beautiful Annapolis Valley which we left in order to pay our respects to Halifax and the Atlantic coast. The North Mountain, running from Blomidon to Digby Gut, screens the valley from the raw breezes and fogs of the Bay

of Fundy. The South Mountain, which runs the whole length of Nova Scotia, is parallel with the North Mountain for a distance, of say eighty miles. The intervening valley is the "garden of Nova Scotia." Its western half is the "Annapolis Valley," and



CHESTER.

its eastern half the Cornwallis Valley. The river is navigable to Bridgetown. But here, as elsewhere along the shores of the turbid Bay of Fundy, the traveller is startled by the amazing contrast between full-tide and low water. The waters rush inwards with superabundant energy and opulence, filling up every creek and brooklet, till you begin to fear that old limits are to be overleapt. Boats, ships, steamers ride gaily where an hour or two before they were squat upon a brown mud bottom. But watch, with just a little patience. At the perilous fullness there is a pause, a brief period of seeming hesitation. Then, there is the panic rush of retreat, until cove and creek are dry again, and strong swollen rivers are mere dribbling brooks.

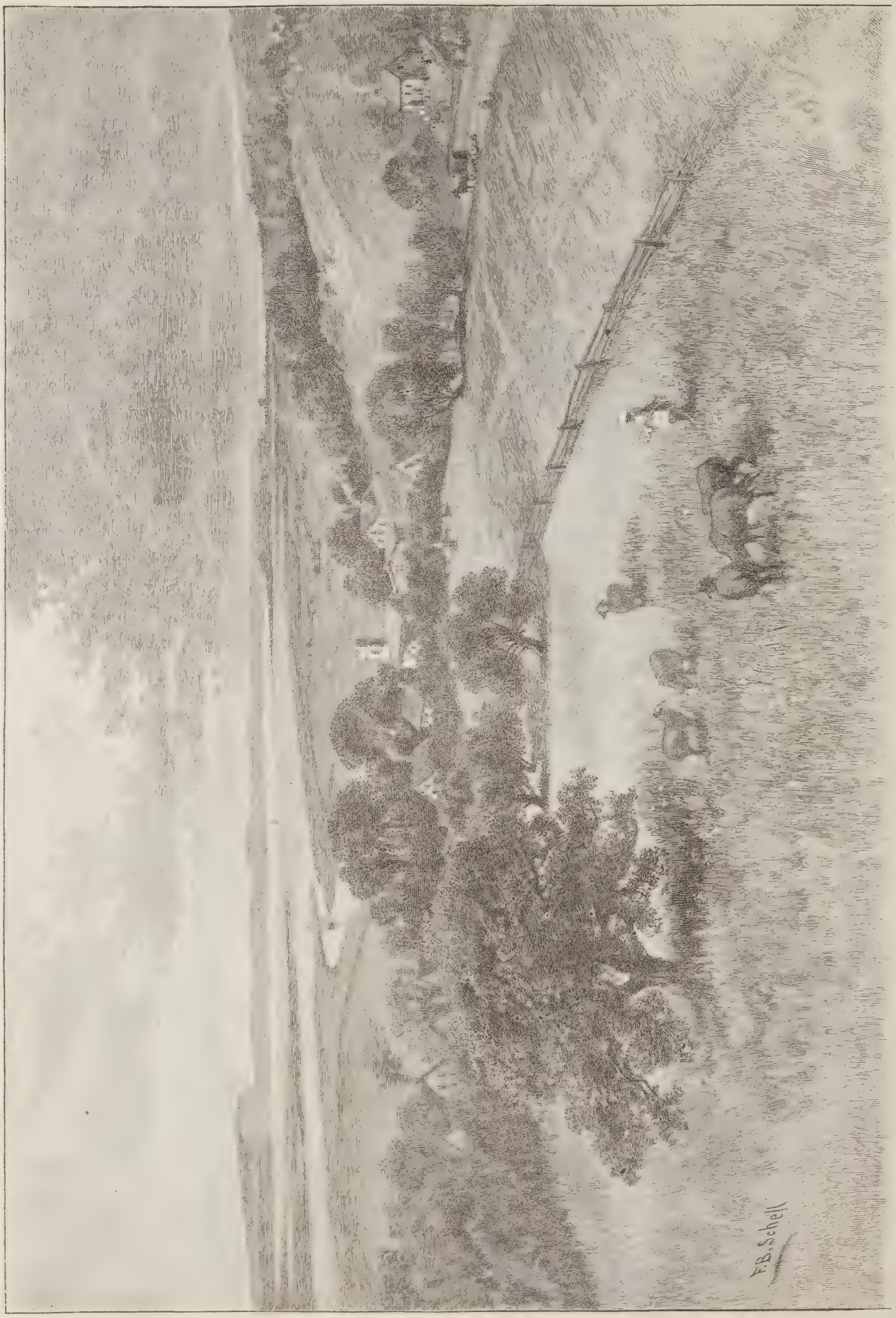
Following up the valley we find little towns and villages and hamlets, churches and schools; richly cultivated fields, leagues after leagues of apple-trees; orchards with trees old as the French régime; orchards newly set out; some apparently dying of age or from lack of care; the great majority thrifty and doing well. No sooner is one of the great old farms subdivided by the father for the benefit of one or two sons than a new orchard is set out, even before a house or barn is built. The farms hug the sides of the steep hills, and some of the best fruit is raised on these sunny slopes. There are two periods of the year when this apple country is peculiarly delightful,—in June, when the trees are red and white with blossom—snowy white and rose-red, full of

promise for the future while affording abundant present delight; and again in September and October, when the limbs are laden with green, russet and gold,—when the orchards laugh with abundance and the air is literally fragrant with the aroma of gravensteins and pippins and the nameless varieties in which the fruit growers of this region take delight. Apple culture now is an important industry here; and in prosperous years farmers realize many thousands of dollars as the fruit of their toil.

Bridgetown, Lawrencetown, Paradise, Kingston, Middleton, are steadily improving in appearance and growing in population as the result of improved agriculture and horticulture. WILMOT SPRINGS are noteworthy for the health-giving qualities of the water.

The CORNWALLIS VALLEY presents a lovely expanse of level country, between the North and South mountains. It has been largely rescued from the sea and transformed into wondrously fertile territory. The Canard and the Cornwallis rivers, once navigable streams, have shrunk in their oozy beds into mere brooklets. The level uplands near the dikelands are occupied by miles and miles of "streets," with long streams of handsome, well-built houses, the homes of thrifty and prosperous farmers. Spring opens early, and summer lingers long in the sheltered villages and secluded hamlets of Cornwallis. The South Mountain screens it from the fogs and chill breezes of the Atlantic, and the North Mountain serves as a barrier against the still denser fogs of the Bay of Fundy. One of the finest views of the valley is to be enjoyed by climbing up North Mountain near its termination in Cape Blomidon. At your feet lie the little town of Canning and the village of Pereaux. In front stretch long lines of "streets" with orchards and farm-houses—churches rising here and there where population is thickest. Across the valley, miles southward, is KENTVILLE, nestling among the brooks that rush down the gorges of the South Mountain, a pretty and tidy town almost hidden from sight with its glorious elms, chestnuts, locust trees, willows, and apple-orchards. Farther to the left, some eight miles, is WOLFVILLE, another town famous for its elms and orchards, its white cottages, educational institutions, and its wealth of legendary and historic associations. Pretty clusters of houses dot the landscape far and near, while, as your eye turns eastward, the view embraces Grand Pré and the whole scene of the culmination of the Acadian tragedy. How changed this valley within the century! There appears to be not a remnant of the old Acadians in a place once so dear to them, and in which they battled so bravely with the sea.

A favourite view of this lovely valley, with the Basin of Minas, is from Acadia College, which itself occupies a commanding site on rising ground at Wolfville. This view embraces the "Land of Evangeline," the spot which Longfellow's muse has consecrated for all time. The GRAND PRÉ, which stretches between Wolfville and the Basin of Minas, was evidently redeemed from the waves. It is flat, perfectly monotonous, except when dotted with cocks of new-mown hay, or with great loads ready to be hauled to upland barns. Strongly-built dikes keep back the sea, except when



GRAND PRÉ, AND BASIN OF MINAS, FROM WOLFVILLE.

the Bay of Fundy has been filled to overflowing by a mighty gale. Then the waters overleap all barriers—old dikes and new together, and the flooded lands are rendered infertile for a year or two. Happily these great invasions do not occur frequently, not oftener than once in ten or twelve years.

Specimens of the genuine old French dike are few, and becoming fewer. The best sample is near "Long Island," which lies between Wolfville and Cape Blomidon, and which is an island no longer. One is still able to trace the foundations of the Acadian chapel at Grand Pré. There are grass-grown hollows where cellars were wont to be. Relics are picked up from time to time which belonged to the Acadian period. Sometimes coffins are disturbed by the plough. Earthenware is also occasionally found which once did duty on the tables of the quiet but stubborn race that so persistently hated British rule. The most interesting, because the most certain, relics of the olden time are these long rows of willows, and these gnarled and mossy apple-trees.

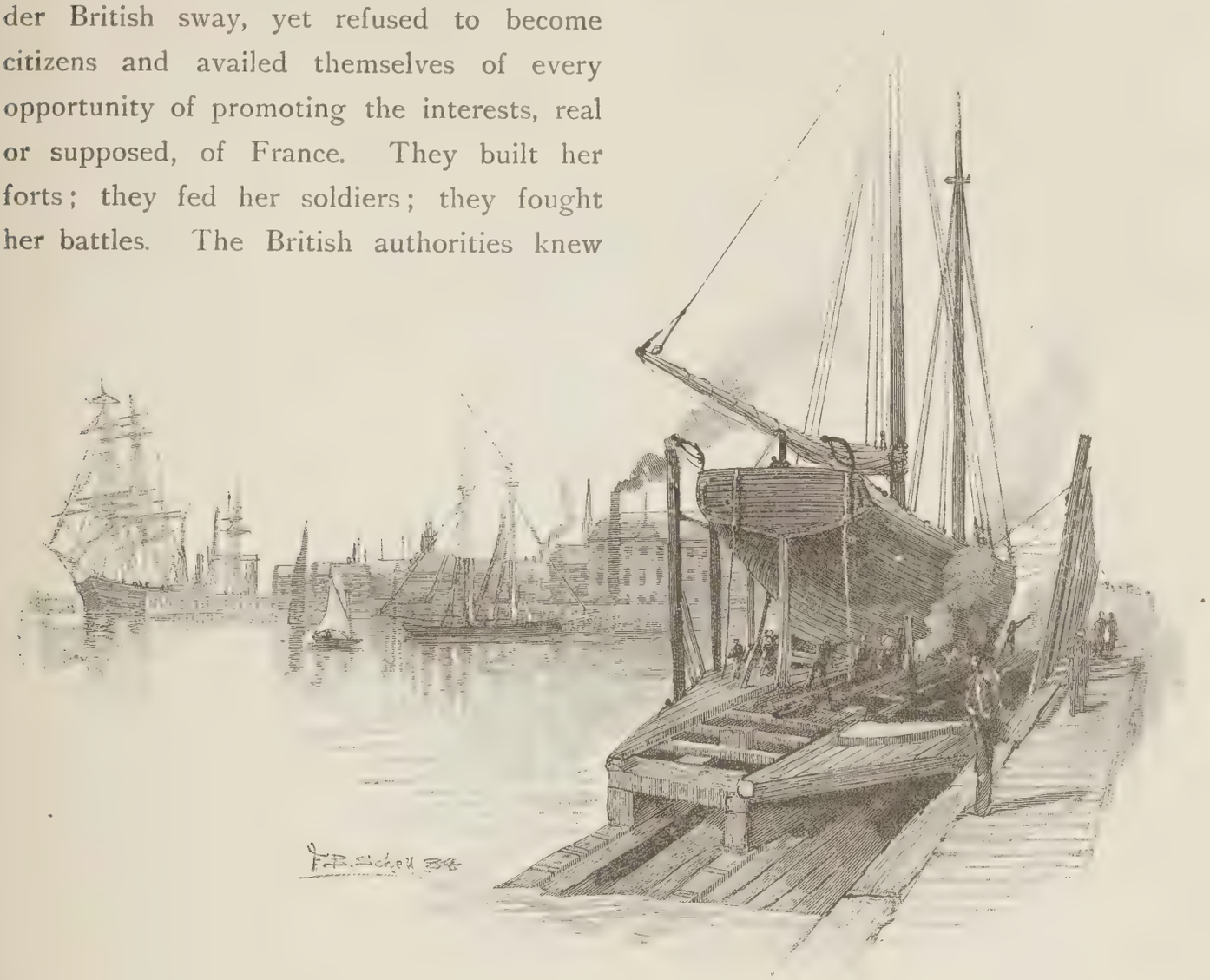
This district was settled early in the seventeenth century by immigrants from La Rochelle and its vicinity. Owing to the fertility of the soil and the almost complete exemption from the ravages of war and the burdens of taxation, the people prospered greatly. They were on terms of perfect amity with the Indians. Their loyalty to France was as intense as their hatred of England. Indeed the French authorities took pains to cultivate their sympathy. Hardly a war of any account was waged on this continent between France and England in which the Acadians failed to take part; and they fought with the self-sacrificing ardor of the early crusaders. After the conquest of Nova Scotia and its permanent cession to Great Britain, the Acadians refused over and over again to take the oath of allegiance. Living on British territory, they claimed to be "neutrals." Not only would they not take up arms for the King of Great Britain; they could not be trusted to abstain from acts of hostility against him. They sent supplies to the French at Louisburg, at Fort Beausejour, and elsewhere when supplies were sorely needed at Annapolis and at Halifax. They were allowed the free exercise of their religion; they were not to be molested in person or property so long as they would consent to be subjects of the British crown. But it was here that their great difficulty lay. Distance in time and space had made old France dearer than ever to their hearts. Their collisions with the New England militia and other representatives of British power had only intensified their hatred of that power. They were in full sympathy with the Indian tribes in all parts of the country, and entered into their plans of offense against the British settlers and garrisons.

Vicar-General La Loutre, who came to Acadia in 1740, was a man of indomitable perseverance and restless enterprise. He at once gained the confidence of the Acadians and the Indians; and his grand aim was to keep them in a united attitude against the English. He was in full sympathy with the feeling then universal in Quebec—intense loyalty to France, and a determination to promote French interests wherever possible.

He transgressed all bounds of prudence in the measures which he devised and carried out. For example, Beaubassin, a pleasant and prosperous village of 1,000 inhabitants, all French, was by his orders utterly deserted and then burnt, in order that it might not pass under British control. This act will explain to some extext the spirit which led to the "expulsion" of the Acadians five years later. La Loutre's orders were carried out with promptitude, for he had bands of Indians at his back who were glad to punish any disobedience. Several years before the expulsion, the people of River Canard, Grand Pré and Piziquid sent deputies to Governor Cornwallis asking leave to evacuate the Province, and intimating their determination not to sow their fields. Cornwallis answered them in the most conciliatory terms, and in perfect good faith. He warned them against La Loutre, who had ordered the savages to cut off those that should remain loyal to England. He told them of the inevitable ruin which would come upon them should they persist in disobeying their lawful king. They were now subjects of Great Britain, not of France; no one could possess houses or lands in the Province who would not take the oath of allegiance, and those who left the Province would have to leave all their property behind them. In a few weeks deputies from the same places appeared again before the Governor, asking permission to leave the Province. Cornwallis replied that whenever peace was restored he would furnish passports to all who wished to go; but at present he refused, because the moment they stepped beyond the border they would be required to take up arms against Great Britain. He assured them that their determination to remain in antagonism to Great Britain gave him great pain. He praised their virtues and their exemption from vice. He added: "This Province is your country; you and your fathers have cultivated it; naturally you ought yourselves to enjoy the fruits of your labour. Such was the desire of the king, our master. You know that we have followed his orders. You know that we have done everything not only to secure you the occupation of your lands, but the ownership of them forever. We have given you also every possible assurance of the enjoyment of your religion, and the free and public exercise of the Roman Catholic faith." He pointed out to them the immense advantages they would have in the large markets that would be opened to them, and of which they would for many years have the monopoly, for they possessed the only cultivated lands in the Province. "In short, we flattered ourselves that we would make you the happiest people in the world."

Cornwallis's successor, Governor Hobson, was not more successful than Cornwallis in winning the Acadians. La Loutre and his Indians had their affections and their fears as well. Disaffection prevailed among them to such an extent that they refused to sell wood and provisions to the British soldiers stationed among them. The infection of disorder and discontent extended to the German colony in Lunenburg. Three hundred Acadians, refusing work at good wages at Halifax, and disregarding

the Government's orders, crossed over to Beausejour to work under La Loutre. Here, then, we have the explanation of the ever memorable tragedy of 1755. France and England were contending for supremacy in America. It was the death-grapple of giants. The Acadians for forty years had been under British sway, yet refused to become citizens and availed themselves of every opportunity of promoting the interests, real or supposed, of France. They built her forts; they fed her soldiers; they fought her battles. The British authorities knew



MARINE SLIP AND DOCKS, YARMOUTH.

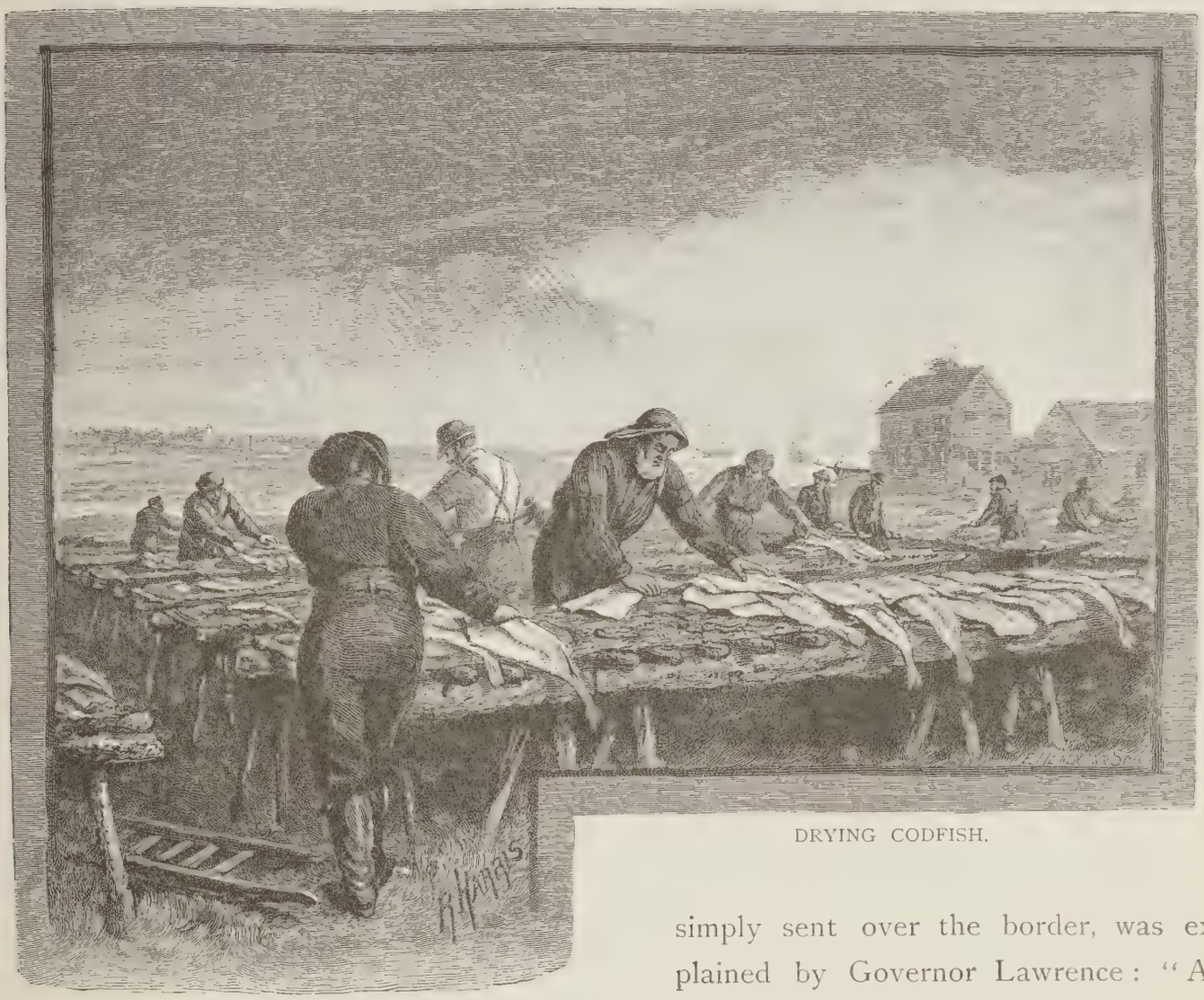
that a French conquest of Acadia would be hailed with exultation by the Acadians throughout the whole territory. Looking at the matter from the New England and British point of view, it is not to be wondered at that decisive steps were taken. Harsh and deplorable as the measure was,—it was war. It was a piece of public policy designed to ensure the possession of Nova Scotia by Great Britain. It was one of the steps in the great drama of conquest in the New World. That the British were not moved by greed for the fair, rich lands of the Acadians is abundantly proved by the fact that Grand Pré lay desolate for five years after the expulsion, and that the other depopulated districts were some of them nine or ten years without a British settler. Seven thousand Acadians were induced to leave all they possessed in the rich old settlements of Acadia in order to be under the French flag. Their houses

were either burnt by the Indians or allowed to go to ruin; and their fields were left uncultivated. The suffering caused by this voluntary migration was very great. The sacrifices made by the émigrants were incalculable. The fact that the Acadians preferred such perils and deprivations to citizenship under the British flag, enables us to view the "Expulsion of the Acadians" in its true light.

During the spring and summer of 1755, the Acadians were required to give up their fire-arms. Symptoms of uneasiness and dissatisfaction were noticed among them. The commanding officer at Fort Edward reported that they had acted towards him with "great insolence," leading him to believe that they had secret intelligence of an expected French invasion. Fifteen representatives of the Acadians appeared in Halifax, on the 3rd July, before Governor Lawrence and his council, when their faults, errors, true position, advantages and duties were fully explained to them. They were asked to take the oath of allegiance, but after much deliberation they declined. They were told that they would henceforth be regarded not as subjects of the British King, but of the King of France, and as such they would be treated. The council then resolved that the Acadians should be ordered to send new deputies to Halifax with their decision, whether they would take the oath or not; and that none who refused to take it should be afterwards permitted to do so, but "that effectual measures should be taken to remove all such recusants out of the Province." This decision was conveyed to the delegates, who, becoming alarmed, offered to take the oath. They were, however, not permitted to do so, but were kept as prisoners on St. George's Island in Halifax harbour. Governor Lawrence conferred with Admirals Boscawen and Mostyn, and both agreed with him that it was time the French should be required to take the oath or to leave the country. This was on the 14th July. On the 25th July, deputies came from the French in Annapolis, intimating their determination to take no "new oath." Governor Lawrence plainly intimated to them what would be the result. He asked them to reconsider the matter till Monday, for if once they refused the oath, they should have no other opportunity of taking it. On Monday, July 28th, the full council met with the Acadian deputies, all of whom made substantially the same report,—that they had already taken the qualified oath of fidelity, and that they would take none other. The whole body of delegates were called before the council, and the case again carefully explained to them; but they all peremptorily refused the oath. The Acadians knew what they were doing; and they did it deliberately. They risked all—and lost.

The decision of the authorities was taken. Arrangements were made to remove the Acadians about the Isthmus, in what is now the county of Cumberland. The turn of those at Minas was to come next; and those in Annapolis and Yarmouth were to follow. Colonel Winslow was in command at Minas. His instructions were to collect the people and place them on board the transports which the government would furnish. Two thousand persons were to be removed: five hundred to North Carolina;

one thousand to Virginia; five hundred to Maryland. They were to be sent thus far away, to prevent their easy return. One thousand were to be removed from Annapolis, and to be scattered thus — three hundred each to Philadelphia and Connecticut, and two hundred each to New York and Boston. The reason they were not



DRYING CODFISH.

simply sent over the border, was explained by Governor Lawrence: "As their numbers amount to near seven thousand persons, the driving them off, with leave to go whither they pleased, would doubtless have strengthened Canada with so considerable a number of inhabitants, and such as are able to bear arms must have been immediately employed in annoying this and the neighbouring colonies. To prevent such an inconvenience it was judged a necessary and the only practicable measure to divide them among the colonies, where they may be of some use, as most of them are strong, healthy people, and they may become profitable and, it is possible, in time, faithful subjects."

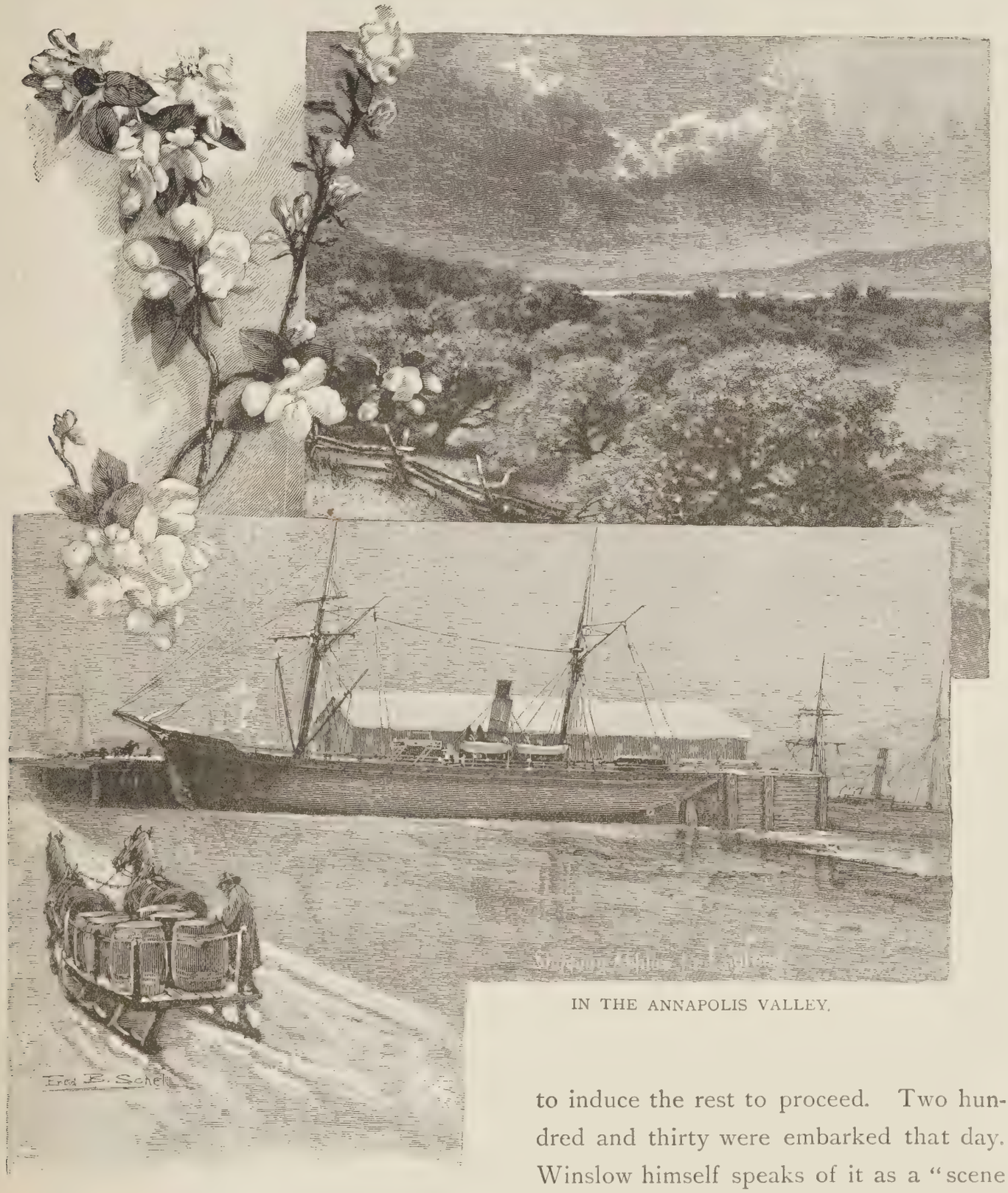
The effort to remove the Acadians from the isthmus, and what is now known as the New Brunswick side of the Bay, proved a total failure; but a large number of their dwellings were destroyed.

Around Minas Basin the deed was done secretly and thoroughly. On the 5th September, 1755. in obedience to the summons of Colonel Winslow, the people of Grand Pré, Minas, and River Canard, "both old men and young men and lads of ten years of age" assembled at the Grand Pré Church, "to hear what His Majesty had authorized him to communicate to them." At first, four hundred responded to the call. These were frankly told that in consequence of their refusal to take the oath of allegiance, all their property, except their money and household goods, was forfeited to the crown, and they themselves were to be removed from the Provinces. They were to remain prisoners till placed on board the vessels which were to bear them away. Families would be conveyed together. About two hundred were to be brought from Piziquid (now Windsor), and the total number to be embarked at Grand Pré amounted to 1,923 persons.

On the 30th August, Winslow writes to the Lieut-Governor that the crops are down, but not housed on account of the weather,—that the people think the soldiers have come to remain with them all winter. "Although it is a disagreeable duty we are put upon, I am sensible it is a necessary one." The soldiers, who were taken into confidence, had to swear an oath of secrecy. On the 4th September, "all the people were quiet and very busy at their harvest."

On the 5th September, Winslow was very busy from early dawn. He ordered "the whole camp to lie upon their arms this day." "At 3 in the afternoon the French inhabitants appeared at the church at Grand Pré, 418 of their best men." Twenty of this number were allowed to go back to their friends at Canard and other places and tell them what had come to pass. Guards were doubled. Regulations were made to ensure the safety of the prisoners, and, adds Winslow, "Thus ended the memorable 5th of September, a day of great fatigue and trouble." Millers were allowed to keep their mills at work. The prisoners in the church were fed by members of their own families. Winslow did his work "without any accident to our own people or to the inhabitants." The officers had to be on the alert, for, we are told, "The soldiers hate them [the Acadians] and if they can find a pretence to kill them, they will." The women are reported to have been remarkably calm, almost indifferent. On the 9th, an ominous stir being noticed among the prisoners, Colonel Winslow resolved that fifty of the younger men should be put aboard each of the five transports in the bay and should be under guard. The prisoners were drawn up six deep, the young men to the left. When ordered to march to the vessels, they answered they would not go without their fathers. Winslow told them that "No" was a word he did not understand. "for the king's command was absolute and should be absolutely obeyed." He ordered the troops to fix bayonets and advance towards the prisoners. He marked out 24 and ordered them to proceed. He took hold of one "and bid march. He obeyed and the rest followed, though slowly, and went praying, singing and crying, being met by the

women and children all the way (which is one and a half miles) with great lamentations, upon their knees praying." "The ice being broke," as Winslow puts it, it was easier



IN THE ANNAPOLIS VALLEY.

to induce the rest to proceed. Two hundred and thirty were embarked that day. Winslow himself speaks of it as a "scene of sorrow." The vessels dropped down stream. Provisions were carried on board by their friends, and as many visitors as the boats could carry were allowed to come and go. On the 11th, twenty more were sent on board. There was a period of tedious and anxious waiting, week after week, until the wet, stormy and chill October days came, when tents were but poor protection for



DYKE LANDS.

the soldiers, and Winslow was almost in despair. More transports were ordered, and were expected, but they were desperately behind time. Disasters here and there interfered with carefully matured plans. Couriers and expresses made the best speed they could between Halifax and Cornwallis and Cheignecto; but bad roads, rough seas, contrary winds, often caused delays. The poor Acadians still thought that it was only a scheme to frighten them into taking the oath of allegiance. The longer the stay the less likely it seemed to them that they were to be torn from the land they loved so well. On the 6th October, Colonel Winslow writes, with unconscious pathos: "Even now I could not persuade the people I was in earnest." On the 7th, 24 of the French young men made their escape off two of the vessels — how, nobody could tell. On the 8th, Winslow tells us that he began to embark the inhabitants, who went off very sullenly and unwillingly, the women in great distress, carrying their children in their arms; others carrying their decrepit parents in their carts, and all their goods, moving in great confusion,—a scene of woe and distress." In course of a few days twenty-two of the twenty-four who had escaped out of the vessels came back. Two refusing to surrender had been killed by the soldiers. On the 27th the preparations for setting sail were completed: the Piziquid contingent of about a thousand souls was combined with the people from Grand Pré and Gaspereau. It is easier to imagine than to describe the scene that must have been presented, as the nine transports, convoyed by a

man-of-war, dropped down Minas Basin, out of sight of the lovely Gaspereau Valley, and the bold headland of Blomidon, and Cape Split, and all the islands and hills and familiar shores of home and native land. More transports were needed, for Winslow had six hundred Acadians on his hands, collected at River Canard and Pereaux, and more distant localities. Weeks lengthened into months of weary waiting; and it was not till the 20th of December that "Phins Osgood" was able to report that "the last of the French sailed this afternoon."

The whole number of houses destroyed in this district, 255; barns, 276; mills, 11; church, 1. Total people shipped away, 2,242. Only two deaths by violence occurred. The force under Winslow numbered 320. These men were, with hardly an exception, New Englanders. No doubt Old England approved of what was done; but the removal was devised and carried out by hard-headed New Englanders. In Annapolis many escaped to the woods; but ultimately upwards of eleven hundred were placed on board transports and sent away. One of the vessels, having 226 Acadians on board, was seized by them in the Bay of Fundy and taken into St. John, whence they made good their escape.

The vessels employed in transporting the Acadians numbered in all seventeen; and the persons removed were about three thousand. These peace-loving and gregarious people were scattered far and wide among an alien race who were ignorant of their



VALLEY OF THE GASPEREAU.

language and hated their religion. They were snatched away from scenes of loveliness and plenty to be flung as beggars upon the cold charity of people who wished to have

nothing to do with them. It is estimated that at least two-thirds worked their way back, some in a few months after their expulsion, some after an exile of nearly fifteen years. Before the end of the century all the Acadians were reported as "wholly British subjects, and entirely changed from their former sentiments." They were "among the most faithful and happy subjects of His Majesty."

The expulsion of the Acadians was but an episode in a great epic of which the American continent and Western Europe were the arena. France and England were contending for supremacy in the New World. The destinies of unborn nations were involved. For England the outlook in 1755 was dark enough. The shattered remains of Braddock's ill-fated expedition were entering Philadelphia about the same time that Winslow was gathering the Acadians to the little chapel at Minas. The sad Acadian episode is thus explained: we do not say that it is justified.

The story of EVANGELINE has made the region classic. Longfellow had never visited Nova Scotia; and his ideas of the topography of the Basin of Minas were obtained at second-hand, but the picture he draws is fairly accurate.

The railway now passes through the Grand Pré, and the Grand Pré station is near the site of the historic chapel. As a tribute to the *genius loci*, the engines bear such names as "Evangeline," "Benedict," "Basil," and "Gabriel."

The Gaspereau River flows into the Minas Basin within easy sight of Grand Pré. It was at a point a short distance up from its mouth that the transports received the weeping Acadians, and still a little farther inland they sought shelter when the rough autumnal gales swept down upon the basin, churning its waters into spray. The tide rushes up the Gaspereau with great force for four or five miles. Following the river in its innumerable windings, you are led into the bosom of the South Mountain. Ridges rise high right and left, with space enough between to allow of a succession of prosperous farms on each side the river. There, sheltered from every stormy wind, embosomed in orchards, stand the neat white cottages of a happy and peaceful peasantry. The stream becomes more rapid and its banks more picturesque as you ascend its course. Salmon pools abound. By and by the stream gracefully leaps some twenty feet down a ledge of rock. The fall is pretty, and when the river is full with spring or autumn rains, the music of it is borne upon the breeze for miles. The source of the river is a series of forest lakes near the height of land where the misty Atlantic sends up its clouds to unburden themselves ere they spread their kindly shadows over the Cornwallis Valley. Here, too, as far up as the fall, the feet of the Acadians trod and their hands toiled. The trees they planted are growing still, the fields they cleared yield abundant crops, and the dikes they built resist the invading tides. The traveller sees so much to attract attention along the usual routes, that he is apt to overlook the Gaspereau Valley; but let him come here for a picture of rural comfort and beauty,— sheltered from the North and West winds by the bleak ridge of the



MOUTH OF THE GASPEREAU, AND GRAND PRE.

Horton hills, and from the South and East by the lofty forest-crowned ridges of the South Mountain.

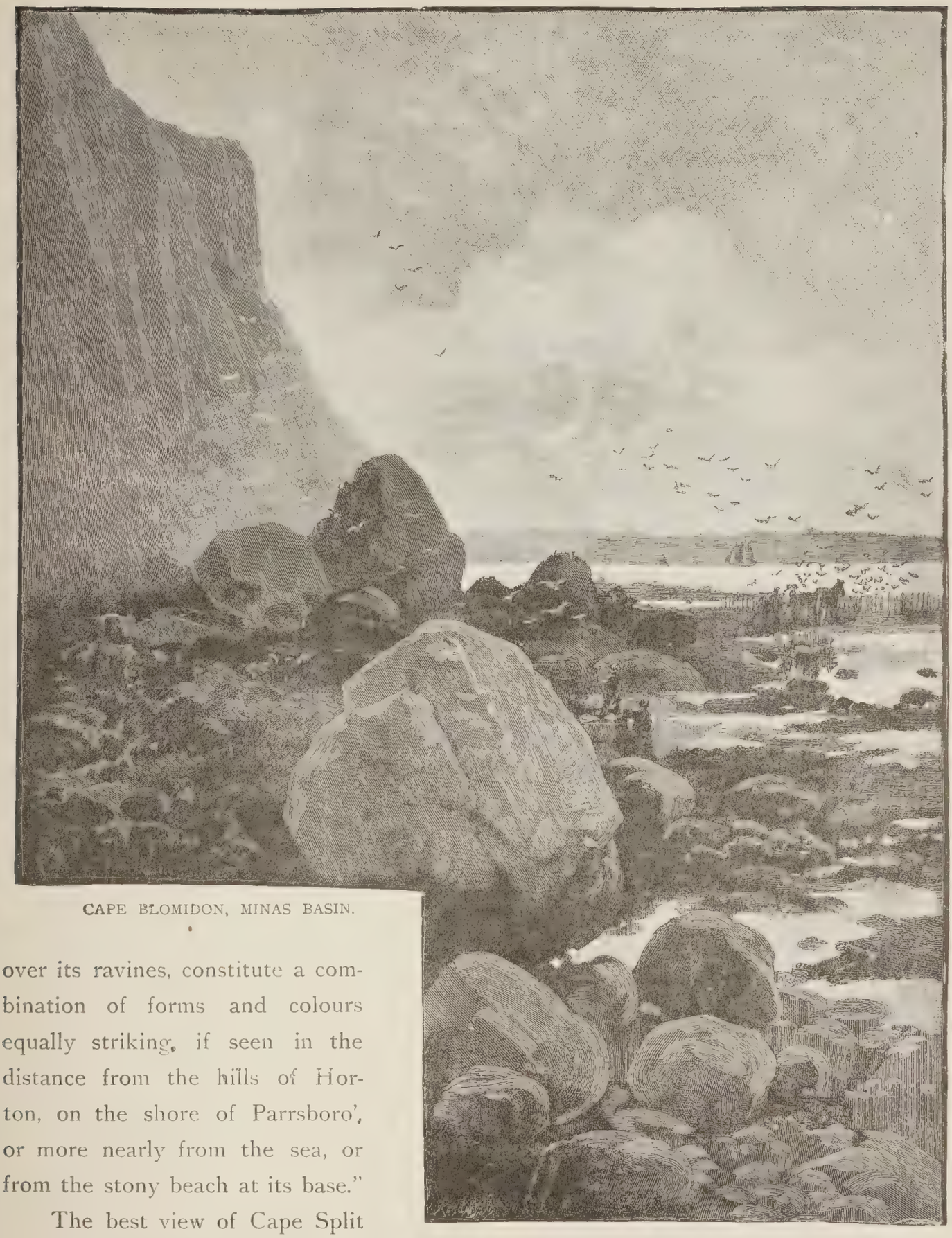
The peace and loveliness of the present carries one back by way of tragic contrast to that morning of February 10, 1747, when under cover of darkness and a furious snow-storm a band of 346 Frenchmen, pounced suddenly upon the English garrison of 470 men quartered among the houses yonder. The attack was wholly unexpected. The English were sleeping in fancied security. Their assailants were completely successful, and the decimated garrison agreed to march off to Annapolis Royal, leaving 70 killed and 69 prisoners. The French lost only 7 or 8. Happily, battles, surprises, victories, expatriations have long been unknown in these valleys. The only struggles are with the forces of nature; and all the victories are those of peace.

The North Mountain is a mighty rampart of trap-rock, running all the way from Digby Gut to Cape Blomidon, at an almost uniform elevation of 450 feet. The rough waters of the Bay of Fundy have been beating against this great barrier for unknown ages, and the results are many picturesque coves, bold bluffs, bleak headlands, beetling crags. Here and there, wherever convenient shelter offers, fishing hamlets cling to the

cliffs or nestle in the coves, offering in the hottest days of summer, retreats cool enough to satisfy one's utmost wish for bracing breezes. As the tide rolls up, angry and brown, it cools the air which rushes in with the tide at half a gale.

Blomidon has been happily compared to the handle of a huge walking-stick: the North Mountain being the stick, and the end of the curved handle being Cape Split. From a distance it appears as if jutting into the Basin at a sharp angle; but the explorer finds that it curves gracefully down Minas channel till it terminates in the curious pinnacles of Cape Split. The boldest part of Blomidon is a grand sandstone cliff, about 500 feet high, and a quarter of a mile in length. Farther on comes the columnar trap rock, beetling and dark, but relieved by occasional intermixture of bright red sandstone. Little rills tumble down here and there from the summit, and a constant course of disintegration is going on. Farther along the curve the hill is less steep. Land and water come to a kindlier meeting. The explorer steps ashore and finds rare ferns, and rejoices, perhaps, in emeralds, agates, and amethysts. Indeed, Blomidon every spring drops from his crown (or out of his numerous pockets) many bright and precious things, the choice specimens falling to the lot of the earliest searchers. Gems from Blomidon once sparkled in the crown of France; and it is quite likely that nothing more valuable was discovered in the sixteenth century than may be stumbled upon now, if you come along sufficiently early after the frosts of winter and the storms of spring have done their work. As you approach Cape Split the tide becomes more rapid and there are eddies and whirlpools that demand careful seamanship. A Professor of Acadia College, and two or three companions, were lost here some years ago through incautious sailing. Sudden gusts often descend from the hills on both sides of a narrow channel which runs between Blomidon and the Parrsboro' shore.

Great masses of clouds and of fog often roll up this channel and over the summits of the mountain, carrying one back in imagination to the period not very ancient, geologically, when a huge volcano was active here; when the air was darkened with ashes and scoriæ; when the Cobequid hills and the South Mountain echoed the thunder of volcanic explosions; when mighty streams of lava flowed westward, we cannot tell how many miles. Volcanic action is plainly visible past Digby Neck, and in the beautiful basaltic cliffs of Briar Island. Mountains grow old and yield to decay, and Blomidon and the North Mountain are no exception to the rule. The face of that noblest of our sea-cliffs is deeply scarred and furrowed by torrents. The frosts, melting snows, and scourging rains loosen vast quantities of *débris*, which, tumbling to the base, the tides sweep away. Yet the beauty of the Cape remains. "The dark basaltic wall, crowned with thick woods, the terrace of amygdaloid, with a luxuriant growth of light green shrubs and young trees that rapidly spring up in its rich and moist surface, the precipice of bright red sandstone, always clean and fresh and contrasting strongly with the trap above and with the trees and bushes that straggle down its sides and nod



CAPE BLOMIDON, MINAS BASIN.

over its ravines, constitute a combination of forms and colours equally striking, if seen in the distance from the hills of Horton, on the shore of Parrsboro', or more nearly from the sea, or from the stony beach at its base."

The best view of Cape Split is from Baxter's Harbour, about two miles distant. In the foreground is a beautiful waterfall, some forty feet high, tumbling into a deep, dark gorge, which is overhung by huge masses of trap-rock. Across the waters of the semi-circular bay the oddly isolated peaks of Cape Split rise out of the water, and if the water is still are mirrored on its surface.

We are now, as Indian legends tell, amid the scenes where the wonder-working Glooscap, the semi-divine Mediator of the Micmacs, displayed his power. He was the Indian's friend, and was always ready to help those who would receive his counsels. He was exalted over peril, sickness and death, and was the enemy of the magicians. Minas Basin was his beaver pond, dammed up by Blomidon and Cape Split, which then (the legend says) stretched across to the Parrsboro' shore. As the dam was flooding the whole valley, Glooscap swung the barrier out of the way and pushed it into its present position. In his conflict with the great Beaver, he flung at him huge fragments of rock which have been changed into the Five Islands. Spencer's Island is Glooscap's overturned kettle. All the Acadian land was dear to him. He could do wonders for the people, providing abundance of fish and game. The powers of evil at one time came to overthrow his great wigwam and put an end to his reign. But he sent a mighty storm, which quenched their camp-fires, and then a bitter frost, which caused them all to perish in the forests. The ways of beasts and men becoming evil, Glooscap was sorely vexed; and, unable to endure them, he must pass away. So he made a rich feast by the shore of the Minas Lake. All the beasts came and partook of the feast, and when it was over, he and his uncle, Great Turtle, stepped into the canoe and went over the lake singing a song of farewell as they went towards the West. The beasts looked after them till they could see them no more, and listened till the singing became faint and fainter and died away. Then a great silence fell upon all; and the beasts, who till then held council together and spoke but one language, now fled and never met again in peace. All nature mourns, and will mourn till Glooscap comes again to restore the golden age and make men and animals live happily together. The owl hid herself in the deep forest to repeat every night her mourning cry, and the loons, that had been Glooscap's huntsmen, fly restlessly up and down the land seeking their friend and wailing sadly because they cannot find him. According to one legend, it was not till the English came that Glooscap finally turned his hounds into stone and passed away. One story tells how he travelled with majestic strides from Newfoundland to Blomidon, thence to Partridge Island, and thence to the unknown lands of the setting sun. His companions being weary, he, with swift, strong hand, built a causeway to make their journey easier.

Leaving Wolfville, Horton, and the Gaspereau Valley, we reach Avonport, at the mouth of the broad and turbid Avon River. We next come to Hantsport. Passing the orchards of Falmouth, we cross the Avon over a long iron bridge, and arrive at ship-building, ship-owning, gypsum-exporting Windsor. Here Haliburton, the author of *Sam Slick*, was born, and here for a number of years he lived. Concerning the scenery he writes:

"He who travels on this continent and does not spend a few days on the shores of this beautiful and extraordinary basin may be said to have missed one of the great-



LOW TIDE, WINDSOR.

est attractions on this side of the water."

The finest view of Windsor and the Avon is to be had from the ruinous old Fort Edward, useful once for defense, but long since a mere reminiscence of the storms of a dead century. The Avon when the tide is out seems a broad stripe of dull red, marring the landscape, with merely a rill of fresh water winding threadlike through it. It has been described as a river that runs first one way and then the other, and then vanishes altogether. The large ships are left high and dry, leaning against the wharves, in seeming helplessness. But wait an hour or two. See how the water rushes and pours in, hissing, foaming, eddying, boiling,

till it rises almost by leaps and bounds to the full height of the banks and dikes, and the vessels float easily upon its bosom. KING'S COLLEGE, Windsor, was founded in 1787, and is thus the oldest college in Canada. It received a royal charter from George III. in 1802.

East of Minas Basin is Cobequid Bay, which receives the waters of the Shubenacadie River, along whose course ran years ago the "SHUBENACADIE CANAL." This canal was one of the earliest enterprises of the kind in Canada. After costing the country, and several companies, many thousands sterling, it proved a total failure, and it is now a ruin. The river flows through fertile meadows that unfailingly yield magnificent crops of hay. The turbid tide of the Bay of Fundy rushes inland some twenty-five miles, making the river for some distance navigable to the largest ships. The tide here, in rapidity and height, is equalled nowhere else in the world. Hence, navigation is extremely dangerous, and deadly accidents were wont to be startlingly numerous. Many spots along this river are "haunted," and weird stories of ghosts, visions, apparitions, sudden perils and hairbreadth escapes abound. MAITLAND lies at the mouth of the river. Maitland ships, captains, and crews are heard of in every sea from the South Pacific to the Baltic. Many a pleasant home that overlooks the rapid ebb and flow of the Shubenacadie thrives on the well-earned wealth brought home from far off lands. Near Maitland is a remarkable cave. The mouth is large enough to permit easy entrance, and the cave widens as you go in, until its roof is from ten to twelve feet above your head, and the walls stand far enough apart to allow of a dozen men walking abreast. It has never been fully explored; but it is at least a quarter of a mile in extent. The rock is plaster of Paris.

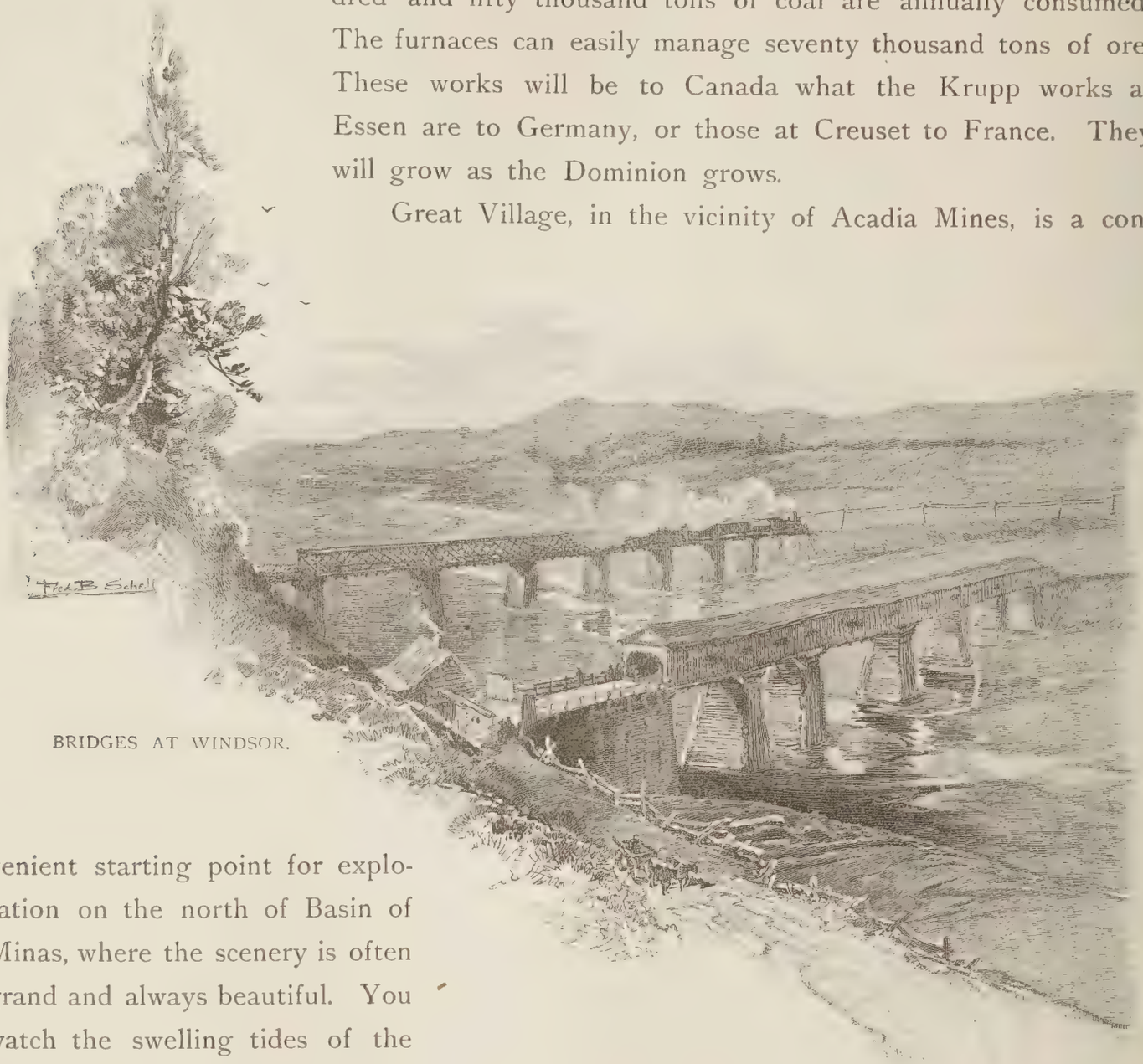
Truro, a few miles above Maitland, sits prettily amid well-tilled fields, fragrant gardens, rich orchards, pensile elms, and here and there groves of evergreen. Her horizon is bounded by long ranges of hills, still clothed with their own hard wood forests. Exceedingly pretty scenes are to be found in the vicinity. Leper's brook tumbles down a crag some twelve feet, and forms as graceful a cascade as the eye could wish to rest upon. The Salmon River and the North River flow through fertile meadows under branching willows and stately elms. MacGregor, in his "British America," describes Truro as "The most beautiful village in Nova Scotia, and as far as my impressions go, the finest I have seen in America." This place, like Cornwallis, had been settled by Acadians; but they were removed. Not till 1761 did their successors come to possess the rich heritage. They were mainly North of Ireland people and their descendants, from New Hampshire, who responded to the Proclamation of Governor Lawrence inviting immigrants to fill the blank caused by the expatriation of the French. In a very few years the settlers had their church and school, their parson and school-master, and Truro has continued to be one of the educational centres of the Province. It is now an important railway centre; but a hundred years ago there

was only a bridle-track to Halifax. Among the first settlers were four brothers, Archibalds, from whom all the Archibalds in Nova Scotia and many in the other Provinces and the United States are descended. David Archibald, the first Truro magistrate, was wont not only to pass sentence, but to execute punishment with his own hands. Two boys who were captured by him in the act of stealing apples on Sunday were imprisoned in his cellar, and on Monday were tied to the tree which they had robbed, and there caned!

Skirting the head of the bay, one sees in every creek and gully the work of the Bay of Fundy tide. A wide extent of dike-lands, redeemed from the sea by the Acadians, is still as fertile as ever. At Masstown—where there is now no town—there stood the largest chapel the French owned in Acadia. It was visible from all sides of Cobequid Bay, and here the people came to mass from great distances. Hence the name of the place. No vestige of the chapel remains. The dikes, the poplar, the apple-tree, and the willow are the sole remembrances of the Acadians. We are now within easy reach of one of the most stirring hives of industry in all Canada. Two mountain streams cleave their way through the Cobequid hills, or wind around their rough spurs, and unite their waters just after passing through deep and gloomy gorges. At the junction, the ACADIA MINES are situated. The village is built on more than seven hills—on a small sea of hills—and it is out of the bosom of the hills that the ore is extracted which gives work to so many hundred hands. The spot, irrespective of the iron works, is picturesque in a high degree. Far off southward are the gleaming waters of the bay, and beyond are the blue hills of Hants County; north, east, west, are the Cobequid hills, with their goodly crown of forest, their deep, dark gorges, their hurrying streams. The town is built without the slightest regard to symmetry. There are two immense blast furnaces, heated, throbbing, angrily shrieking—disgorging great streams of molten metal which, in the sand-moulds, is formed into pig iron. The heat of a furnace filled with molten ore cannot be much if at all short of 1,100 degrees Fahrenheit. Two furnaces are kept continually at work, the smoke of their burning rising day and night in the heart of the town. A railway is constructed upon which the ore is carried from the mine some four or five miles away. These mines are not so deep, dark, and dirty as ordinary coal mines. Cornishmen, Nova Scotians, Swedes, Irishmen, and Scotchmen emerge with their faces painted with red and yellow ore, and with a keen appetite for dinner after half a day's work. Seldom is there aught but peace and good will among the toilers underground, or around these raging furnaces; but at no time do they appear better natured or to greater advantage than when hurrying in friendly groups to their meals. Besides the blast furnaces there are long ranges of coke ovens, and iron works where the "pig" is transformed into bars, sheets, wheels, axles, and all sorts of articles in this line. In dark nights the village has the appearance of an active volcano. At stated periods

the lava-streams of "slag" and iron pour forth liquid and fluent as water. Ghostly lanes of light issue out from every opening of the great structure surrounding the furnaces, and there is the constant clank and crash of machinery and the mighty roaring, full of repressed fury, of the furnace fires. A hundred and fifty thousand tons of coal are annually consumed. The furnaces can easily manage seventy thousand tons of ore. These works will be to Canada what the Krupp works at Essen are to Germany, or those at Creuset to France. They will grow as the Dominion grows.

Great Village, in the vicinity of Acadia Mines, is a convenient starting point for exploration on the north of Basin of Minas, where the scenery is often grand and always beautiful. You watch the swelling tides of the bay; you note the successful efforts of human enterprise to bridle the angry waters and to redeem thousands of acres from their sway. As you travel past Parrsborough and the classic cliffs of Cap d'Or, westward and northward, you come to the Joggins, a scene of petrified forests dear to the heart of the geologist. It is a spot where the process of world-making, past and present, may be studied to good effect. Coal is found; and there are submerged forests, trees standing as they stood when still growing, but now turned to stone. The tide beating against the coast wastes away these rocks as well as all else that comes within its reach. Farther up the Cheignecto Bay are to be found forests below the present sea-level and not



BRIDGES AT WINDSOR.

yet turned into stone, but evidently sinking slowly as those other older forests sank ages long ago.

Following up Cumberland Basin, we come into the region of rich marsh-land, dikes, great herds of cattle, vast expanse of meadow dotted here and there with hamlets and villages. The dike-lands of Nova Scotia cover nearly 40,000 acres, and additions are made from year to year. The largest share of these fertile acres is under the spectator's eye as he gazes over the Tantramar Marsh, an inexhaustible mine of wealth to the agriculturists around. Here are visible a few vestiges of the war-period—Fort Lawrence and Fort Cumberland, the scenes of the last struggles between nationalities which now dwell together in peace under the folds of the British and Canadian flags. The passions of 1755 are as obsolete as these forts and this old rusty cannon. The town of Amherst is a pleasant little hive of human life. From its hillside it looks abroad on as fair a rural scene as Canada anywhere presents—marshes, meadows, orchards, sloping uplands, dark belts of forest.

The Cobequid range runs through Cumberland, Colchester, and Pictou counties, a length of over a hundred miles. The hills vary from 400 to 1,000 feet in height. From the summit of Sugar Loaf, at Westchester, we can see at the same time the Bay of Fundy and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and portions of the three Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and P. E. Island. Embosomed among these hills are many beautiful lakelets, from a few rods to five miles in length, usually abounding in salmon trout. Following the Cobequid range eastward, we look down upon sunny valleys, fertile fields, great breadths of forest, towns like Pugwash, Wallace, Tatamagouche, and River John, all bordering on Northumberland Straits, and all largely given to ship-building and the lumber-trade. At last we come upon Pictou harbour, a singularly well sheltered, land-locked, quiet sheet of water. The land slopes upward somewhat steeply from the shore, until it reaches bald and bold summits at Frazer's Mountain, Greenhill, Fitzpatrick's Mountain, and Mount Thom. The harbour receives into its bosom the West, the Middle, and the East rivers. The valleys through which these rivers flow are thickly settled with prosperous farmers. The uplands and hillsides have been bravely attacked, and in most cases compelled to yield an honest livelihood. In summer Pictou harbour is enlivened by the presence of vessels and steamers from many ports. In winter it is thickly sealed with ice and gay with the sports of skaters, curlers, and sleighing-parties. Scenes of great beauty are presented to the eye as one ascends the Pictou hills—scenes in which field and forest, hill and valley, river and shore, and shining sea appear in well-ordered array. The sky southward from the town is often blurred with the smoke that ascends continually from the coal mines in the distance. Pictou harbour is by far the best on the northern coast of Nova Scotia. Its only drawback is that it is frost-bound for four months in the year. The rivers are not large, but some of them present scenery of the loveliest character. The East River

for many miles flows through a valley picturesque as the Trossachs. Sutherland's, Barney's, and West rivers have their claims on the tourist's attention. The sportsman loves their banks and often traces them far up among the hills to the lonely loch or mountain tarn whence they begin their course.

The name PICTOU is of Indian origin. Its meaning is uncertain. Fishermen from old France found their way here early in the 16th century and were delighted with the abundance of fish and game of all kinds, from the oyster to the seal and walrus, from the otter to the moose. Monsieur Denys, Governor of the Gulf of St. Lawrence some 240 years ago, speaks of "oysters larger than a shoe and nearly the same shape, and they are all very fat and of good taste." The Micmac Indians, a branch of the Algonquin race, held dominion at one time from Virginia to Labrador. They occupied Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, P. E. Island, and a large part of New Brunswick. Pictou was the centre of their power. Fierce battles were fought between them and the Mohawks, the latter fierce invaders from the west. Battlefields have been discovered, presenting proofs of war's deadly work—human bones, broken skulls, stone axes, flint arrow heads, spear heads, and other implements. Though these wars are centuries old, the Micmacs still remember with terror the invasions of the Mohawks and have a superstitious dread of the very name.

The French made no permanent or effective settlement in Pictou; but some relics of their temporary visit remain — some rust-eaten guns, some well-tempered swords, a few human skeletons.

Attempts at settling Pictou were made by the British between 1765 and 1773. Immense tracts of land were granted to speculators on conditions generally easy and reasonable. Benjamin Franklin was interested in the Philadelphia Company which, on the 10th of June, 1767, actually effected the first feeble settlement, consisting of twelve heads of families, twenty children, one convict servant, and perhaps one or two coloured slaves. These came by sea from Philadelphia, and were met shortly after their arrival in Pictou by five or six young men from Truro to afford some help in beginning their campaign. "The prospect was dreary enough. An unbroken forest covered the whole surface of the country to the water's edge. What is now the lower part of the town was then an alder swamp. All around stood the mighty monarchs of the wood in their primeval grandeur, the evergreens spreading a sombre covering over the plains and up the hills, relieved by the lighter shade of the deciduous trees, with here and there some tall spruce rising like a minaret or spire above its fellows." The white pines, in great numbers, reared their tasselled heads 150 or 200 feet.

This little band of Philadelphians were the only English settlers on the coast for a distance of some two hundred miles. They had expected to find here dike-lands similar to those which had previously attracted settlers to Grand Pré and other districts on the Bay of Fundy; but in this they were bitterly disappointed, and felt



PICTOU.

themselves in utter exile. Most of them were eager to return in the little *Hope*, which had borne them thither; but the Captain slipped away in the night, leaving them to battle for life as best they could.

The settlers of to-day in the western prairie, or in the backwoods of the older Provinces, may well learn courage from the experience of these Pictou pioneers. During the first year they lived chiefly on fish and game. In the spring those who were able walked through the pathless woods to Truro, a distance of forty miles, and returned each with a bag of seed-potatoes on his back. The crop was good, but not large, as they had not been able to clear much ground. The second winter also was one of severe privation, and in the spring they had to go again to Truro for seed. Cutting out the eyes of the potatoes, they were able to carry much larger quantites, and they succeeded in raising enough for their winter's supply.

On the 15th December, 1773, the ship *Hector*, with 189 Highland emigrants on board, arrived. The voyage had been long and dreary; supplies fell short, and a number of women and children died of small-pox and dysentery. Till the Highlanders arrived

the Indians had been troublesome. They were now told that men like those who had taken Quebec were at hand. When they saw the Highland costumes and heard the bagpipes, they fled for a time to the forests, and never gave farther trouble. The arrival of the *Hector* marked an epoch in the settlement of Canada. The stream of Highland immigration poured into Pictou, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, and portions of the Upper Provinces. The newly arrived Highlanders suffered incredible hardships for the first nine or ten years. Patiently, sturdily they struggled with difficulties from which the bravest might well shrink. They had to travel through the woods forty miles to carry potatoes and other provisions on their backs for their wives and little children. One bushel of potatoes was load enough for a man. He had to spend three days on the road. Streams had to be forded, stiff braes to be climbed, steep banks to be descended, storms of snow and rain to be encountered. Sometimes the potatoes would freeze on the burdened back. After the third year they were able to secure at least the necessaries of life without the terrible pilgrimages to Truro. In 1775 their poverty was aggravated by the arrival of a group of Scotch families that had been literally starved out of P. E. Island by the devastations of a plague of mice. The Highlanders, true to their character, welcomed the starving strangers, and shared with them to the last morsel.

The War of Independence was felt, the first settlers sympathizing very decidedly with the Thirteen Colonies, while the recently arrived Highlanders were intensely loyal. The result was that the disloyal element was gradually crowded out. Slaves were owned in Pictou. Matthew Harris sold Abram, a negro boy, to Matthew Archibald, of Truro, for the sum of fifty pounds. This transaction occurred in 1779. In the records of Pictou, in date 1786, we have a document duly attested, signed, sealed, and delivered, testifying for the information of "all men" that Archibald Allardice sold to Dr. John Harris "one negro man named Sambo, aged twenty-five years, or thereabouts, and also one brown mare and her colt, now sucking, to have and to hold as his property," as security for a debt of forty pounds. Slavery did not live long in Nova Scotia; nor is there on record a deed of cruelty to a slave in Pictou

Valuable additions to the population were made shortly after the close of the American war, Scottish regiments which were disbanded on this side the water having large grants of land assigned to them. Many of the descendants of Highland veterans still flourish in this county and Antigonish. In 1786 there was immigration direct from Scotland, and this movement continued and increased in subsequent years, the county becoming dominantly Scotch, Highland and Presbyterian. It was in this year that the Rev. James MacGregor arrived and began his missionary labours. The young minister (afterward well known as Dr. MacGregor) travelled from Halifax on horseback. From Halifax to Truro the road was but a rough bridle-track; from Truro to Pictou there was but a "blaze," a mark on trees, along the line that

was to be travelled. On his arrival at Pictou town there were but few buildings, and the woods extended to the water's edge. On the 23rd of July his first sermon was preached in a barn. In 1787 the first two churches were built in the county. The minister, abhorring slavery, was resolved to put an end to it in Pictou. He did so by



ACADIA MINES.

paying fifty pounds to Harris, the owner of a young mulatto girl, "Die Mingo"—twenty pounds the first year, and the balance in course of the two succeeding years. His stipend was twenty-seven pounds !

The town was commenced on its present site in 1788. After a feeble beginning it grew rapidly, and was particularly prosperous during the Bonapartist wars. A vigourous lumber-trade centred here ; prices were exorbitant ; the demand was greater than the supply ; money was plentiful, and there was no thought of the days of adversity. In 1820 came a relapse—a collapse—which was, however, partially redeemed by the coal-trade, which commenced with considerable vigour in 1830. Other towns have sprung up in the county, which are likely to outstrip in population the old shire-town ; but Pictou is a well-ordered, well-educated, wealthy place, of about 4,000 inhabitants. Its Academy was one of the first, as it has been one of the best, educational institutions in Nova Scotia.

For amenity of situation Pictou cannot easily be surpassed. On the side of a

gently rising hill, it commands a view of the lovely basin in whose bosom it is mirrored with magical distinctness whenever the winds are still. No fog ever dims the air, which is cool and bracing, even in the heat of summer; and in winter you may always count on snow enough to make travelling by sleigh practicable. The weather is much less changeful than along the Atlantic coast. The roads leading to the town are good, and the favourite drives lead to scenes highly picturesque. Pictou has its banks, court house, public schools, churches, and elegant private dwelling-houses. Besides all these, it has (what is not supposed to be absolutely essential to the happiness of a modern community) a haunted house. Fallen chimneys, broken windows, decaying free-stone pillars, doors ajar on rusty hinges, weed-grown garden walks, fences broken down—the whole surroundings declare "this place is haunted." It was once a scene of activity, energy, gayety, and wealth. The owner was the "King" of the country-side for a space of three hundred miles. Enterprising, industrious, vigilant, generous, kind-hearted, he succeeded in all his undertakings. Edward Mortimer died at the age of fifty-two, worth, it was supposed, half a million dollars. The hard times and terrible revulsions of 1820 and succeeding years dissipated his estate so that nothing but a very modest jointure was left for his widow. The house in which he lived has long been desolate, and his wealth has vanished, but his name is held in grateful remembrance.

New Glasgow is a rapidly rising town on the East River of Pictou, near the great coal-mining district. Heretofore it has been noted for its ship-building; but it is now engaging in other industries—iron-works, steel-works, glass-works. Iron and steel ship-building may be developed here when the timber supplies are exhausted. The East River, before reaching the town, becomes a tidal stream, and loses its mountain force and purity.

Before leaving Pictou we must mention the "Year of the Mice." Curiously enough, there are on record several visitations of the mice plague in P. E. Island; but we know of only one such in Nova Scotia. This was in 1815. The mice came, no one knows whence. Their number was so vast that it was as impossible to check their ravages as it would be to bridle the locusts of the East. They devoured the seed-grain in the fields. They ate the seed-potatoes. They destroyed the growing crops. Their march was toward the seashore, where they perished in heaps and lay like lines of seaweed.

Antigonish is pronounced the prettiest village in eastern Nova Scotia. It is a pearl set in the green of rich fields and meadows. The white dwellings gleam out cosily from among the overshadowing trees and the surrounding shrubbery. A river from the far off Guysboro hills winds its way by church, and mill, and tidy hamlet, and pastoral scenes of exquisite loveliness. The crags of Arisaig at no great distance tell the story of the earth's geologic eras with marvellous distinctness, and hence are precious in the sight of the geologists of the Old World and the New. Not far off

inland is the beautiful Lochaber Lake, its banks overshadowed by maples, beeches, and elms. When aflame with the tints of autumn, and the lake reflects the green and gold, the beauty is redoubled. St. Ninian's Cathedral, Antigonish, the seat of the Bishop of Arichat, is one of the most commodious ecclesiastical structures in the Maritime Provinces.



NEW GLASGOW.

CAPE BRETON.

To one visiting the Dominion from the Straits of Belle-isle, Cape Breton is the advance guard and promise of Canada; and, in every sense, Cape Breton is worthy to stand as a sentinel in the great gate of the St. Lawrence. It has riches in coal and minerals complementary to the bountiful harvests of the fertile West. Its cliffs and capes and the Bras d'Or are germane to Niagara and the St. Lawrence; and the traditions of Louisburg should kindle the imagination of the Canadian to as bright a heat as those which glorify Quebec.

We cannot approach this island more favourably than by the way most convenient to the people of more western Canada. The passenger by the railway catches glimpses of the broad expanse of St. George's Bay, with the Cape Breton shore



ENTERING ANTIGONISH.

lying like a cloud on the horizon. ' He sees over deep gorges the wooded back of Cape Porcupine, and soon by a steep incline the train descends to the level of the Strait of Canso, a magnificent natural canal fifteen miles long by a mile and more in width, which separates the island from the mainland.

Indian legends tell how the Divine Glooscap was stopped in his mission to Newfoundland by the waters of this strait. Not to be balked, he summoned a whale, which bore him safely across. The problem at present agitating the Cape Breton mind is how to get the railway across—how to lead the iron horse through these sheltered valleys and under these towering hills, and across these streams and straits, to St. Anne's, or Cape North, or Louisburg. A swift ocean ferry will bear mails and passengers thence to the west coast of Newfoundland. Traversing that island by rail, the longer ferry from eastern Newfoundland to Ireland will be crossed in three or four days.

Thus it is hoped that mails and passengers will be borne from continent to continent in less than five days.

At early morning we take a steamer down the Strait, which even within its narrow boundaries seems to possess something of the dignity of the sea. The sun rises over Cape Breton and bathes the sloping shores of the Strait. At Bear Island the steamer turns to the left, through Lennox Passage between Cape Breton and Isle Madame, where there still survives a small colony of French fishermen. Long vistas open up seaward between the islands, and we catch glimpses between the shores of bays which reach far inland.

The primeval forces which made for the lakes of the Bras d'Or a bed of irregular and fantastic outline, left at St. Peter's a narrow isthmus through which a canal has been cut, by which the steamer reaches the Bras d'Or. Here, about 1630, first of white men, the Sieur Denys settled, a brave and pushing pioneer, with his fishing stations in Nova Scotia and the Bay of Chaleurs, ready to defend his rights against all comers. In journeys between his two Cape Breton stations, St. Peter's and St. Anne's, he must have traversed the Bras d'Or, and, perchance, less than any explorer of this continent would he find changes in the country with which he was once familiar. The hillsides have been somewhat cleared, there are houses and a church about the lovely little lagoon at Christmas Island, a village and a settled countryside at Baddeck, and late harvests ripen on Boularderie Island. North of the Bras d'Or are mountain ranges encircling lakes, and divided by rivers, the valleys of which are sheltered and fertile. Beyond these again is a dreary tableland, and within seventy-five miles of Newfoundland Cape North stands in silent grandeur above the surges where mingle the currents of the gulf with the waves of the Atlantic.

To those whose taste is robust, the Bras d'Or presents a succession of delights. The shores rise here into gently swelling hills, farther on into forest-covered mountain crags. In the pellucid waters are jelly-fish of tints so exquisite that the name of any colour seems too crude to describe their hues. The outlook at one time expands over a wide lake, at another the steamer follows a silver thread through the Strait of Barra. Long arms extend beyond sight to within a few miles of the Strait of Canso on one side; on the other, even nearer to the waters of Sydney harbour.

The atmosphere is not that of inland landscapes which gives hard outlines and harsh colours. It has the clearnes, not of vacuity, but of some exquisitely pure liquid; and blending outlines and colours save the wilder regions from savage roughness, and throw a softness over all which adds infinitely to its charm.

One is surprised to find that a long morning has been spent without fatigue before the steamer passes through the wider of the two passages which, on either side of Boularderie Island, connect the lake with the Atlantic. To the north stretch the precipitous shores where Smoky Cape in the distance wears above its purple steeps

the halo of vapour which suggested its name. On the right hand the sea has wrought an isolated rock into the semblance of a huge turtle, and farther on a long point of rock has been undermined in two places by the surges. Its turf-covered point and the next beach, in shape like a steep-roofed warehouse, stand isolated and gaunt until in time they, too, will succumb. Then after some memorable gale the point will disappear, and in its place will remain a long and dangerous reef.

The harbour of Sydney, sheltered, commodious, and of easy access, is of no mean maritime value. During the season of navigation steamers on the voyage to Europe from the more southern ports of the United States, and from the St. Lawrence, call for bunker coals and lie clustered about the colliery wharves which railroads connect with the mines in the interior. With these are some of the many steamers engaged in carrying coal to Montreal, and humbler craft which supply the nearer and less important markets. The mine on the shores of Sydney harbour has great advantages over the exposed outports in which vessels take in cargo. Many fishing and trading schooners lie off the new and more active town of North Sydney, while the frequent visits of French and British men-of-war give dignity to the older town.

The harbour divides into two great arms, and on a peninsula which marks the entrance to the Southwest arm stands the town of Sydney, which was, before the union of Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, the seat of government. At the end of the peninsula are the remains of earthworks and dilapidated and dreary quarters for the garrison which was stationed here until the Crimean War. Other traces of departed glories are to be found only in the traditions of the inhabitants. Their splendours have not taken more concrete shape.

But Sydney at an earlier day than that of its possession by the British has seen stirring scenes. French and British fleets have made its harbour a rendezvous, not, as now, in peace, but as a point of vantage in their struggle for the continent. Somewhere on its shores, Admiral Hovenden Walker, returning from his unsuccessful attempt against Quebec, set up a board made by his ship's carpenter claiming the island for his master. But two great sieges had to result in victory before it became British. The old name of Sydney, Spaniards Bay, came from a time when, although the fishing grounds were neutral, fishermen of different nationalities resorted to different harbours, so that the occasions of rekindling in the New World the animosities which made Europe a battlefield might, as much as possible, be avoided. The Spaniards came then to Sydney, the French to St. Anne, while English port, the name of Louisburg before it became a French stronghold, shows that it had been the chosen resort of English fishermen. None of these nations laid claim to the island; there were no laws, and justice depended on a consensus of opinion among enough captains of vessels able to enforce it. The customs which grew up under this condition of affairs, and the value of this neutrality, are fully described in Mr. Brown's "History of Cape Breton."

Louisburg is the place in Cape Breton about which are collected most historic memories and traditions.

Other places in the Dominion have the dignity which attaches to the scene of great deeds; but in most of them the claims of the present on the attention of the



ON THE TANTRAMAR MARSHES.

visitor are insistent. The commercial marine which lies in the stream at Quebec, and the bustle of a modern town, draw us away from the memories of Champlain and Frontenac, of Wolfe and Montcalm. It is yet more difficult to realize on the Champs de Mars of Montreal that there have been paraded the armies of France, of Britain, and of the United States. But when one looks over Louisburg, he sees only a few scattered houses along the shore, a few fishing boats in the deep land-locked harbour. The life of to-day has not stir enough to disturb whatever realization of the past his imagination has power to frame. It seems strange to think that on that low point to the Southwest was once a fortress reputed impregnable, a town the trade of which was of first importance, that, although it was the key to the French possessions in America, it was twice captured, and that after both victories English cities and colonial towns were illuminated and thanksgiving services held in all their churches in gratitude for a crowning victory.

But no camp-fires now twinkle in the shadow of the low hills, no ships of war are

shut into the harbour. All is changed except the outline of sea and shore, and the beating of the surf which French and British heard in the intervals of fight. Here, no less than at Quebec, a great stride onward was made by British prowess. Should not some memorial be raised which would show that Canadians, living when these



NORTH SIDNEY.

animosities are dead, are still mindful of the great deeds done on Canadian soil? There could be no fitter site than the old burying ground of Louisburg, where French and English dust commingles in peace, and where the ashes rest of many a brave New Englander who fought and fell in the gigantic strife between two great races.

The Island of Cape Breton is 100 miles long by 80 wide, and covers an area of 2,000,000 acres. Nearly one-half consists of lakes, swamps, and lofty hills. The coast line is 275 miles long, and the centre of the island is occupied by the Bras d'Or, which nearly divides the island into two. Indeed, St. Peter's Canal has effected the division. In 1765 Cape Breton was annexed to Nova Scotia. Twenty years later it was made a separate Province, and so continued till 1820, when it was again united to Nova Scotia.

The people of Arichat and vicinity are almost all French. The rest of the island is peopled mainly by Scottish Highlanders, who still cherish their ancestral Gaelic, and

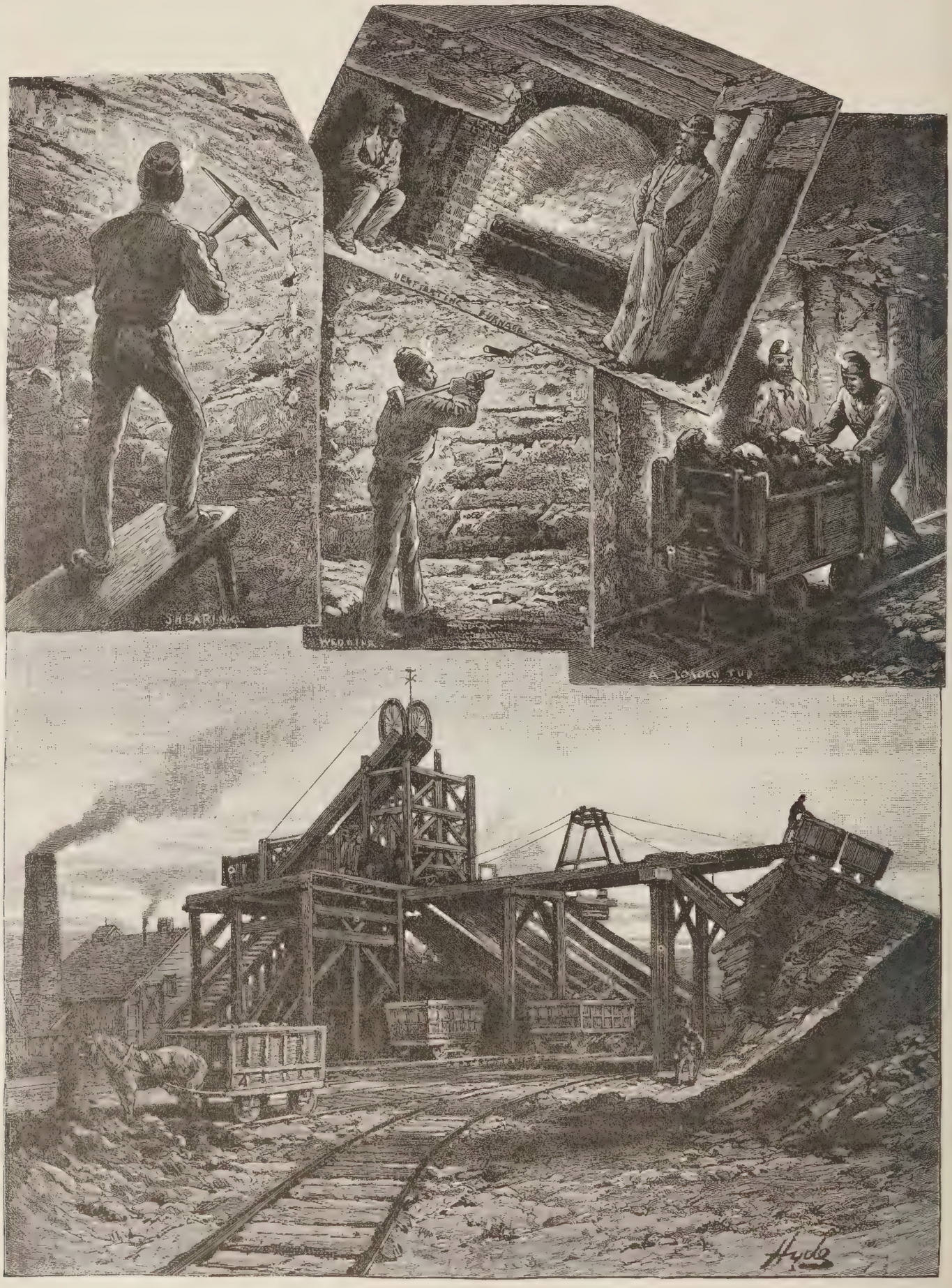
cling to the ways of the Highlands and Islands. France and Scotland were friends three hundred years ago, and for many centuries before. The old allies meet in many of our colonies, and rarely fail to fraternize.

The fertile valley of Mabou, with its adjacent glens and its flanking hills, pays tribute to the harbour of Port Hood, the only port of safety on the west coast of Cape Breton north of the Strait of Canso. A small island lies half a mile off the harbour, and often a strong current rushes between it and the mainland. "The oldest inhabitant" remembers when this passage was only a few yards wide and was easily fordable. But the woods were cleared away and the sea made a clean breach over the little isthmus. A great gale came and ploughed up a deep channel, which has been widening these sixty years.

Lake Ainslie and Margaree River are dear to the angler—rich in sea trout and salmon, and delightful to the lover of beautiful natural scenery. The soil is fertile. The forests, birch, beech, maple, and the graceful witch-elm, cover the hills to their summits a thousand feet high. The roads skirting the hills are like avenues through the finest parks. Nothing can be more charming than these hills and valleys, lakes and streams, when clad in the gorgeous tints of autumn, or the living green of summer. From Baddeck to St. Anne's Bay, thence to Cape North, over moor and mountain, through forests dim and silent, over morasses and dreary wastes, is a route becoming popular with the lovers of adventure when moose and caribou are sought, or when the angler is anxious to venture beyond the beaten round. No ride could be desired more beautiful or satisfying to the eye than that around St. Anne's Bay. This harbour is a possible competitor for the advantages of being the point where trains and swift steamers shall meet to exchange mails and passengers when the "Short Route" shall have been established. Great ships can lie so close to the lofty cliffs that water may be conveyed into the ship by hose from the rocky bed of the torrent. The French came here more than two hundred and fifty years ago, took possession of the bay, and gave it the name that still clings to it. They left it in favour of Louisburg.

Ingonish is a little secluded village hidden among the boldest hill scenery of Maritime Canada. Cape Smoky is cloud-capped, while lower hills and the valleys and shores are enjoying bright sunshine. Deep ravines and dark gorges furrow the sides of the hills; and from commanding heights are gained ever varying views of the majestic sea. St. Paul's Island, the dread of mariners, the scene of many a fearful wreck, stands some thirteen miles northeastward from Cape North. It is a mass of rock three miles long by one mile wide, exhibiting three peaks over 500 feet high—the summit of a sunken mountain. Thousands of lives have perished on this little spot, but Science, guided by Humanity, has now robbed the scene of nearly all its terrors.

Numerous bays and headlands have their story to tell of battle, of shipwreck, or wild adventure. Cape Breton itself, a low headland which gives its name to the whole



MINING SCENES — CALEDONIAN MINES.

island, rises darkly near Louisburg. There is a tradition that Verazzano, the eminent Florentine discoverer, perished here with his crew at the hands of the Indians. He

sailed into the Atlantic, from France, in 1525, and was never authentically heard of. Who knows but his bones moulder in Cape Breton? British explorers came here before the close of the sixteenth century. In 1629 Lord Ochiltree, with sixty Scottish emigrants, tried to found a colony; but the French put a summary end to the enterprise. It was, however, a curious prelude to the great emigration of Highlanders in the nineteenth century to which Cape Breton owes so much.

Next to farming and fishing, coal mining is the most important industry in Cape Breton. The coal fields are even more extensive than those of Nova Scotia. Twelve collieries are in operation. Some of the mines yield the best coal yet found in America for domestic purposes. Some are far away under the sea; some down in the heart of the hills. Coal mining commenced in Cape Breton in 1785. Indeed, Boston Puritans were wont to warm themselves and boil their tea-kettles by means of Sydney coal long before the chests were emptied into Boston harbour.

Have you ever been down in a mine? If not, a new sensation awaits you—an experience decidedly different from anything to be enjoyed or suffered on the face of mother earth and in the light of the sun. Cold, dark—darker than any midnight gloom—you may stand by a pillar a thousand yards away from daylight. The noise of pick and shovel afar off is ghostly and unearthly. Human voices are heard; or there is the rumble of coal laden cars hastening to discharge their burden. Reminiscences of Paradise Lost and the Inferno come unbidden and irresistibly. Glimmering lamps give needed light and no more. Figures moving about with one big "eye" in their foreheads, what are they but cyclopean giants? In the Albion Mines, in the Pictou coal field, there is proof enough that fires have been raging above and below for the past fourteen years. The long, dark, but well-aired passages through which we wander are cool enough; but a hint of smoke is a hint of fire, which is by no means welcome.

By way of preparation, you might first visit a gold mine, which is seldom very deep. You may have to go far into the lonely woods to reach the "Diggings," or they may happen to be near the Queen's highway, or lie close to the sounding sea. There are at present twenty-eight "Diggings" in Nova Scotia. Many have been tried and exhausted. Nobody knows how many are still to be discovered. Usually where the most precious of metals is to be found nothing else distracts your attention—nothing but the hard rock and the ice-like quartz—no fertile soil, no tempting oak or pine; no coal, no iron; nothing but barrenness and gold! An Indian stooping to drink at a brook is credited with the discovery of gold in Nova Scotia some twenty-five years ago. It was accident, of course, a shining speck, precious and yellow, in a piece of snow-white quartz. Then the "prospector" went out with hammer, pick, shovel, drill, and fuse; and he found numberless places where gold might, could, and should be. Only in a few places, however, has gold been found in really paying quantity.



LOUISBURG.

A "lead" of quartz is found carefully wedged in between enormous masses of slate and quartzite. The veins, or "leads," are usually milky white and almost translucent, and they range in thickness from an inch to several feet. Unfortunately, you cannot depend upon them, for they are "faulty" and uncertain; and the best producer of this year may prove barren and useless next year. The whitest quartz is not usually the richest in gold. Miners prefer what is grayish or leaden in colour. They often follow a "lead" of this sort from 100 to 250 feet. Stamping mills are erected as near the pits as practicable, and they are run by water power where it is available, and often by steam power. When you approach a gold digging the first indication of proximity is the ceaseless monotonous thud, thud, thud of the stampers which do the work in the crushing mills.

Since 1862 about half a million tons of quartz have been crushed in Nova Scotia, yielding over six and a half million dollars of gold. Eighteen hundred and eighty-three was the most profitable year in proportion to the number of men engaged in the work, their earnings amounting to $2.84 each per day. The largest yield in any one year was in 1867, when 27,314 ounces were obtained. The ounce is worth at least $18. No great fortunes are likely to be made in our gold mining; but it is now demonstrated that if prosecuted with due care it will pay. It is now ranked as one of our permanent industries.

Gypsum is quarried in Hants County and exported to the United States, mainly for fertilizing purposes. The quarries are vast and inexhaustible. Great deposits of iron ore have been discovered in various sections of the country, either in immediate

contiguity to the coal areas or within easy reach of them. This collocation of minerals seems to prophesy unmistakably the future manufacturing greatness of the country. Manganese, lead, silver, antimony, copper, have been discovered in workable quantities. But the mining interest which overtops all the rest in Nova Scotia, as well as in Cape Breton, is that of coal. The capital invested in the coal mines is nominally twelve million dollars. For many years only one company, the General Mining Association, was allowed to open mines in the Province—a Royal Duke having a monopoly of all our hidden wealth. This monopoly was broken some twenty-six years ago. The result was a very rapid development of coal mining, attended in many cases with heavy pecuniary loss. For a time there was progress; then came a dismal relapse—a collapse, almost, the trade with the United States having been totally destroyed. But of late there is advance again which bids fair to be permanent.

The carboniferous formation of Nova Scotia is about fifteen thousand feet deep. The coal measures proper are about ten thousand feet. Our coal beds contain one hundred and ninety-six different species of trees and plants, fifty-four of which are peculiar to Nova Scotia.

These vary in size from the tree two feet in diameter to the slender moss and invisible spore cases. Trees ordinarily contributed nothing to the coal beds except



LAKE CATALONE.

their barks and the firmer tissue of their leaves. Plants of all sizes contributed their cortical tissues. It will tax imagination to the utmost to realize the long ages taken in filling up these vast seams in the Pictou coal basin. The plants and trees that are compressed into these seams grew, flourished, died, decayed here. There was no gathering in of huge forests from distant localities to form these treasures; where the tree fell it perished; where the plant grew it was turned into coal—all that would remain of it. Very interesting fossils of the carboniferous ages are found associated with our coal beds. The footprints or the remains of reptiles, of snails, of spiders and other insects have been identified. The first trace of reptilian existence in the coal period was found at Horton Bluff, Nova Scotia, by Sir William Logan. They used to know Hercules by his foot. Well, they made out the very likeness of this poor forlorn creature that travelled in the mud flats of Horton millions of years ago. They have given us his portrait, and imparted on the creature a very hard name. The reptiles of the coal ages were fond of eating one another, though the world was young and no men lived to set a bad example!

Nova Scotia is proud of her mines and minerals, her gold, iron, and "black diamonds." To develop her resources will be a work of time; but the process is going on rapidly under the eye of the men of to-day. Coal and iron in abundance side by side mean that manufacturing industry must surely flourish here. New Glasgow, Acadia Mines, the Vale, Stellarton, Westville, North Sydney are places that can hardly fail to rise to importance as centres of enterprise and progress. The wealth stored up in the bosom of the earth countless ages ago lies to-day at our feet to be utilized.



CHARLOTTETOWN.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.*

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, the gem of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, lies in the bosom of the great Acadian Bay, which extends southward from an imaginary line drawn from Cape North, Cape Breton, to Point Miscou, at the entrance of Baie des Chaleurs. The "silver streak" of the Strait of Northumberland separates it from the mainland. From all higher points of the Cobequid hills, and from the Mabou hills in Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island may be seen on the distant verge of the northern horizon, closing it in, like dim unvarying cloud. The silver streak is often dotted with ships; it is sometimes calm as a mirror, sometimes rough with curling billows; but the dun line beyond changes not for storm or calm. To the spectator on the southern coast of the Island the Nova Scotian hills put on their best appearance, rising in proportions that satisfy the eye, and running in long dusky ranges from west to east. "The Island," as it is fondly called by its people, is about 130 miles long. Its area is 2,133 square miles. No mountain, no stubborn hills nor barren wilderness, no stony land nigh unto cursing, no desolate heath — the Island boasts that hardly a square yard of its surface is incapable of repaying the husbandman's toil. It has a fine friable loamy soil, rich and deep, and with the means of enriching it close at hand.



FROM PICTOU TO GEORGETOWN.

The face of the country is gently undulating, like a sea which has sobbed itself to rest, but has some remembrance still of a far-off storm. These low-lying hills which rib the country from north to south are but the slumbering waves of that quiet sea. Everywhere you are near the salt water and can enjoy its bracing breath from strait or long-armed creek or cove, or from the great Gulf itself. Though the country is level and fertile, and free from any too obtrusive hills, it abounds in springs and streams of the purest water. Where a bubbling fountain is not near at hand, a well is sure to bring up water without the need of digging many feet from the surface. Not Ireland itself is clad in richer green than our lovely Island when summer has bestowed upon it its crown of glory. The reddish soil cropping out here and there throws into sweeter relief the tender green of meadow and lawn and rich fields which, at the right time, will wave with golden grain. In the six weeks from the middle of June till the end of July it is a paradise of verdure, bloom, foliage; no stunted growth, no blight or mildew to break the toiling farmer's heart.

In the central districts of the Island the forests still remain, presenting great breadths of dusky green, more or less thinned by the woodman's axe. The nobles of our northern clime, the birch, the maple, the beech, the pine, still rear their stately heads. But here as elsewhere the best, the grandest were the first victims! Enough remain to testify of the fine crop that nature raised long ago. There was a time when the maple was so abundant that the people made from its sap most of the sugar they required, but that time has vanished like the golden age. In some districts the forest

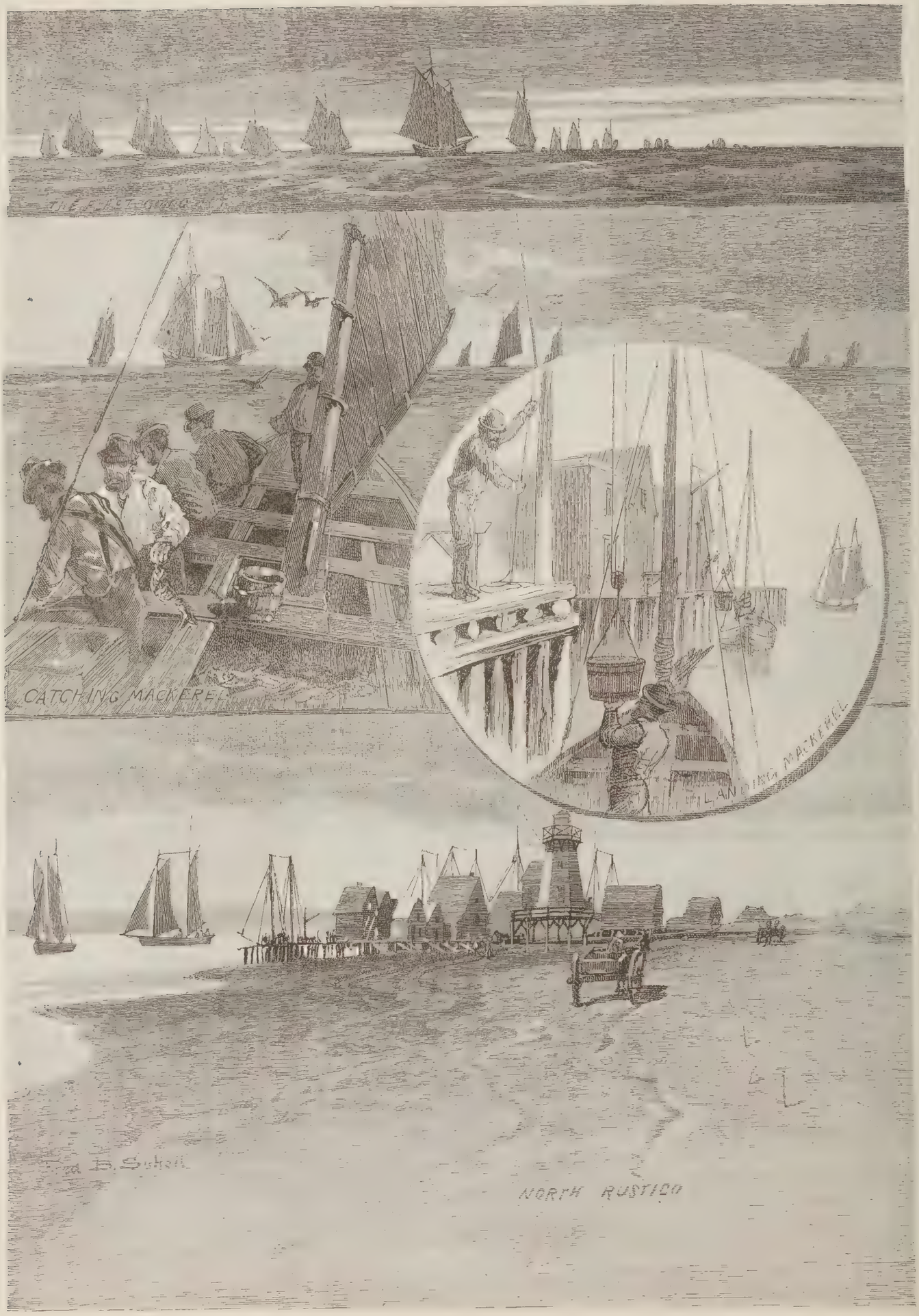
is still dense and dark, fit hiding for the poor persecuted remnant of the game once so abundant. Every year the breadths of cultivated land are increasing, and the old dominion of the woods is becoming more and more restricted. We have hardly opened our ears to the cry, "Spare that tree!"

There is a tradition to the effect that Prince Edward Island was discovered by Cabot in 1497 or 1498; but this is at least doubtful. That Jacques Cartier must have seen the low-lying coast as he sailed up the St. Lawrence there need be no doubt. But the honour of first naming the island and taking possession of it for France must be accorded to Champlain. "St. John" was the name he gave it, in honour of the day on which he discovered it, and St. John it continued to be called for nearly two centuries. In 1780 the legislature, acting on the suggestion of Governor Patterson, passed an Act changing the name to New Ireland. This was angrily disallowed, on the ground that the legislature should have petitioned for the change, instead of passing a "presumptuous act," which was a breach of "common decency." In 1798 the legislature passed an Act changing the name to Prince Edward, in honour of the Duke of Kent. This Act was allowed in 1799, and the new name entered into popular use in 1800. The Duke never visited the Island, but did all he could to promote its material interests.

The French cared for the Island chiefly for its fisheries and furs. In 1663 all the islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence were granted to Captain Doublet, for the purpose of developing a "grand fishery." He and his associates retained their grants till the



CROSSING NORTHUMBERLAND STRAIT.
From Cape Tormentine to Cape Traverse.



MACKEREL FISHING.

beginning of the eighteenth century. Fishermen came in the spring and went away in the autumn—mere "birds of passage." Traders bought the furs prepared by the Indians, giving in exchange the spirits and cheap goods in which the Micmac soul delighted. But good land was too plentiful on this side the sea to be eagerly sought out for colonization. So our beautiful gem of the Gulf lay in unappreciated solitude for centuries, while in the old world contending armies fought for little patches of territory.

In 1713 Newfoundland and Acadia were ceded to Great Britain, France still holding Cape Breton and "St. John." French settlers then came in considerable numbers, some Acadians seeking refuge here under the flag they loved so well. Charlottetown was "Port la Joie," and it was garrisoned by a body of sixty French soldiers. It was one in the famous series of fortified posts—Louisburg, Port la Joie, Baie Verte, Baie Chaleurs, Tadousac, Quebec. In 1752 the population numbered 1,354; but the inrush of the Acadians raised it in 1758 to over 4,000—some say 10,000. The eventful year 1763 saw the Island, in common with Cape Breton and other French possessions, handed over finally to Great Britain. "St. John" was valued because it lay in the pathway of commerce in the Gulf. It was at once annexed to Nova Scotia, and its Acadian inhabitants began to scatter, fearing the hand of the conqueror. Some were removed; many, dreading forcible ejection, hastened to the mainland, and sought shelter in Lower Canada. The British garrisoned "Port la Joie," and steps were taken to show that the new-comers had come to stay.

In 1764 the British Government sent out Captain Holland to make a survey of the Island, with a view to its colonization. The task was part of a vast plan for the survey of the far-extending British possessions on this continent, and it was being steadily carried out till the War of Independence inaugurated a new order of things, leaving it to other authorities to map out and survey one-half of North America! Captain Holland, with swift hand and keen eye, did his work in one twelvemonth, and did it so faithfully that to this day his landmarks, notes, observations, and descriptions are justly regarded as authoritative.

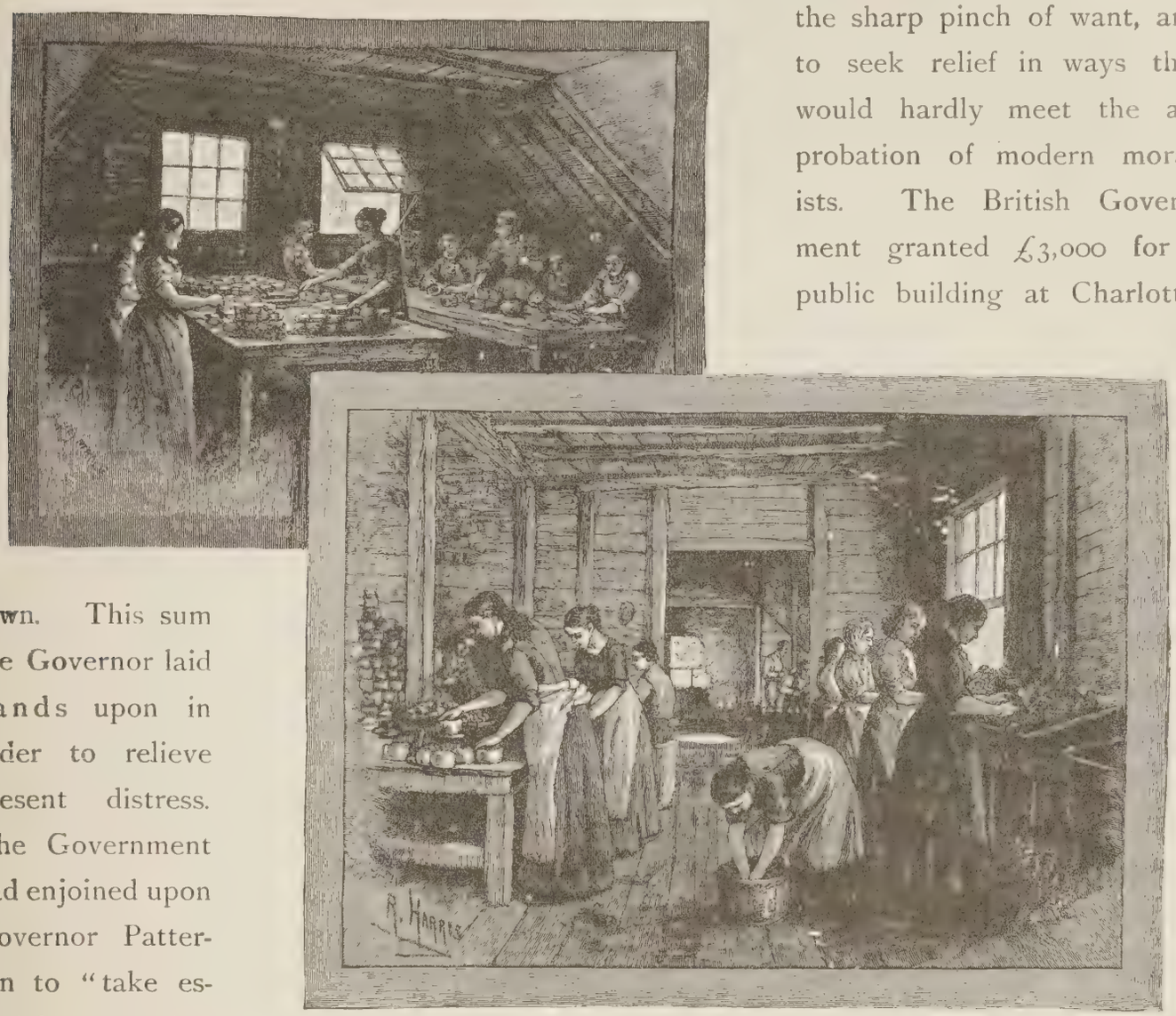
John Stewart, in his "Account of Prince Edward Island," published in London eighty years ago, says that the Acadians on the Island instigated the Indians to deeds of barbarity against the English, and that when Lord Rollo's troops took possession they found "a considerable number of English scalps hung up in the French Governor's house." Stewart adds that "it is not denied by the old Acadian French still living on the Island that they were very partial to this savage practice of their neighbours, with whom, indeed, they were very much assimilated in their manners and customs." Possibly these statements originated in an unconscious desire to justify the harsh treatment to which the Acadians were in some cases subjected.

The survey of the Island having been completed, Lord Egmont came to the front with a project for its settlement, which to this day stands out as a marvellous anach-

ronism, an effort, grotesque enough, but sincere and persevering, to transplant into America in the eighteenth century the feudalism of the fourteenth. Had he succeeded, what an easy matter it would be for all America to step this way for a living study of one of the most interesting phases of European civilization. Three times in three successive years did the enthusiastic Egmont submit his plans and urge them upon the proper authorities with wonderful learning and eloquence, and with prophecies of success that might well kindle the enthusiasm of even a monarch of the house of Hanover. He was to be himself Lord Paramount of the Island. Under him in regular gradation would be lords of Hundreds, lords of Manors, and Freeholders. Counties, baronies, capitals, towns, villages were all to be carefully mapped out. There was to be a great central castle, and minor castles or blockhouses in the centre of every block of eight square miles. In case of danger, the alarm would be given by the firing of cannon from castle to castle, a signal which would enable every man on the Island to be under arms in a quarter of an hour. When at last the Government definitely declined Lord Egmont's plan, the Board of Trade offered him a grant of a hundred thousand acres, which, however, he would not accept. Give him his feudal system or nothing. Surely Lord Egmont deserves to be remembered here and elsewhere.

And now the British Government took a step in respect to the "Island of St. John," which proved a fruitful source of trouble for nearly a hundred years. A "land question" was created which perplexed politicians, economists, peasants, and proprietors. The Island was divided into sixty-seven "lots," or sections. All these, except three, were disposed of by lot in one day. The Island was then annexed to Nova Scotia. The persons to whom the grants were made had claims more or less real and tangible upon the British Government. They received their "lots" on condition of settling one European Protestant for each two hundred acres. If no such settlement were made within ten years the land would lapse to the Crown. They were also to pay certain quit rents, by no means onerous. In 1768 the proprietors, who nearly all resided in England, petitioned that the Island should have a separate government. Their prayers were granted, and a new Province was set up with its Governor, Legislative Council, and General Assembly. The population at that date consisted of but a hundred and fifty families. Thirty years afterward, when an accurate census of the colony was taken, the number was found to be 4,372. Walter Patterson, one of the proprietors, was appointed Lieutenant-Governor. The provision made for this representative of Majesty was modest enough to please the sternest of economists. When he arrived in 1770 it was estimated that the quit rents to be paid by the proprietors would yield £1,470. Of this amount Governor Patterson was to receive £500; his Secretary and Registrar, £150; the Chief Justice, £200; the Attorney-General, £100; the Church of England clergyman, £100. These officers might, perhaps, have lived sumptuously upon

their salaries if those salaries had been paid; but the proprietors forgot all about quit rents, as well as about their other obligations, and Governor, Chief Justice, and parson, all alike, had to feel the sharp pinch of want, and to seek relief in ways that would hardly meet the approbation of modern moralists. The British Government granted £3,000 for a public building at Charlotte-



LOBSTER CANNING.

town. This sum the Governor laid hands upon in order to relieve present distress. The Government had enjoined upon Governor Patterson to "take especial care that God Almighty should be devoutly and duly served throughout the colony," and they left him to steal a living out of a public grant for a public building. Patterson made a clean breast of it, showed the necessitous circumstances in which he was placed, suggested a plan for collecting a revenue and refunding the £3,000, and escaped censure. In 1773 a constitution modelled upon that of Great Britain was granted to the colony. In 1776 two war vessels from the United States made a descent upon Charlottetown and carried away the leading men and many valuables. Washington rebuked the officious privateers and sent back the captives with all their property to Charlottetown — a graceful act of courtesy never forgotten in Prince Edward Island.

And now began the land troubles of the Island in sad earnest. No quit rents were paid, and scarcely an effort was made to bring new settlers by the absentee proprietors. The Legislature passed laws authorizing the sale of the forfeited lands.

Governor Patterson devised this policy and bought large tracts thus sold. But the Home Government, pressed by the proprietors, disallowed the Acts, and even ordered an Act to be repealed which had been several years on the statute books, and under which a large area had been purchased. Due reparation was to be made to the purchasers. The repealing Act was drawn up in London and sent out to Governor Patterson to be submitted to the Legislature. Foolishly enough he withheld the Act, and induced the Legislature to pass another Act dealing still more radically with the land question. This Act was disallowed. He himself was recalled, and the Attorney General dismissed. Poor Patterson did not like to have his land speculations thus summarily marred. Governor Fanning, of Nova Scotia, commissioned to relieve him, arrived at Charlottetown in November; but Patterson refused to give up his office, declared that he did not want, and could not accept, "leave of absence," and actually kept possession till next spring, when peremptory orders came from England informing Patterson that "His Majesty has no farther occasion for your services as Governor of St. John." The poor fellow had spent sixteen years on the Island, and had done his duty fairly well. He went to England, hoping to be restored to the Governorship, but was disappointed, of course.

His extensive property was sold under the hard laws which he himself had devised, and he died poor, disappointed and heart-broken.

Governors and governments came and went; generations were born and buried, but the proprietors continued as a whole to be utterly oblivious of their obligations, and the tenants continued to agitate. Assemblies complained, petitioned, memorialized, remonstrated, threatened, prayed, begged, swore, but all to little or no purpose. The proprietors had the ear of the Home Government, and thwarted every measure emanating from the tenantry and their friends. But as population increased, and as popular influences made themselves felt in the Government of England, the power of the proprietors became less and less irresistible, and the Government became more and more amenable to reason. Some of the proprietors sold their land outright. Some spent money in encouraging immigration from the Scottish Highlands. A majority, however, clung tenaciously to what they possessed, exacting all they could, and paying out as little as possible. In 1860, at the suggestion of the proprietors, a Commission was appointed, which consisted of three members, Hon. Joseph Howe representing the tenantry, Colonel Gray representing the British Government, and Hon. J. W. Ritchie representing the proprietors. The Commissioners had power "to enter into all the inquiries that may be necessary, and to decide upon the different questions which may be brought before them." The Duke of Newcastle, then Colonial Secretary, desired to be assured that the tenants would "accept as binding the decision of the Commissioners, or a majority of them." The Commissioners did their work with signal ability. They recommended that the Imperial Government should guarantee a loan of one hun-

dred thousand pounds, so as to enable the Island Government to buy out on favourable terms all the proprietors, and to sell the land to tenants and other settlers. Three conclusions forced themselves upon the Commissioners: that the original grants were improvident and ought never to have been made; that all the grants were liable



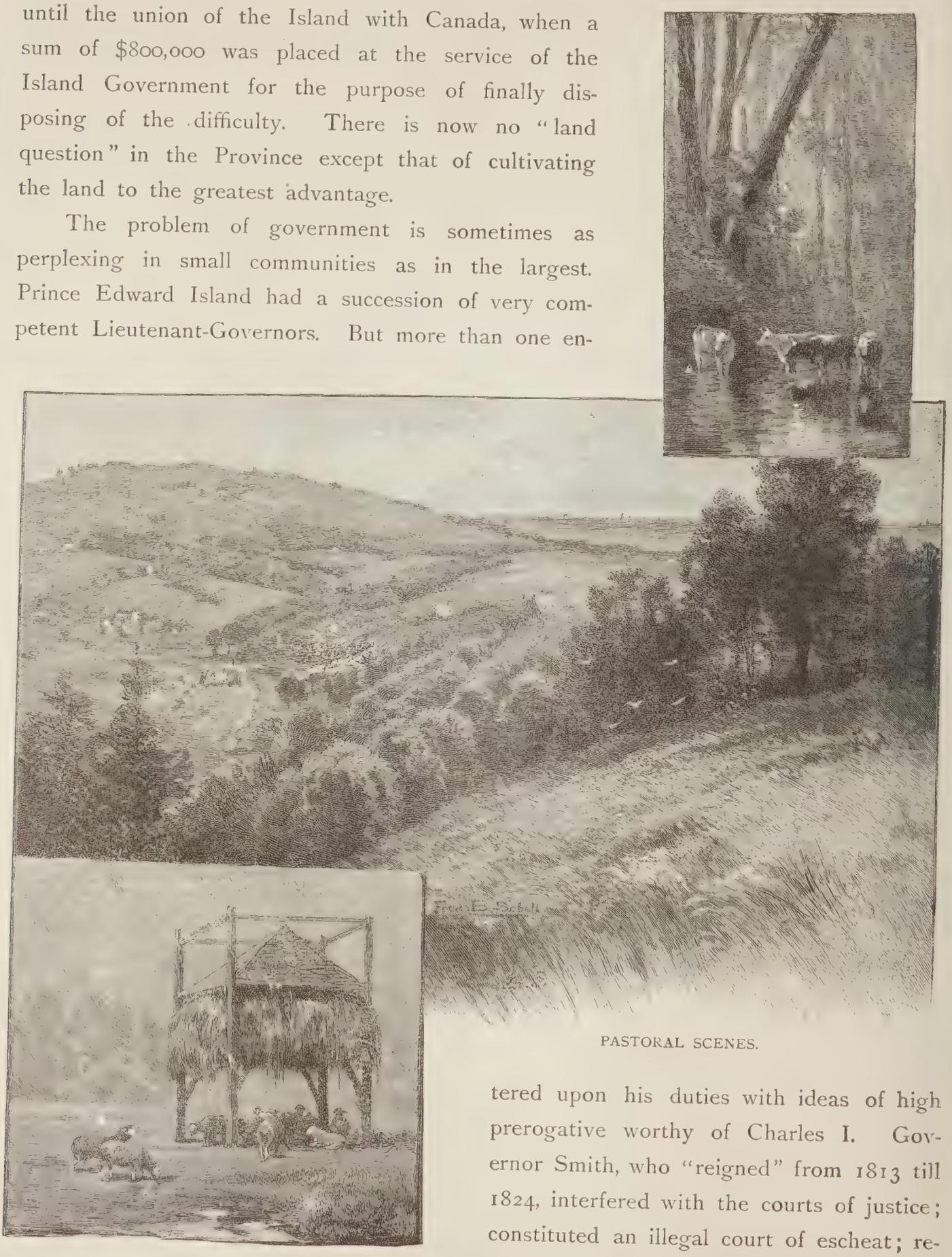
DIGGING MUSSEL-MUD.

to forfeiture for breach of the conditions with respect to settlement, and might justly have been escheated; and that all the grants might have been practically annulled by the enforcement of quit rents, and the lands seized and sold by the Crown without the slightest impeachment of its honour. But the sovereign having repeatedly confirmed the original grants, it was impossible to treat the grantees otherwise than as the lawful possessors of the soil. Landlords were to be compelled to sell any lands possessed by them over fifteen thousand acres, and the terms of sale were minutely defined. All arrears of rent beyond three years preceding May 1 were to be wiped out.

The decisions and recommendations of the Commission were unanimous, and were readily accepted by the Legislature of the Island, and by the tenantry interested; but the proprietors refused to be bound by them, and sheltered themselves behind ingenious

technical objections. The Imperial Government would not entertain the proposal to guarantee a loan. The question continued unsettled until the union of the Island with Canada, when a sum of $800,000 was placed at the service of the Island Government for the purpose of finally disposing of the difficulty. There is now no "land question" in the Province except that of cultivating the land to the greatest advantage.

The problem of government is sometimes as perplexing in small communities as in the largest. Prince Edward Island had a succession of very competent Lieutenant-Governors. But more than one entered upon his duties with ideas of high prerogative worthy of Charles I. Governor Smith, who "reigned" from 1813 till 1824, interfered with the courts of justice; constituted an illegal court of escheat; refused to receive an address from the Assembly, though he had appointed an hour for its reception: ordered the Assembly to



PASTORAL SCENES.

adjourn from Dec. 15 to Jan. 5; sent his son-in-law to threaten the House with immediate dissolution—the said son-in-law shaking his fist at Mr. Speaker; prorogued the Assembly long before it had completed its business, because the Assembly had imprisoned the son-in-law for breaking the windows of Parliament House; appointed another son-in-law to the Legislative Council, though he was only town-major of Charlottetown; appointed another man to the Council who had been dismissed from a clerkship in a shop and who took to retailing spirits. A petition to the King for the Governor's removal was a matter of course; but the Governor was equal to the occasion. He charged the petitioners with gross libel and contempt of the Court of Chancery, and on the complaint of his son-in-law summoned them before himself as judge! The committee in charge of the petition was ordered into the custody of the sergeant-at-arms. Their leading man, however, made his escape to Nova Scotia with the petition, proceeded to England, told the true tale of misgovernment in the colony, and obtained immediate redress, Governor Smith being promptly recalled. Smith had the firmest conviction that parliamentary government was a nuisance to be abated. From 1814 to 1817 no Assembly was summoned. The House which met in 1818 proved refractory and was not called again till 1820. Governor Smith hated Assemblies and had more joy in fighting them than in attempting to carry out their wishes.

It was at Charlottetown, in 1864, that the project of a confederation of the British North American Provinces took shape. The leading public men of Quebec and Ontario [at that time Lower and Upper Canada] met at Charlottetown, and joined there a Conference of the Maritime Provinces discussing Maritime Union. The larger project easily eclipsed the lesser, and the larger Provinces united on July 1, 1867. Prince Edward Island once and again refused to come into the union; but on the 1st of July, 1873, she, too, cast in her lot with the other Provinces.

Cobbett wrote of Prince Edward Island as "a rascally heap of sand, rock, and swamp, in the horrible Gulf of St. Lawrence," "a lump of worthlessness that bears nothing but potatoes." Cobbett was not the first writer nor the last that ignorantly maligned our fair inheritance. Each of the Provinces in its turn has had the finger of scorn pointed at it, and the tongue of detraction wagged against it; but each and all must continue to prosper while a genial sun smiles on a fertile soil tilled by the hands of freemen.

Prince Edward Island was among the earliest of the colonies to establish a system of public education, which has been carried on with increasing efficiency; and the result is that the little Province has sent forth into the world more than its proportion of men of mark and learning. The people are sober, religious, and industrious. Very large crops of oats and potatoes are raised for export, as well as for home use. Of late years the fertility of the soil has been largely increased by the application of "mussel-mud," raised from vast deposits of decomposed shell fish found in "blue inlets

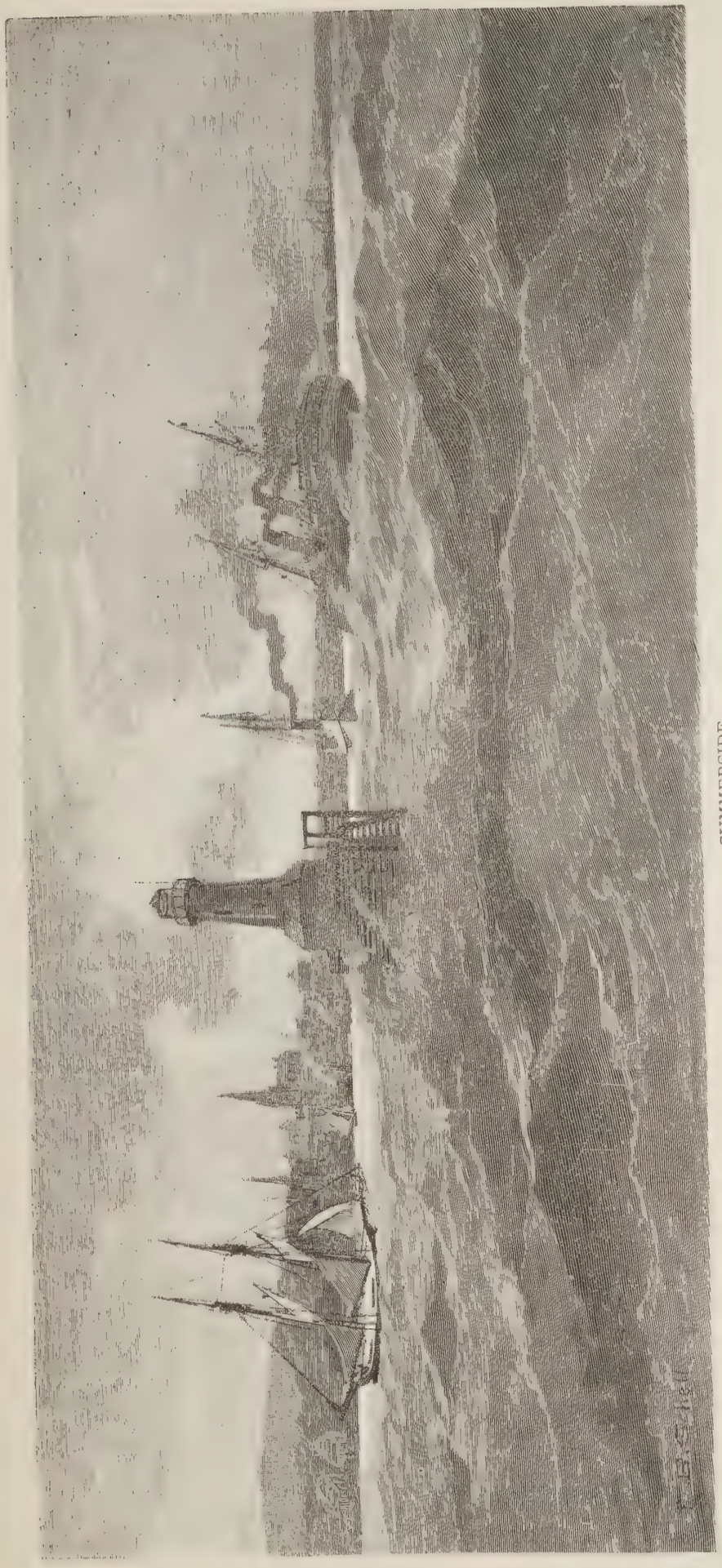
and their crystal creeks" close by the shore. The "mud" is raised through the ice in the leisure months of winter, and carried in sleds to the fields, when scarcely any other kind of farm work can be attended to. The permanent industry of the Island is agriculture; but ship-building has been prosecuted with success. No better fishing grounds are to be found in America than the northern coast; and the summer horizon is dotted with the sails of fishing craft. The people of the Island have not engaged in fishing to the extent that one would expect; but they are turning their attention to this industry with increasing success. American fishing craft can at times be counted by the score in the blue distance. Once in twenty years or so mighty storms sweep the Gulf of St. Lawrence and carry terrible destruction to the fishing vessels near the coast. The most memorable of these storms was that of October 3d and 4th, 1853, when 72 American vessels were flung ashore on the north coast of the Island. A similar storm burst suddenly upon the coast in August, 1873, and was almost equally destructive.



ACADIAN GIRL.

Charlottetown is beautifully situated on the north side of Hillsborough River. The harbour is safe whatever wind may blow; and the town slopes gently upward as we proceed inland. Its streets are wide, and at some seasons extremely busy. It has handsome churches, two or three colleges, a convent and many delightfully situated private dwellings. The suburbs are charming with gardens and groves of evergreens, with shady avenues opening out upon fertile fields, green or golden in their time. The city has a population of over 8,000, and is steadily growing. It was founded in 1768, but the beauty and quiet of the harbour had attracted attention many years before this period. A serious disadvantage to the Island capital is that for four months in the year—perhaps for five months—it is ice-bound. It is the railway centre of the Province, and in the early summer and late

autumn is the scene of great commercial activity. There are delightful drives and walks in the vicinity.



SUMMERSIDE.

(109)

From Charlottetown to Georgetown the country is exceptionally fertile and largely under cultivation. The road for some distance follows the Hillsborough River, a long sinuous arm of the sea. It passes through villages, each resembling the other, and all presenting the ideal of pastoral peace and seclusion. The head of the river is within a mile and a half of Tracadie Harbour, on the north side of the Island. It was at this old portage that the French finally surrendered the island to the British.

Georgetown is beautifully situated amid the slopes of velvet fields on a peninsula between the Cardigan and Brudenelle rivers. The harbour is the most secure on the Island, and is the last to succumb to the touch of the ice-king. Steamers ply between this port and Pictou and the Magdalen Islands.

Summerside is usually the point at which tourists in the summer time touch the Island. It is next to Charlottetown in wealth and population. An islet off the harbour is the site of the "Island Park Hotel," a de-

lightful spot with many attractions for the traveller. Summerside is the headquarters of the trade in Bedeque oysters.

There is no more salubrious summer resort in all America than Prince Edward Island. The sea-bathing is delightful; for the waves come in curving, laughing, dancing over long reaches of shining sands warmed by the summer sun. The sea-breeze is never far away; and if you go to the northern coast you may enjoy it in its coolest perfection when the waves are edged with angry foam, "white as the bitter lip of hate." The scenery is never grand except when great gales beat upon the exposed coast, hurling the waters of the Gulf upon the trembling land; but though not grand or sublime, it is ever lovely, ever suggestive of comfort, peace, and plenty; a smiling heaven and a happy people. In the depths of winter there is isolation; but even then there are compensations. What more exhilarating than sports on the ringing ice of those rivers and harbours And the sleighing never fails. The silver thaw is seen here in a degree of perfection never, perhaps, attained elsewhere. Often, in one night, the grim dull forests are transferred into groves of crystal, each branch and twig bending gracefully under its brilliant burden. Ice half an inch thick forms on the boughs. The sun shines upon the scene and it becomes indescribably brilliant. The coasts of P. E. Island are almost entirely free from the fog which is so troublesome on the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. Sometimes it hangs on the far off horizon eastward, as if longing for orders, usually refused, to invade these pleasant shores.

We have said that Prince Edward Island is isolated; but there is coming and going in the very heart of winter. The telegraph flashes its daily messages under the waters of the Strait and the ice-boat carries passengers and mails from shore to shore. It is said that the Indian name for the Island is (or was) *Epayguit*, "Anchored on the Wave." The point of crossing by ice-boat is from Cape Traverse in P. E. I., to Cape Tormentine in New Brunswick, where the distance is about nine miles. The standard ice-boat is 18 feet long, 5 feet wide, and 2 feet 2 inches deep. Its frame is oaken; it is planked with cedar, and the planks are covered with tin. It has a double keel which serves for runners, and four leather straps are attached to each side. The crews are hardy, powerful, and courageous men, equally ready to pull or row, or swim if need should arise. There is often open water half the distance, and this is regarded as the easiest crossing. The passage usually occupies three and a half hours. Occasionally when the ice is bad and the tide strong in the wrong direction the struggle continues for nine or ten hours. Only once in thirty years has a serious accident occurred. In 1855 a violent snow-storm swept down suddenly on the boat. The men lost their way. After battling with the fury of the elements from Saturday till Tuesday, they finally landed about forty miles out of their course, one of the passengers having meanwhile perished.

We advise our readers to visit this garden of the Sea Provinces in summer.

THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE, AND THE SAGUENAY.



HOME OF THE PITCHER PLANT.

THE St. Lawrence is the type, as it is the embodiment, of Canadian rivers. Full, free, and impetuous from source to outlet; clear and swift like its countless tributaries; broad and mighty in volume, like the lakes that store its strength; ever changing in aspect, from mighty rapid and stupendous fall, to rippling reaches and broad depths, where it gathers force for another rush down its steep incline. Not a mere water-course, but a stream of the hills and woods, full of sparkle and vigour, as if draining half a continent were a labour to be rejoiced in. Throughout the varying scenes of its long course, its beauty and majesty are always striking, but nowhere more so than in its estuary. Other

great rivers seem to dread their end; they wander sluggishly through vast marshes, subdivide into many outlets, build up great bars to ward off the sea, suddenly give up the contest, spread out their waters, and are lost in the ocean. The "Great River of Canada" keeps its individuality to the close, and rolls on till the banks which confine its grand flood are those which limit the ocean itself. At the Isle of Orleans, it seems to prepare boldly for its end, for it suddenly widens, to be measured by leagues instead of by miles across; yet there are fully two hundred miles to go before its shores fade away on opposite horizons, and close on three hundred more before it reaches the open sea.

The hills, among which it was born, its kinsfolk and acquaintance that share its name, come to guard it again after two thousand miles of separation. From Cap Tourmente to far down the Labrador coast the Laurentians are piled up in a sea of rolling contours, like huge waves turned to rock just when their crests were breaking. On the south the mountains keep longer aloof, but broken foot-hills diversify the undulating slope that sweeps up, from the belt of rich lowland along the shore, to where the distant hills of Maine meet the sky. Near Kamouraska, precipitous crags dot the broad plain. At Bic, immense spurs jut out to the river-bank. Thence, towards the sea, the face of the country is ever more and more broken and scarred; the Gaspé range presses inwards, and, with the tall peaks of the Shickshaws towering above all, lonely giants jealous of their blue-capped rivals on the far horizon, bounds the St. Lawrence from Cap Chat to Gaspé, with great cliffs, stern, overhanging, sombre, meet banks for a river eighty miles broad. There are all the charms of river and sea, of mountain and forest, of wilderness and cultivated plain, about the region.

Turn to the north. A rampart of rock, guarding the secrets of the wild land beyond, towers to the sky; great chasms and gorges break it, but to reveal still mightier walls of mountain, at last, till the eye is fain to rest upon fleecy shimmerings of cloud floating above hills that seem far off as the sky itself. Rock and forest everywhere; dark and sombre when the storm clouds gather, and the rain-squalls howl down the passes, blotting out of sight all but the white-capped waves; many-hued and soft-shadowed as the morning light plays on pine and spruce top, on waving birch and quivering poplar, on dark cedar and brilliant maple; clear-cut and bright in the strong light of a Canadian mid-day; rich in purple and green, crimson and gold, russet and grey, orange and black, as the sun goes down; vague, soft and silvery in the moonlight; mysterious and overwhelming when the moon has sunk behind the hills. A land of torrents and earthquakes, where the foundations of the continent were upheaved, and scarcely now have settled firm. Yet, wherever the mouth of a river wedges the hills apart, or the wearing current and chafing ice-floes have left a foothold at the base of the heights or have cut an escarpment in their sides, little hamlets cluster and the symbol of the Christian faith is seen.

On the south shore Nature is less aggressive, and yields room for the beauties of pastoral landscape. For the most part there is a continuous line of settlement, farms and houses, villages and church-spires, here and there a goodly town, streams and bridges, convents and windmills, trees and meadows. But everywhere a background of the hills and the woods.

Hundreds of streams, some of them great rivers, coming from far regions, known only to the wild-fowl and the Indian, swell the volume of the Lower St. Lawrence. Those on the south coast wind turbid floods through sinuous curves in the rich loam; those on the north dash round sharp angles, hurrying their crystal waters over cascades and rapids, down gravelly beds and through deep rock-bound pools, where the salmon and the sea-trout rest on their loitering away to the distant shallows. Up some of these streams even the fish cannot climb far, and the *voyageur* in his bark-canoe must make many a portage over the crags and through the trees, if he would scale these watery ladders to the labyrinth of lakes, whence he may thread his way far west beyond Lake Superior, north to Hudson's Bay, or east to unexplored wilds.

Islands of all sizes and forms,—some green and fertile like the Isle of Orleans, beautiful Isle aux Coudres, and pastoral Isle Verte,—some long, rocky battures with jagged reefs, round which current and tide contend in ugly swirls of foam,—others, tall pillars of rock, fragments from the primæval strife of elements, break the broad blue expanse, and interpose an ever-changing foreground. Bold headlands alternate with long, low-lying points, to mark the extremities of the sweeping bays, within which are sea-weed covered rocks, white sand beaches, and broad flats, the homes of innumerable birds. Colonies of ravens inhabit the wooded heights that space off the little ports where the rivers widen as they meet the tide, and where the brown-sailed fishing-boats find shelter. Long piers run far out to the channel; light-houses, banded with black and white, dot the capes, and mark the shoals in the track of the great ocean steamers that here seem but small black nuclei of smoky comets. Huge red buoys define the channels; their bells clang out the danger signal, and fog-horns bellow deep warning notes as the increasing swell tells of the coming gale. Great ships, eager to make an offing, and to leave grim Anticosti's wreck-strewn coast safe behind, spread clouds of canvas; others, with sails aback, lie quietly awaiting the swift pilot-boats that beat about like restless sea-swallows gathering a living from the waves. The semaphores on the hillocks swing their great arms to signal passing vessels, and telegraph their news from station to station, so that the distant Bird Rocks and the lonely Magdalens share the world's tidings with the cities of the west.

The cool, pure air of the mountains, sweet with the aroma of the forests, mingles with salt breezes from the sea. The dash of the waves, as the brisk squall curls their crests, is the complement of the crisp rustle of the leaves; the long, moaning swash of the tide that of the sough of the wind through the pine groves. There is



CAP TOURMENTE.

a mingled restfulness and vigour in the atmosphere, a combination of the sea and the woods, of the rivers and the hills, to drive away all care and weariness.

Nor is the interest of the Lower St. Lawrence that of scenery alone; tradition, history, legend and folk-lore contribute their full share. Long before Cartier first visited the three great realms of Honguedo, Saguenay, and Canada, Indian nations fought many a war of extermination for the possession of the hunting-grounds and fisheries. Algonquin and Souriquois, Micmac, Malecite, Abenaqui, Montagnais and Iroquois, have all left their mark. France and England have lent associations to every point on the long coast-line. How many tragedies, what thrilling scenes, and what various people this river has seen since cannon first woke the Laurentian's thunderous echoes with a royal salute to "Donnacona Agouhanna ou Seigneur de Canada" boarding Cartier's ships off the island of Orleans, close to the very point where, not long ago, the people of Stadacona waved their God-speed to an English Princess. Every island, cape and bay has a story of shipwreck, miracle, or wraith. The people of the river and gulf are a curious compound of *voyageur*, farmer, and fisherman. They are full of energy and character, bold and hardy, simple-minded, honest and hospitable, superstitious, as all fishermen are, and abounding in wonderful legends, but pious and brave withal. They preserve many old ideas and habits, for down here the earliest settlements in French Canada are side by side with the latest.

It is not surprising that the Lower St. Lawrence, or rather those parts of

it that generally pass for the whole, of which they form in reality but a small portion, has long been a favourite holiday ground for Canadians of the Upper Provinces, and that it has of late years begun to attract many strangers. There are watering-places on both shores, each having its own characteristic.

Kamouraska, the oldest of all, where once upon a time the wittiest and most charming of French society was to be found, is now dull, quiet, and given to boating. Rivière du Loup, now, alas, turned into prosaic but significant Fraserville,—for the new name perpetuates the poetic revenge that spoiled of their very nationality the whilom spoilers of this fair land,—has comfortable houses and good society, is decidedly proper, respectable, and a little slow. Cacouna has its quiet cottages, but also the most pretentious hotel, and too much of the dancing and dressing that characterize American watering-places. Both Rivière du Loup and Cacouna have beautiful views of the panorama of the opposite shore, here just at the right distance for the most magnificent of sunset effects. Rimouski is a cathedral town, most affected by French visitors. Bic is picturesque and secluded, and but little visited. Métis is the resort of the scientist, the blue-stocking, and the newly-married. Matane, noted for its good cheer and sea-trout fishing. All the foregoing are on the south shore, and easily reached by rail or by steamer; but attractive as they are, they have not the same



ISLE AUX COUDRES, AND THE ST. LAWRENCE, FROM LES EBOULEMENTS.

charm for most people as the places across the river, though, as the temperature of the water is notably warmer, owing to its shallowness and the great extent of beach uncovered at low tide, they are preferred for bathing. This, however, is the weak point of all the frequented watering-places on the St. Lawrence. To one accustomed to the open sea the water is not salt enough, there is no surf, nor are there the thousand and one treasures of the sea-shore.

Four times a week in the summer months steamers freighted with holiday-makers and tourists leave Quebec for Tadoussac and Chicoutimi, touching at the various places between these points. To look at the piles of baggage and furniture, the hosts of children and servants, the household gods, the dogs, cats and birds, one might think the Canadians were emigrating *en masse*, like the *seigneurs* and their families after the cession of the country to England. But these travellers have a happier destiny than had those who sailed in the *Auguste*, shipwrecked on Cape Breton in November, 1762. Murray Bay and its adjoining villages are the resort of those who want grand scenery, and a quiet country life with a spice of gaiety. Many families have their own pretty country-houses, but a favourite plan is to take a *habitant's* cottage just as it stands, and to play at "roughing it" with all the luxuries you care to add to the rag-matted floors and primitive furniture. Those who want more excitement find it at the hotels, where in the evening there is always a dance, a concert, or private theatricals, to wind up a day spent in bathing, picnicing, boating, driving, trout-fishing, tennis, bowls, billiards, and a dozen other amusements. It is a merry life and a healthy one; you live as you please, and do as you please, and nobody says you nay. Tadoussac is much the same, only, if one may be allowed the expression, a little more so, perhaps because it is the favourite of Americans. On the north shore nobody but the salmon-fisher goes beyond Tadoussac; but on the south shore the tendency is always farther and farther down every year, so that Rimouski, Bic, Metis, and Matane have successively been reached, and before long, when the beauties of the coast between Ste. Anne des Monts and Cape Gaspé are fully known, the artist and his ally, the fisherman, will no longer revel in solitary and undisturbed enjoyment of its magnificent scenery.

However, our way lies not among, though perforce to some extent with, the tourists. PICTURESQUE CANADA is not a guide-book; its random sketches attempt to show but a few scattered gems from among the treasures ready to artist's brush and writer's pen.

Foremost among these is the coast on the north between the island of Orleans and the mouth of the Saguenay. It is almost as wild to-day as when the first explorers saw it three centuries and a half ago, or as when Boucher, writing, in 1663, his *Histoire Naturelle du Canada* for the information of Colbert, Minister of Finance to Louis XIV, said of it:—"From Tadoussac to Cap Tourmente, seven leagues from

Quebec, the country is quite uninhabitable, being too high and all rocky, and quite precipitous. I have remarked only one place, that is Baie St. Paul, about half-way and opposite to Isle aux Coudres, which seems very pretty as one passes by, as well as all the islands to be found between Tadoussac and Quebec, which are all fit to be inhabited."

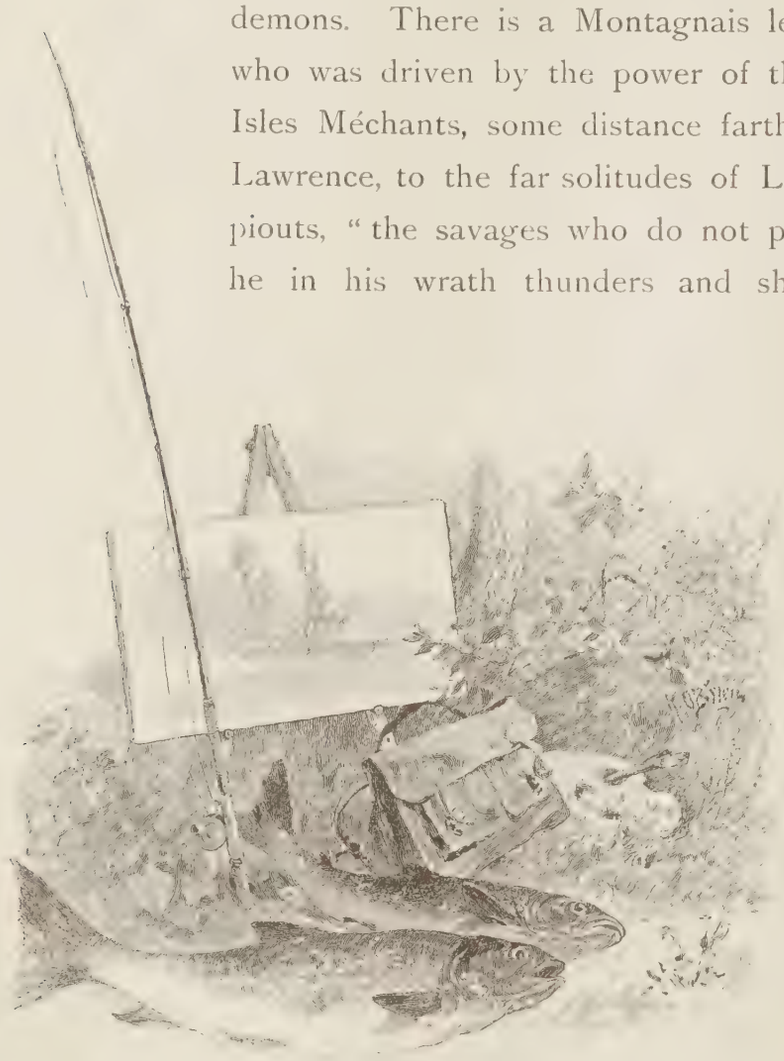
Times have changed since Boucher's day, but the north coast has changed little. The scattered villages serve but to emphasize the savage grandeur of the stern line of cliffs rising sheer from the water. The settlements have as yet made little impression upon the country between Baie St. Paul and Cap Tourmente. There was not even a road over the hills between these points until 1818, and to this day there is none along the cliffs, except for a few miles about Petite Rivière and Cap Maillard. Twenty years after Boucher wrote the passage above quoted, he tells us that Petite Rivière and Baie St. Paul had been founded; the latter, he says, was "the first inhabited land to be met with on the north shore as you come from France; it penetrates a league into the land, and is fifteen leagues distant from Quebec, seven from Cap Tourmente. The roads are very difficult and dangerous; there are three families and thirty-one souls; Mass is said there in a domestic chapel."

What those roads were like, and what the missionary priests who came from La Bonne Ste. Anne and Petit Cap had to risk to say Mass to the little congregation, may be judged from the fate of M. Francois Filion, who, in 1679, was caught by the tide and drowned, as he made his way along the shore, now wading through mud and water, now climbing the points of rock. Tradition has it that his body was found at Petite Rivière by Sister St. Paul, of the Congregation of Notre-Dame, who towed it behind her canoe up to Ste. Anne. The Abbé Trudelle, in his interesting monograph on Baie St. Paul, speaking of the invasion of the parish of Little River by the St. Lawrence, which every year carries away several feet of the fertile lands on which formerly lived a large number of rich *habitants*, says that it is hard to believe there was a time when a parish existed on a long, rocky shoal, now visible only at low tide, and that in 1858 there were still to be seen on it the remains of the old clergy-house which, with the old church, the river had carried away.

Boucher exactly describes Baie St. Paul when he speaks of it as "enfoncée dans les terres." It is just a great cleft in the rocks, through which a torrent fed by cascades from the surrounding mountains pours an impetuous stream. A lovely valley is that of the Gouffre. In the background range upon range of peaks rise above each other, arid and precipitous in reality, but toned by distance into the softest blue. The bold contours of the nearer hills are outlined by deep ravines, dark with forest, bristling with cliffs. Down every cleft falls a sparkling brook, now hidden from sight by a clump of foliage, anon glistening in the sun, as rounding another turn it leaps from its bed, in haste to descend the heights. Soft is the murmur of the many waterfalls, and

sweet the smell of the new-mown hay in the green fields that stretch for miles along the winding stream. Clusters of houses, groves of trees, and shining church-spires diversify the scene. It is not always so peaceful. When melting ice and heavy rains swell these mountain streams, chafing at the long restraint the mountains have imposed upon the waters, they fret and tear at the flanks of the hills, and uncover the secrets of the pre-historic world. Rocks, trees, and bridges are swept into the turbid flood of the Gouffre, which, raging like a demon unchained, destroys everything that impedes its headlong course.

The bay is flanked on the east by the lofty Cap aux Corbeaux, named from the hoarse croaking of the ravens that inhabit its wood-crowned crest and inaccessible shelves. Their cries, carried far out on the river by the coming squall, have always been of ill-omen to the sailors. The old *habitants* are more than half inclined to think this gloomy cape, constantly enshrouded by clouds, the abode of demons. There is a Montagnais legend of a Giant, Outikou by name, who was driven by the power of the Cross from Les Islets Mechins, or Isles Méchants, some distance farther down the opposite side of the St. Lawrence, to the far solitudes of Lake Mistassini, where live the Nashkapiouts, "the savages who do not pray at all," whence, say the Indians, he in his wrath thunders and shakes the whole north shore. This legend, and the assertion that there is an active volcano somewhere on the water-shed between Hudson's Bay and the St. Lawrence, correspond curiously with the *habitant's* superstition, and with the frequent occurrence of earthquakes, of which Baie St. Paul seems to be the centre.



ART AND NATURE.

Father Jérôme Lalemant's account of the great earthquake of 1663, in the *Relation des Jesuites* for that year, and the story of the same by Sister Marie de l'Incarnation, are unfortunately too long to be given here. But they are well known and of undoubted authenticity, agreeing as they do with so many and diverse contemporary accounts. For six months and a half the shocks were felt throughout Canada and New England. Along the St. Lawrence,

meteors filled the air, which was dark with smoke and cinders. The grass withered, and the crops would not grow. According to Ferland, "New lakes were formed, hills



BAIE ST. PAUL.

were lowered, falls were levelled, small streams disappeared, great forests were overturned. From Cap Tourmente to Tadoussac the appearance of the shore was greatly altered in several localities. Near Baie St. Paul, an isolated hill, about a quarter of a league in circumference, descended below the waters, and emerged to form an island; towards Pointe aux Alouettes, a great wood was detached from the solid ground, and slipped over the rocks into the river, where for some time the trees remained upright, raising their verdant crests above the water." In June the passengers on a sloop coming from Gaspé, when they approached Tadoussac, saw the water strangely agitated, and on land a mountain levelled with the surrounding soil.

In 1638, 1658, 1663, 1727, 1755, 1791, 1860, and 1870 there have been many shocks. In 1791, it is said the peaks north of Baie St. Paul were in active eruption, but the authority for this statement is not of the best. One thing, however, is certain: you will not spend a summer in that neighbourhood without being convinced that there have been tremendous convulsions, and that there are still shocks to be felt. In 1860, a stone house near Les Eboulements was thrown down; the church at Baie St. Paul was so damaged that it had to be rebuilt; the shock was severely felt on the other side of the river; the church of St. Pascal was badly injured, and at Rivière Ouelle, the church lost its cross, while every chimney in the parish fell.

On the arrival of the English fleet with Wolfe's army, in 1759, the inhabitants of Baie St. Paul and Isle aux Coudres found safe hiding-places for themselves and their cattle in the fastnesses at the upper end of the valley. When Captain Gorham made the raid which destroyed the parishes of the north shore as far down as Murray Bay, the men of Baie St. Paul did not see their village burned without showing fight, but the odds were against them. Some vestiges of the earthworks they had thrown up on the shore may yet be traced, and traditions of the conquest are still current. The registry of burial of one of the Canadians killed by Gorham's men states that he was scalped. The Abbé Trudelle gives as the origin of the saying common here, "*fort comme Grenon*," a story of the capture of two Canadians, one of whom was killed by the cruel process of lashing him to a plank, and dropping him from the yard-arm into the water; the other, Grenon, being of such prodigious strength that he could not be fastened to the plank, was kept prisoner on board Gorham's ship. A sailor having insulted him by blowing in his face, Grenon begged to be untied and given his revenge. Gorham, to amuse himself, granted this, and Grenon killed the sailor with one blow of the flat of his hand, for which exploit Gorham gave him his liberty.

Baie St. Paul has had a hermit, Father Gagnon, who had been *curé* of the parish, but not being able to submit to his bishop, withdrew in 1788 to live for sixty years a life of solitude. He seems to have been a man of strong will, high character, and benevolent nature. As all hermits should be, he was an herbalist, and won a great reputation from the cures wrought by his simple remedies. He also possessed another characteristic of the true hermit,—he lived to the age of ninety-five. There is, too, at Baie St. Paul a portion of the finger of Saint Anne, a relic which makes the church a place of special devotion.

From Baie St. Paul to Murray Bay is a road never to be forgotten. An Irish jaunting-car and an Irish carman are the only rivals of a *calèche* and its *habitant* driver for velocity and fun. Such hills! They stand foreshortened before you, looking like ladders to heaven, and quite as hard to mount. But then you descend them at a gallop. The *calèche* was apparently built by the antediluvians, so is quite in keeping with the scenery, and, like all the work of the good old times, is thoroughly fit for its purpose. The only difficulty is to keep inside it. The energetic pony, good little beast that he is, plots upwards with a will that puts to shame the memory of the misguided youth of banner-bearing fame. He plants his feet with vigorous thuds, and holds on to the stones with a grip that sets one looking to see whether he be not in reality a survival of Huxley's horses with toes. Regardless alike of endearments and objurgations, he takes the down-hill part much after the style of the sailor at Majuba Hill, who only made land three times in the descent. If, beguiled by the driver's voluble tongue, you allow your attention to slack, and feet and hands to lose the necessary tension, you risk flying over the pony's ears like a bullet from a catapult.

Drive over this road at least once in your life. But, by all means, if you are strong enough, — and especially if by good fortune you have such a companion as the kindly *Abbé*, who spends his leisure at the old manor that lies behind the historic point of Rivière Ouelle, far away there on the south shore, in learned studies and charming sketches of his native land, or as his kinsman, the Senator, the hospitable *Seigneur* of Les Eboulements,—make your way along the heights on foot, drink in the vigour of this bracing air, and rejoice to the full in the wondrous beauty of the scene before you.

Immediately below you is a very chaos of hills heaped up in wild confusion. Earthquake, volcano, and flood have left their work unfinished, arrested, as it were, in a moment. At Les Eboulements the effect as you look up from the beach is savage, forbidding, gloomy even. This *débris* of mountains suggests the time when men shall call upon the rocks to hide them and the mountains to cover them, and its savagery is intensified by arid, crumbling soil and scanty vegetation. It is with a sense of intense relief at having escaped the perpetual menace of the impending hills you reach the lofty plateau beyond the church, whence your eye wanders over a world of peaks, stretching back from the shore range after range, and sweeping along the river to where Cap Tourmente, full forty miles away, shuts in the horizon, their spurs silhouetted one against the other in boldest outline. Far down below you are villages, mere specks of white in the rich valleys, whose emerald tints are reflected from the glassy bays that lie between the buttresses of the mountains. The steamer at the end of the long pier is only a streak of cloud in the middle distance. The whole surface of Isle aux Coudres, that "*moult bonne terre et grasse, pleine de beaulx et grandz arbres*" is spread out to your view, a lovely panorama. Over its clumps of spruce and cedar, its groves of maple and birch and hazel, you see the south shore like a soft blue cloud studded with stars, as the sunbeams glisten from the spires of its many parishes. To look down on the calm surface of the river is like a vista through endless space, so clearly mirrored are the deep piles of clouds which the setting sun begins to edge with rose and purple, and to line with gold. Yonder, between placid Isle aux Coudres and frowning Cap aux Corbeaux, where the water deepens, and the Gouffre battling with the tide forms the whirlpool whence it takes its name, the floating reflections of the sky interlace in a maze of slow-revolving spirals. It is a dangerous spot still for boat or canoe. In Charlevoix's time it was a veritable maëlstrom, and many are the legends of its terrors.

There is a special peace in the scene, reminding one of that September morning, in 1535, when, in the words of the *Chanson*, that livens many an evening in the *habitant's* cottage,

"De Saint Malo, beau port de Mer
Trois, grands navires sont arrivés,"

and the *Grande Hermine*, the *Petite Hermine*, and the *Emerillon* swung to their anchors in the bay behind the little promontories that jut out near the western end of the island. One can almost imagine that the sweet and solemn strains of the Mass which Dom Antoine and Dom Guillaume le Breton offered for the first time on Canadian soil and the fervent responses of Jacques Cartier and his men are borne across the water. But it is evening, and the soft sounds we hear are the chimes of the Angelus from the churches in the valleys.

The influence of the scene must be more than a passing imagination, for to this day the people of Isle aux Coudres are noted for their preservation of the simplicity and integrity of life that distinguished the *habitants* of former generations, and for their devoutness. The Abbé Casgrain is authority for the statement that out of a population of about 750, there are 500 communicants.

The Isle aux Coudres, so named from the hazel trees Cartier found there, is one of the oldest French settlements, and in itself would furnish material for an article. It was here that, in 1759, Admiral Durell's squadron waited for the rest of Wolfe's expedition. The troops camped for two months on the island, whose people had fled to the recesses of the hills behind Baie St. Paul. Two of the *habitants*, eager to get news for the French Governor, crossed over at night, and, lying in ambush among the rocks, surprised in the early morning two English officers, whom they carried off to Quebec, one being Durell's grandson.

On Cartier's arrival at the island he found Indians catching porpoises. The Seminarists of Quebec, who are the *seigneurs*, are said to have carried on the fishery as early as 1686, but the first regular leases of it to their *concessionaires* are of much later date. A couple of hundred porpoises have been killed in one season, and there is a story that in the good old days three hundred and twenty were once captured in one tide. As each porpoise yields about a barrel and a half of oil, besides the valuable leather the skin affords, the work is profitable to the islanders, though it has not always proved so to the companies that from time to time have established fisheries on a large scale at Kamouraska, Anse de Ste. Anne, and Rivière Ouelle. The fisheries or *pêches* are of peculiar construction. Saplings, fifteen to twenty feet long, are driven, about eighteen inches apart, into the long shelving beach from high to low water-mark, so as to form a semicircular hedge, ending in a spiral curve, the *racroc*. The porpoises, chasing the shoals of herrings and smelts that come up the river close in shore with the rising tide, unconsciously follow their prey inside the *pêche*. Seeking to get out, and frightened by the saplings shaking in the strong current, they swim along the line of the frail barrier till they are in the crook at its end. This directs them back to the line of saplings; they follow it again and again, always finding themselves confronted by the obstacle, till, terrified and despairing, they give up hope of escape. The falling tide leaves them either stranded or confined to stretches of



MURRAY BAY.

shallow water, where they are pursued by boats, and killed with harpoon and lance. The water, foaming under their vigorous efforts to avoid the fate they seem to know is coming, turns red with bloody foam, and their

piteous noise mingles with the shouts of the excited fishermen. It is a lively scene to watch at first, but soon becomes a cruelly murderous one. The massacre is soon over, for the porpoises keep together and show no fight, being in reality as inoffensive and helpless as sheep, notwithstanding their great size; they are from fifteen to twenty feet and more in length. The stories of their devotion to their young, of which they have generally only one, and carry it upon their fins close to their breast, are very touching. The mother will remain to be killed rather than leave the little one.

But if you would know all there is to tell about the Isle aux Coudres, you must make a mental "Pilgrimage" thither with the Abbé Casgrain, or a "Promenade" around it with the Abbé Mailloux, its charming historians.

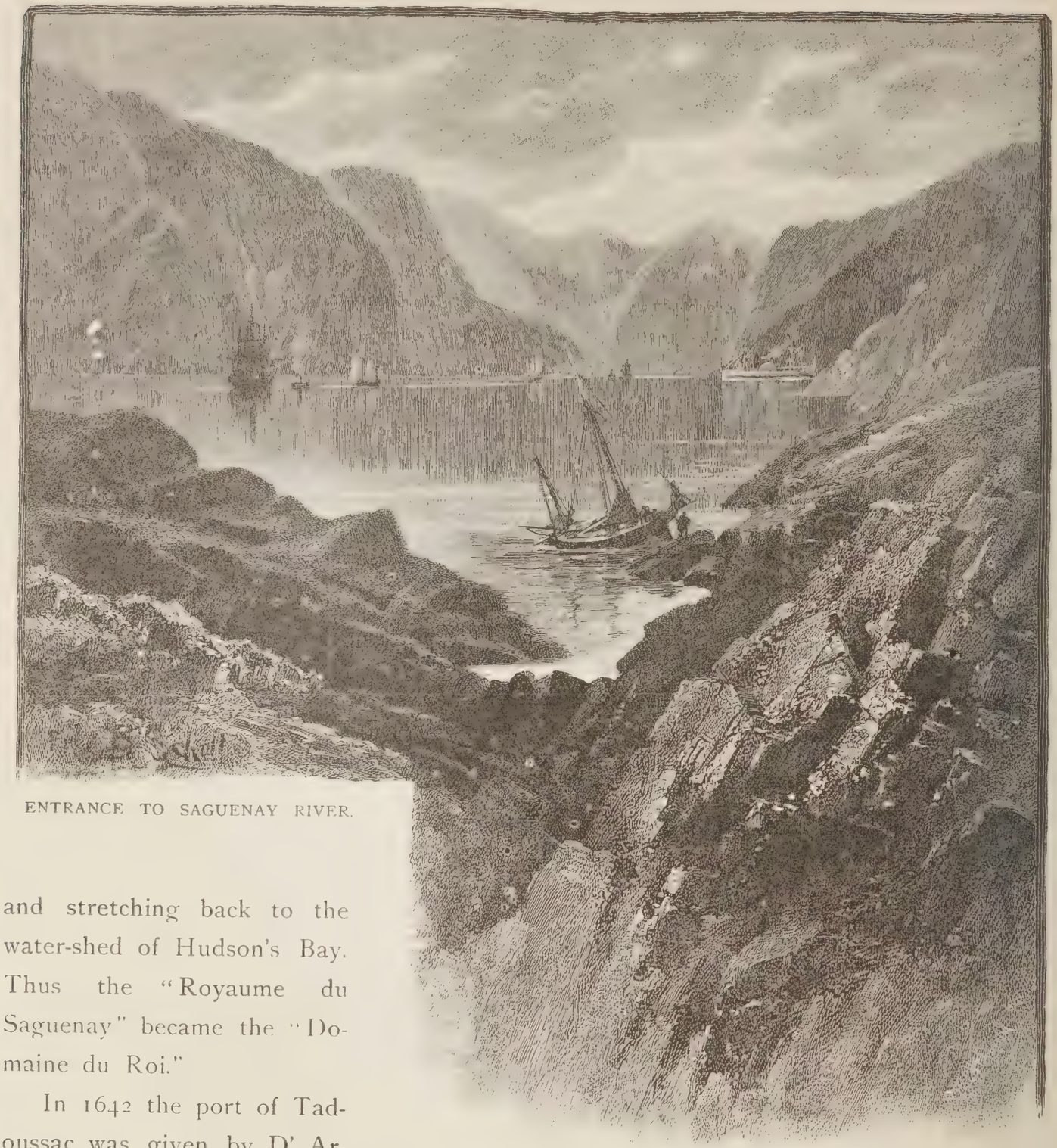
From Les Eboulements downwards the majestic wall of mountains continues unbroken, except where the deep recess of Murray Bay affords vistas of mingled loveliness and grandeur, and where a few small streams forcing their precipitous way through the rocky barrier indent the stern shore-line with picturesque coves. All at once, as you skirt St. Catherine's Bay, and round Pointe Noire, the mountains are cleft by a mighty rift, and a tremendous chasm opens to view, black, forbidding, like the entrance to a world beneath the mountains. Did Roberval and his men feel this sudden awe when they turned from the brightness of the broad St. Lawrence in quest of gold as elusive as the sunbeams dancing on the waves, and began that voyage of which no man, to this day, knows the ending? Did they feel this shrinking from the hills that rise everywhere in indignant protest? Or is it only the wind, fresh and keen, and bringing a strange sense of solitude from the unknown and mysterious north land, that strikes us with this chill; and only the misty cloud of a rain-squall that hides the summits, and for a moment obscures the sun, that brings this gloom? The evil spirits surely have not left the frowning cape which Champlain named *La Pointe de tous les Diables*. One expects to meet them just as verily as did the little band of Récollets, who landed at Tadoussac in the year of grace, 1615, to begin their valiant crusade against the Father of Lies and his allies of both worlds; and, as did, the Jesuit Pére Duquen, in 1647, and Father Albanel twenty-five years later, when he, Monsieur de St. Simon and the son of Sieur Giullaume Couture, made their lonely way up this unknown river through the wilds of Mistassini to distant Hudson's Bay. You are at the mouth of the Saguenay. In a moment its weird fascination has seized you, and will hold you spell-bound, so long as you sail through the stillness that broods over the mountain shores which confine its deep black waters.

Jacques Cartier anchored here on the 1st September, 1535, having heard so much about the riches of the realm of Saguenay from the Indians of Gaspé, in his voyage to the Baie des Chaleurs in the preceding year, that he was doubtless anxious to possess them speedily. The accounts Donnacona, the Sachem of Stadacona, afterwards gave him,

were well calculated to fire the enthusiasm of subsequent French explorers, while at the same time possessing that full share of the marvellous, which in those days seems to have been convincing proof. It was a country full of gold and rubies, inhabited by white men clothed in wool; but farther off there were nations of one-legged men, and others who lived without eating, and, happy beings! had no stomachs. Many a story of these wilds has been told since Donnacona's time, and quite as well qualified by a tinge of the supernatural to discourage the venturesome and unwelcome explorers. It would be a happy thing for the remnants of the Indians were they like their legendary ancestors; people with one leg could not wander too far, and failure of game would matter little to men without need of food; whereas, now-a-days, hardly a winter passes without some of the Montagnais perishing miserably from starvation on hunting excursions. The incentives, however, were so great that Roberval was commissioned, in 1540, as "*vice roi et lieutenant general en Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Terre Neuve, Belle-Isle, Carpont, Labrador, la Grande Baie et Baccalaos.*" He sailed in 1543, but the expedition was a failure, notwithstanding Cartier's farther discoveries in 1542. The diamonds and gold that Cartier's men showed Roberval have never since been found, and in 1544 Cartier made another voyage to bring the wretched survivors back to France. Roberval, it is said, again returned to the St. Lawrence, and with all his company sailed up the Saguenay; they were never heard of again.

The Malouins, Normans and Basques, who frequented the Lower St. Lawrence to fish and to trade for furs, used to go as far as Tadoussac before Champlain's time, and had penetrated a good way up the river before even Cartier; for they had fished on the banks of Newfoundland and on the Labrador coast for many years before his day; while the traditions of Dieppe tell of one Thomas Aubert, who ascended the St. Lawrence 240 miles, and brought an Indian to France in 1508.

Pontgravé was one of the adventurous merchants and captains of St. Malo. He had made several voyages to Tadoussac, and, with a kindred spirit, Pierre Chauvin, was commanded to found a colony and establish the Catholic faith there; for every commission in those days contained this pious clause, seriously enough meant, but generally interpreted as a license to "spoil the Egyptians." While Pontgravé preferred Three Rivers as a post, Chauvin laid in a supply of furs at Tadoussac, where sixteen of his men spent a wretched winter of hunger and cold in 1599. But, from this time out, the true sources of wealth in the Saguenay country were better appreciated, and visions of gold mines gave way to realities of cargoes of valuable furs, while the terrors of the interior have done service in perpetuating monopolies down to our own day. The superiority of the hunting, trapping, and fishing in this region was early recognized, and, as the means of drawing the largest possible ready money revenue from it, it was leased for twenty-one years at a time, in one vast block of 70,000 miles in area, three hundred miles long from Les Eboulements to the Moisic River,



ENTRANCE TO SAGUENAY RIVER.

and stretching back to the water-shed of Hudson's Bay. Thus the "Royaume du Saguenay" became the "Domaine du Roi."

In 1642 the port of Tadoussac was given by D' Argenson to twelve of the best *bourgeois* in the country. The first regular lease was to the Sieur Demaure in 1658. The Conseil d' Etat ordered a careful survey to be made in 1677, but the work was not carried out till 1732, when the surveyor Normandin completed a most faithful survey and map, from which the limits were fixed in the ordonnance of the Intendant Hocquart in 1733. The Saguenay country was better known during the French *régime* than the country in the interior between Quebec and Montreal. After the Cession of Canada to England, "The King's Posts" continued to be leased every twenty-one years; but as it was decidedly to the interests of the lessees to keep the

resources of the territory unknown, everything was done to encourage belief in its sterility, in the severity of its climate, in the dangerous nature of the navigation, in the height of and number of the falls and rapids to be surmounted; in short, everything to foster the general ignorance of the country, and to prevent competition, for the annual rental of this immense tract, with all the exclusive privileges, was measured by a few hundreds of pounds. In 1820, Monsieur P. Taché, the *seigneur* of Kamouraska, was examined before a Committee of the Legislative Assembly of Lower Canada. He had lived at Lake St. John for twenty-two years, and what he had to say of the forests, the richness of the soil, the climate, and the mineral wealth of that fertile valley, came like a revelation. The exploration made by Bouchette in 1828 brought confirmation of all this, and promise of much more; but the lease to the Hudson's Bay Company had not yet expired, and it was not till 1837 that the first steps could be taken towards settlement.

The good work was pushed on despite all difficulties by the brave colonists from the south shore parishes; little by little lonely trading posts, known only to the great Company, the Indians, and the dauntless missionaries, became thriving villages; a belt of settlements has spread from St. Alphonse and Chicoutimi, past the lonely shores of Lake Kenogami, west and far north in the rich and beautiful valley of Lake St. John; where the big pines fell beneath the lumberer's axe such a short time ago, there are now smiling fields of grain and rich pastures. And the work goes on bravely still, for there is room for many hundreds of thousands of people with willing hearts and ready hands. The "premieres années" are only just gone, of which it is so strange to hear from men, many of whom are lineal descendants of the first settlers who set foot in *La Nouvelle France.* What old Boucher told Colbert in 1663, when he went home to represent the wants of the colony, is just as true of the Canadian settlements to-day:—"*Les personnes qui sont bonnes dans ce Pays içy sont des gens qui mettent la main à l' œuvre,*" and his advice to emigrants is full of common sense:—"*Tous les pauvres gens seroient bien mieux içy qu'en France, pourveu qu'ils ne fussent pas paresseux; en un mot il ne faut personne içy, tant homme que femme, qui ne soit propre à mettre la main à l' œuvre, à moins que d' estre bien riche.*" "*Les Iroquois nos ennemis*" live peacefully at Caughnawaga; one must go farther still to see any rattlesnakes; the long winters and the mosquitoes, "*autrement appellés Cousins,*" are all that one can now point out as "*voila les plus grands incommoditez dont j'ay connoissance,*" and even they are not so bad as they used to be. In truth, the Saguenay is but the gateway to a magnificent country beyond, and the French Canadians have a North-west of their own at their very doors.

Tadoussac, as we see it from the mouth of the Saguenay, is to outward appearance much as it was in Champlain's time. His description of it answers as well to-day as then:

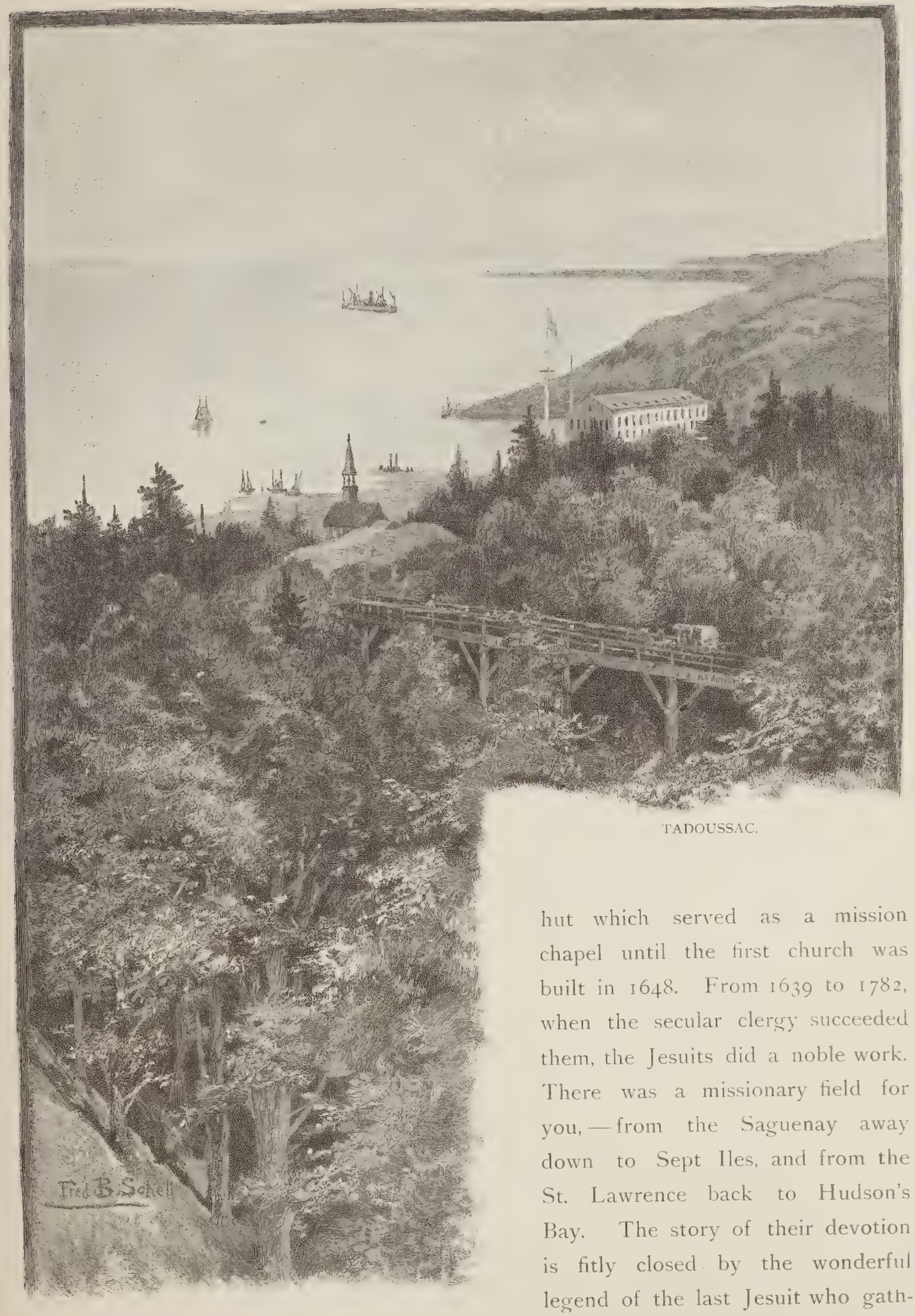
"Le dict port de Tadoussac est petit, où il ne pourroit que dix ou douze vaisseaux; mais il y a de l'eau assés à l'Est, à l'abry de la ditte Rivière de Saguenay, le long d'une petite Montaigne qui est presque coupée de la mer. Le reste ce sont Montaignes haultes elevées où il y' a peu de terre, sinon rochers et sables remplis de bois de pins, cyprez, sapins et quelques manières d'arbres de peu. Il y a un petit estang, proche du dit port, renfermé de Montaignes couvertes de bois."

"The said port of Tadoussac is small, and could hold only ten or twelve vessels; but there is water enough to the east, sheltered by the said River of Saguenay, along a little mountain which is almost cut in two by the sea. For the rest there are mountains of high elevation, where there is little soil, except rocks and sands filled with wood of pines, cypresses, spruces, and some kinds of underwood. There is a little pond near the said port, enclosed by mountains covered with wood."

Not much of the village is visible from the mouth of the river; it lies on the first of the benches scarped in the enormous banks of alluvium and sand that were washed down here and lodged in the flanks of the hills, when this stupendous rent in the earth made a new outlet for the waters of a great inland sea, that must then have existed, and farther evidences of which we shall see at the other end of the Saguenay.

Clumps of pyramid-like spruces cover the second level, round which the hills close in complete semicircle. The view from this plateau is magnificent. In front you look across the St. Lawrence, here twenty-five miles wide, and as smooth perhaps as a sheet of glass, past Ile. aux Lièvres, Ile. Rouge, Ile. Blanche, Ile. Verte, towards Cacouna and Rivière du Loup where the south shore is but a narrow blue streak sown all over with white specks, visible only on a clear, bright summer day like this. At the side is the dark Saguenay, and from this height you clearly see the well-defined line where its black waters and deep bed meet the blue and shallow St. Lawrence, and you descry the reefs where the tide-rip throws strange frowns into the calm face of the stream; up to the right you enfilade the coast we have just passed.

The big hotel is always full, for Tadoussac is a charming place to spend a summer in. Lord Dufferin found it so, and his example brought others to build pretty cottages. Champlain's "petit estang" is now the lake that supplies the ponds of the Government Fish-breeding establishment down at the Anse à l'Eau, where you may see thousands of young salmon in all stages of development, from the ova to lively little fellows a couple of inches long, ready to people the shallows of some depleted river; and you may watch hundreds of the parent fish swimming majestically round the pond at the outlet, or leaping in vain at the net-work barrier that separates them from the Saguenay and freedom. The Hudson's Bay Company's post is worth seeing, though sadly shorn of its former glories in the days of monopoly. But chief in interest is the little church, built in 1750, on the site of the bark-covered



TADOUSSAC.

hut which served as a mission chapel until the first church was built in 1648. From 1639 to 1782, when the secular clergy succeeded them, the Jesuits did a noble work. There was a missionary field for you, — from the Saguenay away down to Sept Iles, and from the St. Lawrence back to Hudson's Bay. The story of their devotion is fitly closed by the wonderful legend of the last Jesuit who gath-

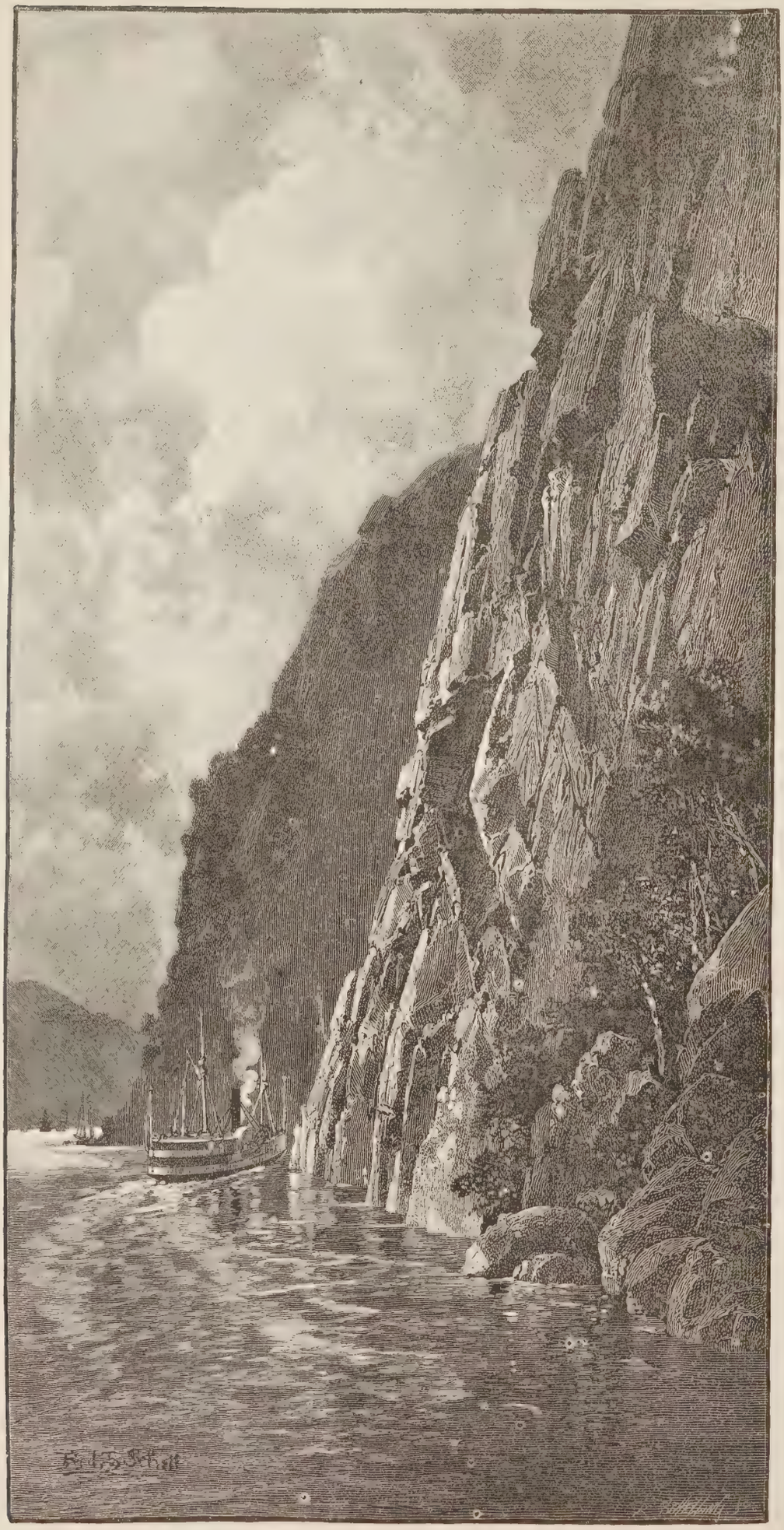


CAPE TRINITY.

ered the swarthy Montagnais round him in this very church, Père La Brosse, whose memory is dear among them to this day. It comes from an eye-witness, who died in 1674, and is thoroughly well attested; explain it as you may.

The father had been working hard all day, as usual, among his converts and in the services of the church, and had spent the evening in pleasant converse with some of the officers of the post. Their amazement and incredulity may be imagined when, as he got up to go, he bade them good-bye for eternity, and announced that at midnight he would be a corpse, adding that the bell of his chapel would toll for his passing soul at that hour. He told them that if they did not believe him they could go and see for themselves, but begged them not to touch his body. He bade them fetch Messire Compain, who would be waiting for them next day at the lower end of Isle aux Coudres, to wrap him in his shroud and bury him; and this they were to do without heeding what the weather should be, for he would answer for the safety of those who undertook the voyage. The little party, astounded, sat, watch in hand, marking the hours pass, till at the first stroke of midnight the chapel-bell began to toll, and, trembling with fear, they rushed into the church. There, prostrate before the altar, hands joined in prayer, shrouding his face alike from the first glimpse of the valley of the shadow of death, and from the dazzling glory of the waiting angels, lay Père La Brosse, dead. What fear and sorrow must have mingled with the pious hopes and tender prayers of those rough traders and rougher Indians as, awe-stricken, they kept vigil that April night. With sunrise came a violent storm; but mindful of his command and promise, four brave men risked their lives on the water. The lashing waves parted to form a calm path for their canoe, and wondrously soon they were at Isle aux Coudres. There, as had been foretold by Père La Brosse, was M. Compain waiting on the rocks, breviary in hand, and as soon as they were in hearing, his shout told them he knew their strange errand. For the night before he had been mysteriously warned; the bell of his church was tolled at midnight by invisible hands, and a voice had told him what had happened and was yet to happen, and had bid him be ready to do his office. In all the missions that Père La Brosse had served the church bells, it is said, marked that night his dying moment.

To this charming legend the Abbé Casgrain adds: "For many years the Indians, going up and down the Saguenay, never passed Tadoussac without praying in the church where reposed the body of him who had been to them the image of their Heavenly Father. They prostrated themselves with faces to the ground above his tomb, and, placing their mouths at a little opening made in the floor of the choir, they talked to him as in his lifetime, with a confidence that could not fail to touch God's heart. Then they applied their ears to the orifice to hear the saint's answer. In the ingenuousness of their faith and simplicity of their hearts they imagined that the good father heard them in his coffin, that he answered their questions, and after-



UNDER CAPE TRINITY.

wards transmitted to God their prayers. This touching custom has ceased since the removal of the remains of Père La Brosse; the abandonment and ruin into which the chapel of Tadoussac had fallen decided the removal of these holy relics a good many years ago to the Church of Chicoutimi."

The missionaries had not always to deal with such docile savages, for, in the summer of 1661, the Iroquois descended to Tadoussac and killed several Frenchmen. Fathers Dablon and Druillètes escaped, having started up the river on a journey to Hudson's Bay, in which expedition, however, they did not succeed. In 1628 the Kertks took possession of the post, and one may be sure that, in those days of hard knocks and strong opinions, the Jesuits

did not fare too well at the hands of Huguenots, who for their religion had to give up their nationality and seek service with England.

In ascending the Saguenay for the first time the scale of its scenery is bewildering; everything is deceptive, till even a feeling of disappointment mingles with that of awe. Norwegian fiords are grander, and the Rhine is more picturesque, so the glib tourists say as they wonder at the impression which these seemingly low hills so evidently make upon all on board. But by degrees the immensity and majesty assert themselves. As an abrupt turn brings the steamer close in shore, you realize that the other bank is a mile, aye two miles distant, and that the black band at the base of the mountains, which roll away one beyond the other, is in truth the shadowed face of a mighty cliff, rising sheer from the water's edge, like that which now towers nearly two thousand feet above you. There is an indescribable grandeur in the very monotony of the interminable succession of precipice and gorge, of lofty bluff and deep-hewn bay; no mere monotony of outline, for every bend of the river changes the pictures in the majestic panorama of hills, water, and sky, and every rock has its individuality; but the overwhelming reiteration of the same grand theme with infinite variety of detail, till the senses are overpowered by the evidences of mighty force—force, which you know, as surely as you see those grim masses of syenite, split and rent by upheaval, seamed and scarred by ice-bergs, was once suddenly, irresistibly active, but has now lain dormant for ages of ages. There is the inevitable sternness of the manifestation of great power, and this effect is heightened by the transparency of the atmosphere, which allows no softening of the clear-cut lines, and heightens their bold sweep by intense shadows sharply defined. There is no rich foliage; forest fires have swept and blackened the hill tops; a scanty growth of sombre firs and slender birches replaces the lordly pines that once crowned the heights, and struggles for a foothold along the sides of the ravines and on the ledges of the cliffs, where the naked rock shows through the tops of trees. The rare signs of life only accentuate the lonely stillness. A few log-houses on an opportune ledge that overhangs a niche-like cove, a shoal of white porpoises gambolling in the current, a sea-gull circling overhead, a white sail in the distance, and a wary loon, whose mocking call echoes from the rocks,—what are they in the face of these hills which were made when "the springs of waters were seen, and the foundations of the round world were discovered."

Some writers describe the Saguenay as cold, dreary, inhuman, gloomy. Surely they never saw it with the light of the rising sun streaming through its gorges, gladdening its vast solitudes, dancing on the ripple of the current, gleaming over the broad, calm bays, playing on the waterfalls that shine like silver threads among the dark-green firs, searching out the inmost recesses of the giant clefts, throwing warmth and colour into grey syenite and sombre gneiss. Did they trace the reflection of Cape Eternity down through unfathomable depths, and then with bewildered eye follow the

unbroken sweep of that calm profile upwards and upwards, till sight was led on past the clouds into the infinite? Had the triune majesty of Cape Trinity, stern, solemn, and mysterious, no other impression for them than one of gloom? Did these mountain walls not seem to them like lofty portals, guiding straight into the opal glory that lights the western sky at sunset? Throughout all this grandeur of lonely Nature in her wildest mood, there comes a calm which tempers awe. You feel why the Poet King found in the great rocks his imagery of security, and how truly he sang, "The mountains also shall bring peace."

After sixty miles of this overpowering ruggedness, the fields and houses around Ha-Ha Bay bring back a memory of civilization,—not a very pronounced impression, for the little hamlets of St. Alphonse and St. Alexis, and the scattered cottages which are with difficulty distinguished from the gigantic boulders strewn along the slopes, seem lost in the vast amphitheatre. The story goes that the bay was named from the surprised laugh of the first French explorers who, sailing as they thought straight up the river, found themselves in this huge *cul-de-sac.* The name is apter to express the feeling of relief one experiences when the mountains recede for a space, and afford as it were license to speak with unbated breath. To a geologist the traces of the great convulsion are nowhere more striking than here, where you have the evidences of an almost inconceivable torrent. The bay is, in truth, simply what is left unfilled of one branch of the Saguenay cleft. Twenty miles straight on inland, Lake Kenogami, fifteen miles long, half a mile wide, a thousand feet deep, surrounded by cliffs and mountains, confirms the proof that the immense alluvial deposits, which form the greater part of the peninsular-shaped strip from Lake St. John to where the Saguenay and Ha-Ha Bay separate, are the *débris*, washed down by a flood like thousands of Niagaras tearing through an abyss opened in a moment. The islands in Lake St. John, and the smooth, rocky hillocks that occur so strangely in the clay-lands above Chicoutimi, are the water-polished tops of mountains buried in sand and clay.

At Ha-Ha Bay arable lands begin. Once beyond the hill and you can drive on a good road one hundred and fifty miles or so over a score of rivers, away past the south-west shore of Lake St. John. Many a happy settlement will you see, only waiting for a railway and a market to develop it into a thriving town. Away beyond them again, to the north, up the two hundred and twenty miles of rapid and fall over which the River Mistassini drains the water of Lake Mistassini, which is nearly as large as Lake Ontario; up the Ashuapmouchouan to the north-west, and the broad Peribonca to the north-east; southwards down the Metabetchouan, and along the chain of lakes that stretch to near Quebec; all round this lovely Lake St. John are fertile valleys waiting to be peopled. The vastness of the vast Dominion of Canada is getting to be a rather threadbare topic for Governors-General and emigration agents; but has any one really a conception of the room there is in it for willing workers, when in one

province only, and that a much maligned and sorely despised one, there is a country good for so much and so many as this almost unknown portion of Quebec.

But our way lies along the Saguenay a while longer. The narrow passage once passed, where the steamer undergoes the stern scrutiny of Cap Est and Cap Ouest, grim and stark cliffs, set only half a mile apart, one begins to see tiny settlements here and there in the ravines between the flanks of the hills, and on the narrow strips of meadow between their base and the river. Trees are more numerous and of a sturdier growth. Cattle are browsing, and people driving along the roads. Boats are moving about, and tugs are taking lumber to the vessels anchored in mid-stream.

In the distance the tall spire of Chicoutimi church marks the end of the steamer's voyage, for Chicoutimi is well named, if the derivation from the Cree, "Ishko-timew," "up to here it is deep," be correct, and Pére Lajeune, in the "*Relation*" of 1661, says that Chicoutimi is "*lieu remarquable pour être la terme de la belle navigation et le commencement des portages.*"

Chicoutimi is set on an hill and cannot be hid. It is not a city indeed, but it is an incorporated town, the seat of a bishopric. Beautiful for situation, it is the joy of the whole little world up here. For are there not sidewalks, and shops, and a convent, and a college, and a good hotel, the view from the gallery of which is something to live for.

Chicoutimi was one of the earliest Jesuit missions and a great fur-trading centre, becoming afterwards one of the principal posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1670 a chapel was built, and in 1727 another, of the fragrant and durable white cedar. The latter was in crumbling existence in 1850, but had been sadly pulled to pieces by relic-hunting visitors. The remains of the little building were finally covered with a mound of earth by Mr. Price in order to save them from destruction, and the site was railed round. Many interesting relics from the interior have been preserved. The Chicoutimi River forms a fine fall of forty feet high just at the end of the main street. This river, in its course of seventeen miles from Lake Kenogami, descends 486 feet by seven falls and a continuous series of rapids. The portage at one of the falls takes its name of "Portage de l'Enfant" from the story of an Indian baby, who was left in a canoe that, being carelessly fastened, was carried away by the current and leaped the fall of fifty feet without upsetting. At the mouth of the Chicoutimi is the great lumbering establishment of Messrs. Price Brothers & Co., the veritable kings of the Saguenay, whose influence is as far reaching as it is beneficently exercised. The founder of the house, Mr. David Price, Sr., may truly be said to have "made" the Saguenay district, and his memory is justly held in respect. The stories of his wars with the Hudson's Bay Company, when told by some old French canoe-man at the camp-fire, sound like bits from the Book of Chronicles. Nearly everybody in this region is, or has been, a lumberer, canoe-man, or a gatherer of spruce gum, of which quantities are exported from Chicoutimi to make varnish and for other purposes. It

takes little persuasion to coax a man to spend a summer in a canoeing trip, or to join "*les gens qui font la drave*," as they oddly paraphrase the English lumberers' expression, "to drive" logs down stream.

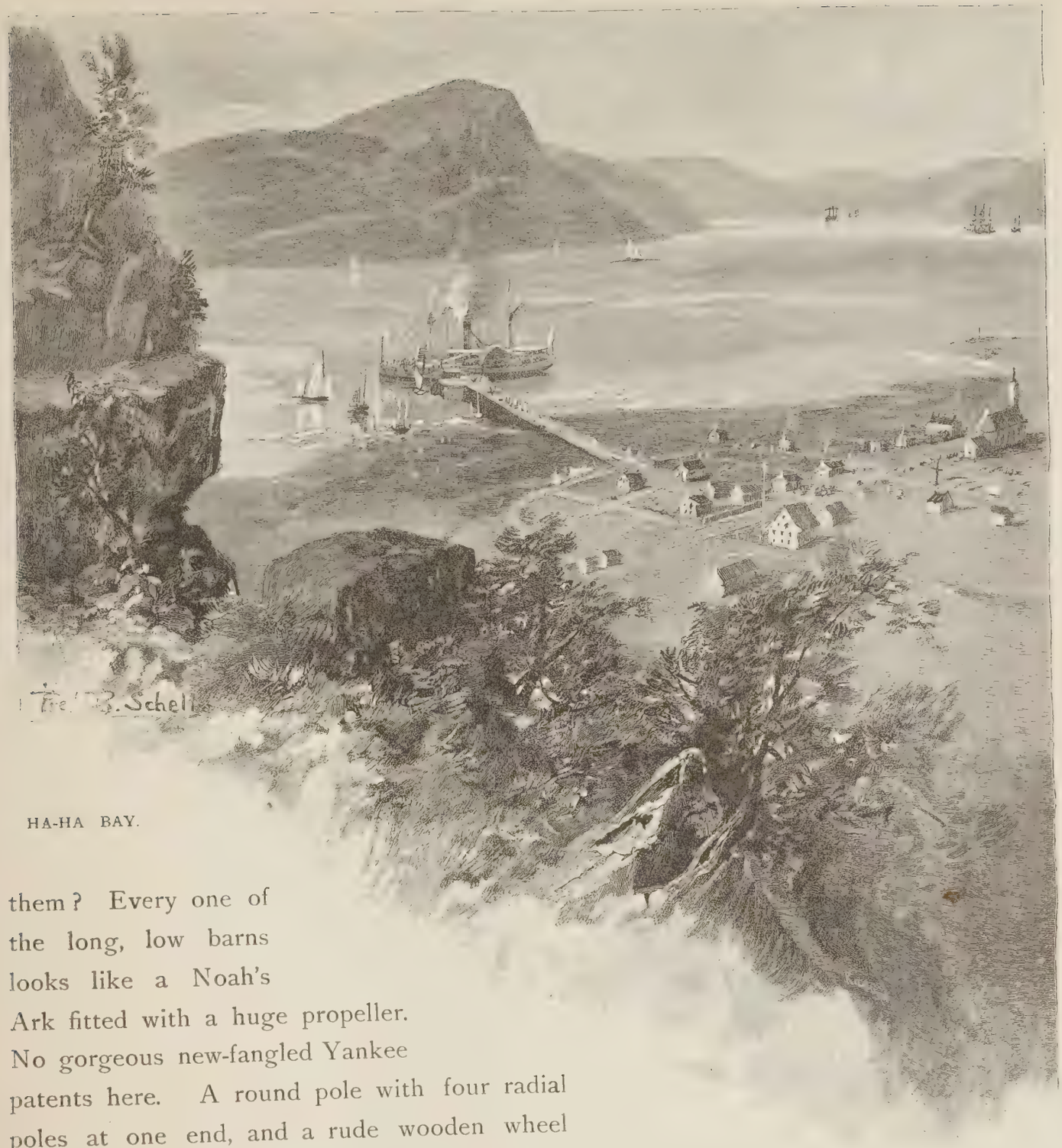
Opposite Chicoutimi is the picturesque village of Ste. Anne, perched on a bold bluff, along the edge of which winds the road that leads to *Terres Rompues*, the "broken lands," whence you take a last look down the long, beautiful vista of the Saguenay, before you turn to scale the thirty-five miles of falls and rapids that have to be mounted before you see the birth-place of this mighty river, which is as broad and deep and strong at its very beginning as it is at its mouth.

But there is no space here to tell of the beauties and wonders of the Upper Saguenay, of the headlong rush with which the waters of Lake St. John, that is fed by forty streams, three of them rivers as large as the Saguenay itself, tear through the narrow confine at the head of the Grand Discharge, of the gigantic whirlpools and the rapids, where the waves toss hillocks of milk-white foam high in the air, of the lovely island-studded expanses, of the isolated settlements and their simple, good-hearted people, of the rocky portages, of the "*wananishe*," loveliest and gamest of all the salmon tribe, of the monster pike and doré, of the swarming trout, of the beavers and the bears. Nor of Lake St. John, with its blue fringe of mountains, its rolling waves, and the great white veil of the Ouiatchouan Fall, visible for thirty miles from every point, as it leaps three hundred feet from a rocky bluff, a lasting testimony of the great cataclysm that surprised the river before it could change its bed. You must see them yourself, leave the tourist groove, and on the stream and by camp-fire, with your brown-faced guides, live the life and sing the song of him

"*En canot d'écorce qui va.*"

So far the north side of the Lower St. Lawrence has furnished these sketches. Not that the other shore is devoid of attraction. The beaten track for ordinary travellers runs indeed at the back of everything. You might travel over the Intercolonial Railway year in and year out without guessing what beautiful bits of scenery, quaint old parishes, and charming people are to be found just beyond the aggravating ridge that lies between the railway and the river. To be sure one gets an occasional glimpse of the St. Lawrence—a fleeting picture framed in a window-sash—that wakes an uneasy feeling of missing a good deal that ought to be seen; there are some lovely views at the river crossings; and a saunter through the train, or a hurried walk on a station-platform, suggests that there is a good deal to study of a life quite different from anything else in America.

Just a word for the windmills. Out of Holland, was ever a country so full of



HA-HA BAY.

them? Every one of the long, low barns looks like a Noah's Ark fitted with a huge propeller. No gorgeous new-fangled Yankee patents here. A round pole with four radial poles at one end, and a rude wooden wheel at the other. When the wind blows the *habitant* fastens four boards to the four poles, the sails are complete, and, while his wheat is thrashing, he can sing like his brother, the raftsman—

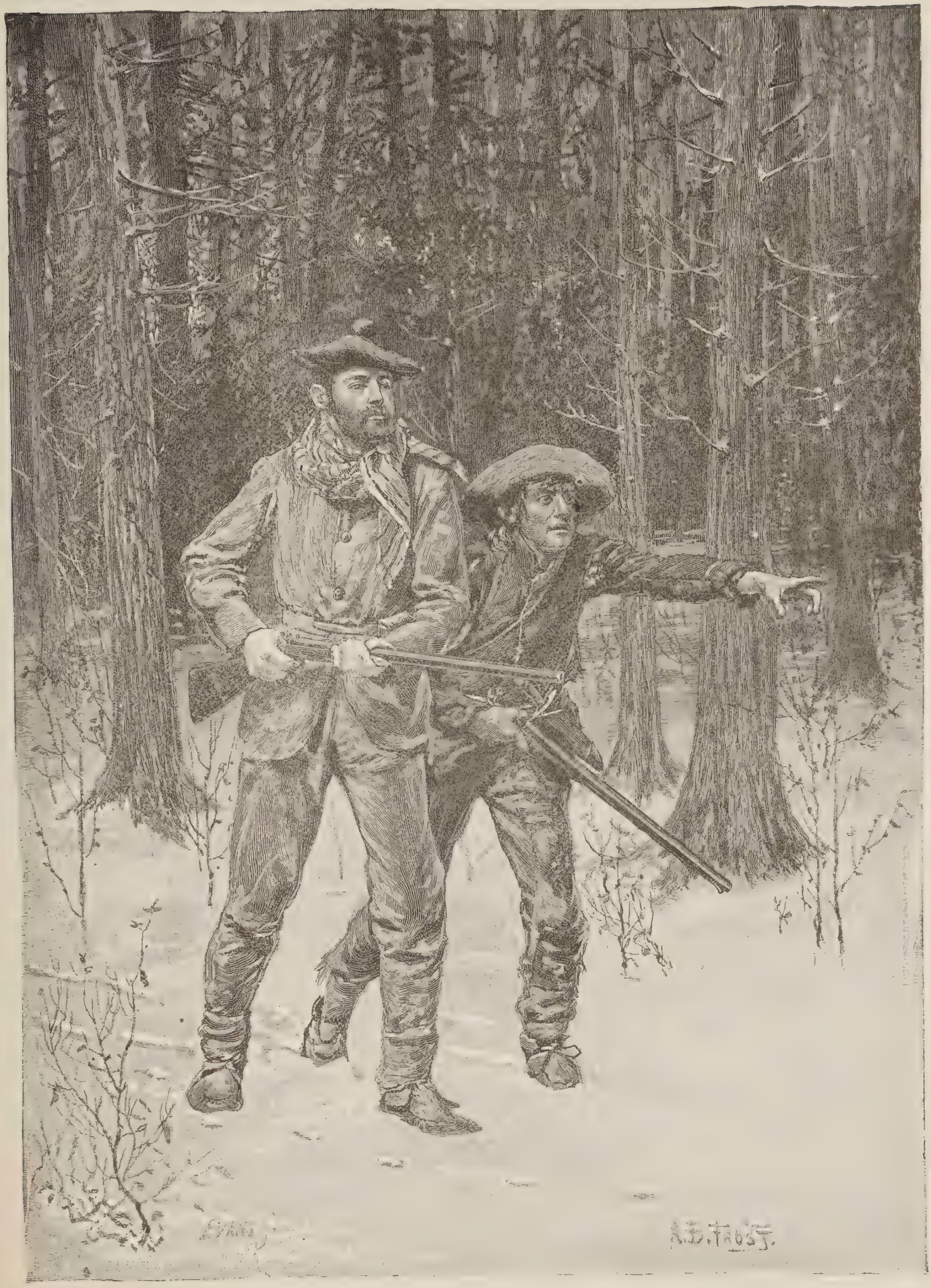
"V'la le bon vent, v'la le joli vent
Ma mie m'appelle."

No need for a broad tail to pivot the machine to windward. Nature wants no weather-cocks here; the barns are oriented as carefully as the churches, for the breeze

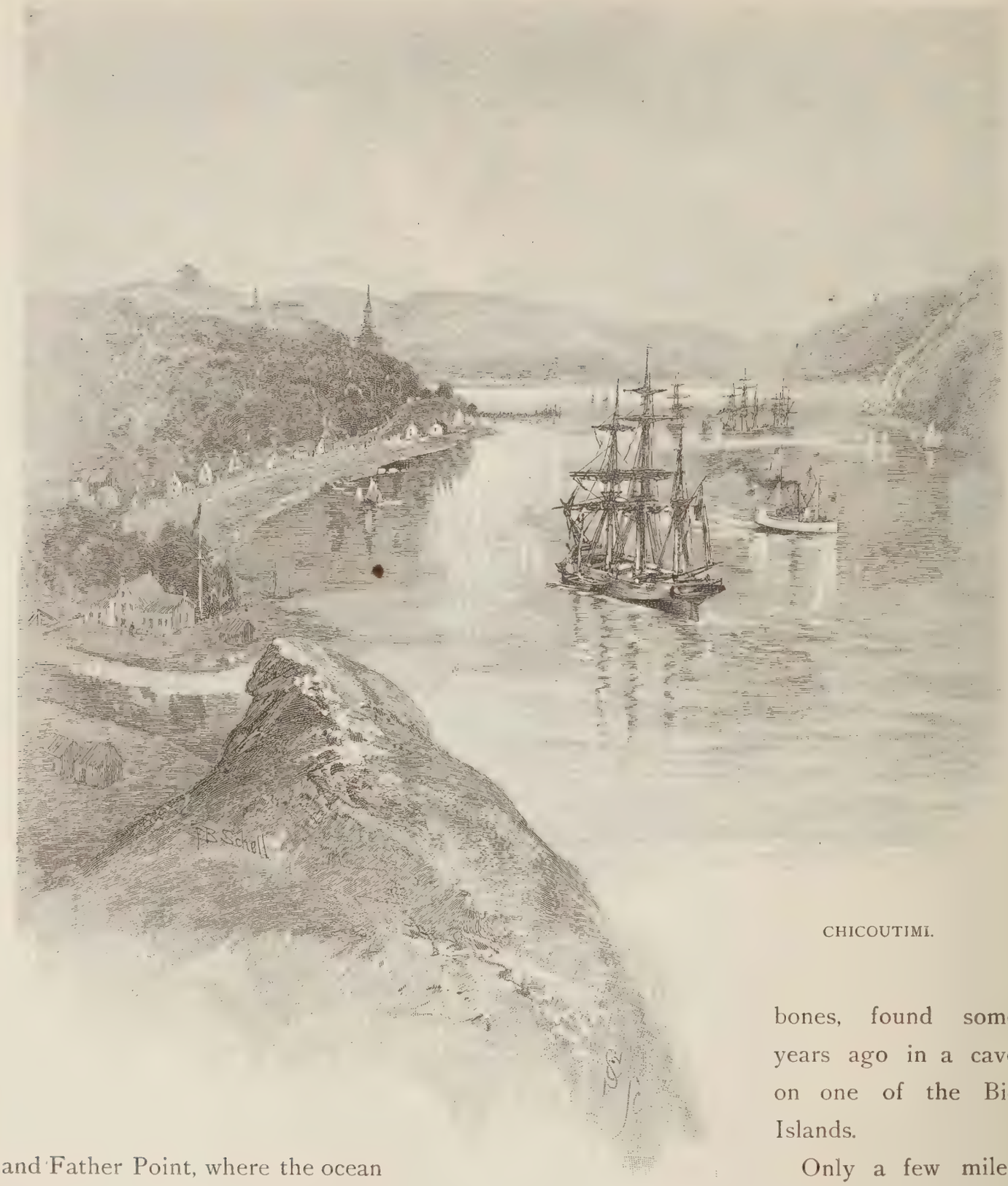
blows either up or down the river, cold and foggy from the north-east, balmy and cloud-dispelling from the south-west.

It is not till Bic is nearly reached that the St. Lawrence bursts full upon the view, and the salt air blows fresh in your face. Bic is a charming spot. In contrast with the wide vistas of the northern shore, you have here a picture, the whole of which the eye seizes at a glance, yet it is on a grand scale. The hills, not surpassed in height and abruptness by those of Murray Bay and Les Eboulements, form a frame-work round the quadrangular bay, whose waters find their way in among them by numerous coves, bordered by sharp slopes and rugged hillocks. A beach stretches away from the steep incline, above which the village lies along a snug plateau. At low tide, beyond the beach, are wide flats, where black and sea-weed covered rocks surround little pools. Through the flats meander the waters of two rivers, one at each end of the bay, placidly resting after their impetuous course down the ravines, and glad to reach their end. The narrow mouth of the bay is guarded by tall bluffs, between which stretch two islands, forming a natural breakwater against the swell that the north-east wind dashes in vain against their steep shores. A few miles out the deeply-wooded island of Bic lies dark on the blue expanse, and away beyond is the northern coast, misty and vague on the horizon.

Long ago, when the Souriquois, as the Micmac branch of the great Algonquin family were called, held the shores of the St. Lawrence from Gaspé to Stadacona, the Toudamans, the forbears of the Iroquois, harried them incessantly, as afterwards the Iroquois harried the Hurons and the French. A band of Souriquois were camped once on the shore at Bic, when their scouts found signs of the enemy's near approach. Women and children were many, and warriors few; escape by land was hopeless, and there were not enough canoes for all. So they sought shelter in a cave on one of the islands; but the lynx-eyed Iroquois descried the faint tracks almost effaced by the tide, and, at low water, waded out to the assault, which, thrice repulsed, was renewed at each ebb-tide. Fire did what numbers could not effect. Those of the Micmacs who were not suffocated in the cavern were driven by the flames to meet death and scalping on the rocks outside. Five warriors, however, had gone to bring help from their kinsmen, the Malecites, on the head-waters of the River St. John, and they took a fearful vengeance. The exultant Iroquois found their *cache* discovered, their canoes and provisions destroyed, and a weary march before them of hundreds of miles through a strange country, with watchful and wily foes always on their trail. Not one of the Iroquois reached home. Such is a meagre outline of the thrilling story the old Micmac hunters will tell you, with many a contemptuous sneer at their hereditary enemies. Donnacona told it to Cartier; M. Taché has embodied it in one of his graphic "*Trois Légendes*," and the name of the "*Ilet du Massacre*" perpetuates the tradition, which Ferland says is confirmed by the discovery of a mass of human



THERE HE IS!



CHICOUTIMI.

bones, found some years ago in a cave on one of the Bic Islands.

and Father Point, where the ocean steamers land their passengers, impatient of another half-day's sea voyage to Quebec, are passed, and then the train turns sharply away from the river to wind through the ravines of Metis, to clamber over the hills to Tortague and Sayabec, and to descend the valley of the crystal Matapedia, following the canoe route the Indians have used for centuries, and which many a priest had to tramp on snow-shoes on his solitary winter journey to the Baie des Chaleurs Missions. They were stout of heart and sturdy of limb those early missionaries. Just think of Pére Albanel, the same who mounted the Saguenay, walk-

Only a few miles more and Rimouski

ing all the way from Percé to Quebec in the winter of 1679. Yet it is set down as a mere item in his itinerary, a matter of business necessity; tiresome, but quite in the usual course.

However, we are going to Percé by water. The breeze freshens; the long, slow swell has in it somewhat of the ocean's roll; the opposite shore begins to fade away, for at Point de Mons the coast trends sharply to the north-east, so that at Moisic there is seventy miles width of water; and the river is becoming the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Skirting the south shore we pass Ile. St. Barnabé, where, towards the end of last century, a hermit lived; Cap à la Baleine, reminding one of the whale-fishing of the Basques, where Cartier turned homewards on his first voyage; Les Ilets Méchins, the "evil islands," where the giant demon lay in wait for unbaptized Indians, and brained them with a pine-tree for a club; Cap Chat, a stupid vulgarism of Cap de Chastes, where the First Royals were wrecked in 1813. The St. Lawrence has been the tomb of many an English soldier and sailor before and since then. In 1690, Sir William Phipps lost nine of his ships as he returned from the unsuccessful attack on Quebec. Over there, to the northward, you can just make out through the glass the rocky shore of lonely Ile. aux Œufs, where, on a foggy August night in 1711, eight transports of Sir Hovenden Walker's ill-fated fleet were wrecked on the reefs, and, when morning broke, the sands were strewn with the red-coated bodies of a thousand of Queen Anne's best soldiers, and Quebec was again saved. Tradition has it that Jean Paradis, an old French sea-dog, who had been captured by the English, would not act as pilot, and allowed them to run straight on to death; also that a Miss Routh, one of the Court beauties, who had eloped with Sir Hovenden Walker, was drowned in the *Smyrna Merchant*, one of the lost transports.

The cliffs seem low, but they are three hundred feet above the beach. At Ste. Anne des Monts the hills tower to a height of a thousand feet only half a mile back from the shore, and behind them rise the Shickshaws and the Notre-Dame range, which is the backbone of the Gaspé Peninsula, and the easternmost prolongation of the Alleghanies. The snow lies deep on these mountains long into the year, and covers them again when as yet the leaves have hardly fallen in the valleys below. It is a wild country there. Just one road follows the contours of that rocky coast all the way to Gaspé. It leads through lonely ravines rich with foliage; it crosses many a beautiful gorge and sparkling stream; it climbs the hills here; and there it creeps round their base on the gravelly beach; it passes through sombre woods, to come out again to full daylight on the very edge of tremendous precipices, at whose foot the surf beats incessantly; it has old fashioned-ferries across the coves; it leads to no towns, only to little out-of-the-world fishing villages and signal stations; it has no cross-roads. If you would cross the mountains, you must follow the salmon up the

river, or the track of the caribou to the mossy swamps, where the pitcher plant, the Indian's cup, has its home, to where the lakes lie still and calm amid the hills, and the waters turn towards the Baie des Chaleurs.

Past the Cap de la Madelaine, where the wail of the "*Braillard de la Madelaine*," crying for Christian sepulture, is heard all night long above the howling of the storm



ON THE UPPER SAGUENAY.

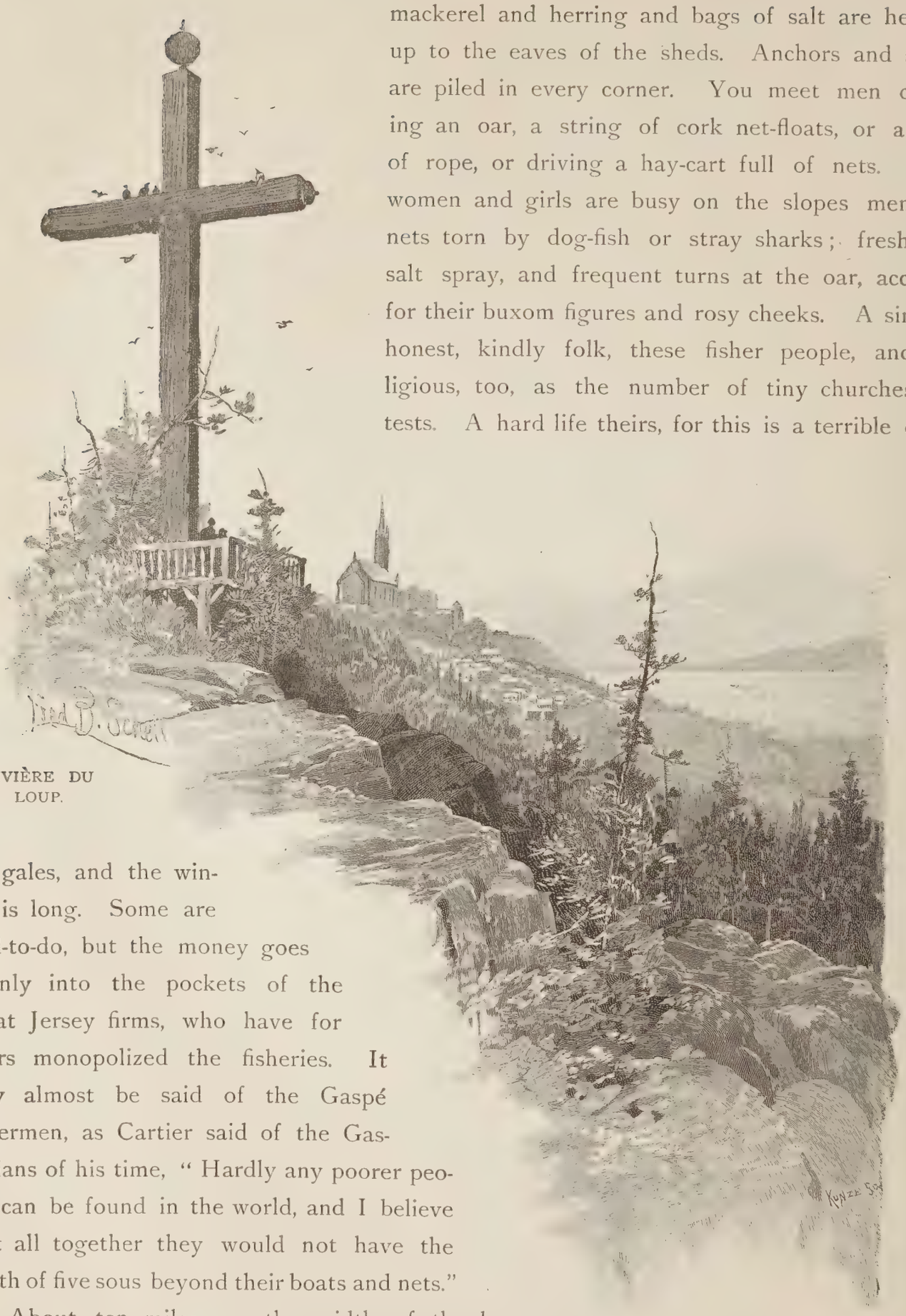
and the roar of the breakers; past Fox River and Cap des Rosiers, whence the French outposts first saw Wolfe's fleet, and where, on stormy nights, the emigrants drowned in the "Carrick" call in vain for rescue from the terrible surf; and Cap Gaspé is in view.

The Confederation Act has given Cape Breton a statutory claim to be the Land's End of Canada; but Cap Gaspé has history, tradition and etymology in its favour. At sight of it the two Indians, whom Cartier was bringing back to their own country, the first Canadians that visited the Old World, cried with joy, Honguedo! Honguedo!, and this bold promontory, held firm by the mountains against the ceaseless assaults of the sea, was long the sign that "La Nouvelle France" was at last in sight. M. Faucher de Saint Maurice says that in Montagnais tongue it is called "*Guihakspèque*," which is, being interpreted, "the end of the earth." Its cliffs, seven hundred feet sheer, overhang the sea for miles in one stern unbroken wall of grey rock, banded with red and

black, polished by the incessant lashing of the spray, which the open ocean dashes far up its face, and tenanted by clouds of sea-birds. Above the cape rises its mountain buttress, towering from mossy slopes of *débris*, that cross each other in wild confusion at the base of a mighty precipice, where crystal rills trickle down, and the dainty blue bells cling to the crevices, and the wild rose finds a foothold. Up to 1851, *Le Forillon*, a strange, isolated rock, stood solitary in the sea, a stone's throw from the end of the point; it has given its name to the whole promontory, and its Indian name, *Katsepiou*, "that which is separate," is the original of Gaspé, appropriately enough, for this is an isolated region indeed. The French called the rock "*La Vieille*," from the resemblance, Ferland says, the bunch of trees on its summit gave it to "the head of a woman covered with a large coif, such as our Canadian grandmothers used to wear." The English name, "Ship Head," taken from its subsequent strange likeness to a ship under full sail, is still given to the point. But the waves have long since swept away all traces of the rock itself.

And now Gaspé Bay opens to view. It is a lovely sheet of water, fifteen miles long, five or six wide at its mouth. All along the north side it is closely bordered by the mountains, whose steep slopes end abruptly in cliffs at the waters' edge. A mighty upheaval there must have been to tilt the whole country up at such an angle, for the perpendicular precipices on the St. Lawrence site are but the clean-cut outer edge of the harder strata at the foundation of the hills. The cliffs are indented by well-like coves, where strips of sand, and beaches richly coloured with pebbles of all hues, afford room to land the boats and dry the nets of the numerous fishing stations that stud the shore. In many places ladders lead down into these coves, for the banks are so straight that you can drive along their edge and look down into the boats lying alongside the floats. On the edge of the coves are the warehouses, one storey high on the plateau above, three or four where, supported on staging and piles, they overhang the water. Round the warehouses are clusters of cottages; there are fields and grain growing in them, and very pleasant are these bright spots among the dark woods and sombre hill-tops. Evidently the people are farmers only when the wind blows too high for the boats to go out, or when the fish have not "struck in." The crops are not poor, for the soil, though rocky just here, is good when there is any soil at all, and there is abundance of magnificent farming land in the rich valleys and fertile intervals of Gaspé County. There are all the characteristics of a fishing village. Everything is built to stand a hard blow. There are nets everywhere, hanging on the fences, piled up by the roadside, dangling from the gables at the barns. Boats are at anchor in fleets off shore, hauled up in rows on the beach, and lying in the fields and gardens; when quite past service in the water they do duty on land as hencoops and pig-stys. There are fish-flakes, made like hurdles and covered with dried cod and haddock, which little boys lazily turn, so as to give sun and air full play. Barrels of

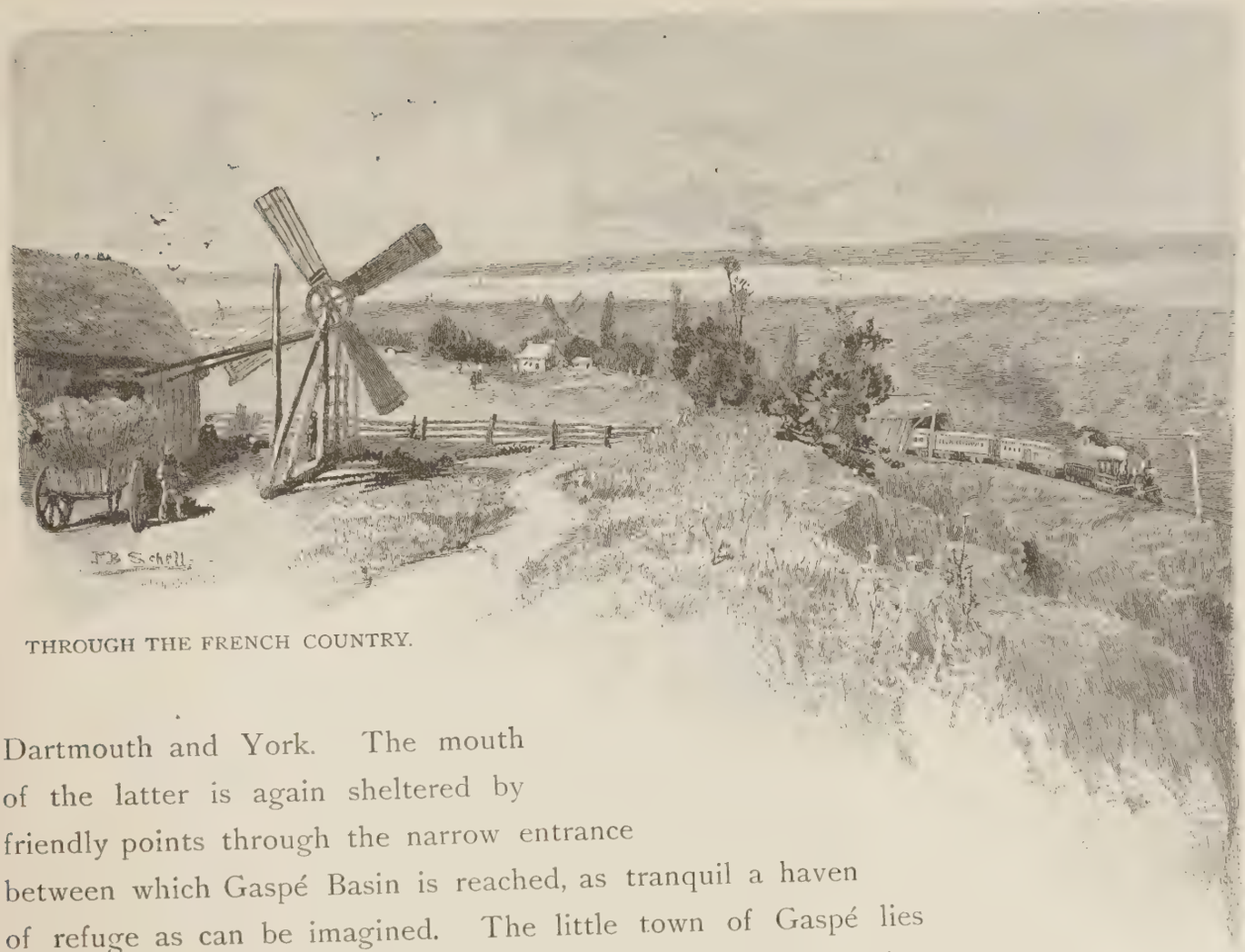
mackerel and herring and bags of salt are heaped up to the eaves of the sheds. Anchors and spars are piled in every corner. You meet men carrying an oar, a string of cork net-floats, or a coil of rope, or driving a hay-cart full of nets. The women and girls are busy on the slopes mending nets torn by dog-fish or stray sharks; fresh air, salt spray, and frequent turns at the oar, account for their buxom figures and rosy cheeks. A simple, honest, kindly folk, these fisher people, and religious, too, as the number of tiny churches attests. A hard life theirs, for this is a terrible coast



RIVIÈRE DU LOUP.

for gales, and the winter is long. Some are well-to-do, but the money goes mainly into the pockets of the great Jersey firms, who have for years monopolized the fisheries. It may almost be said of the Gaspé fishermen, as Cartier said of the Gaspésians of his time, "Hardly any poorer people can be found in the world, and I believe that all together they would not have the worth of five sous beyond their boats and nets."

About ten miles up, the width of the bay decreases to three, and goes on narrowing for four miles farther, where two long capes projecting, one on each side, make a natural breakwater for a beautiful harbour formed by the estuaries of the Rivers

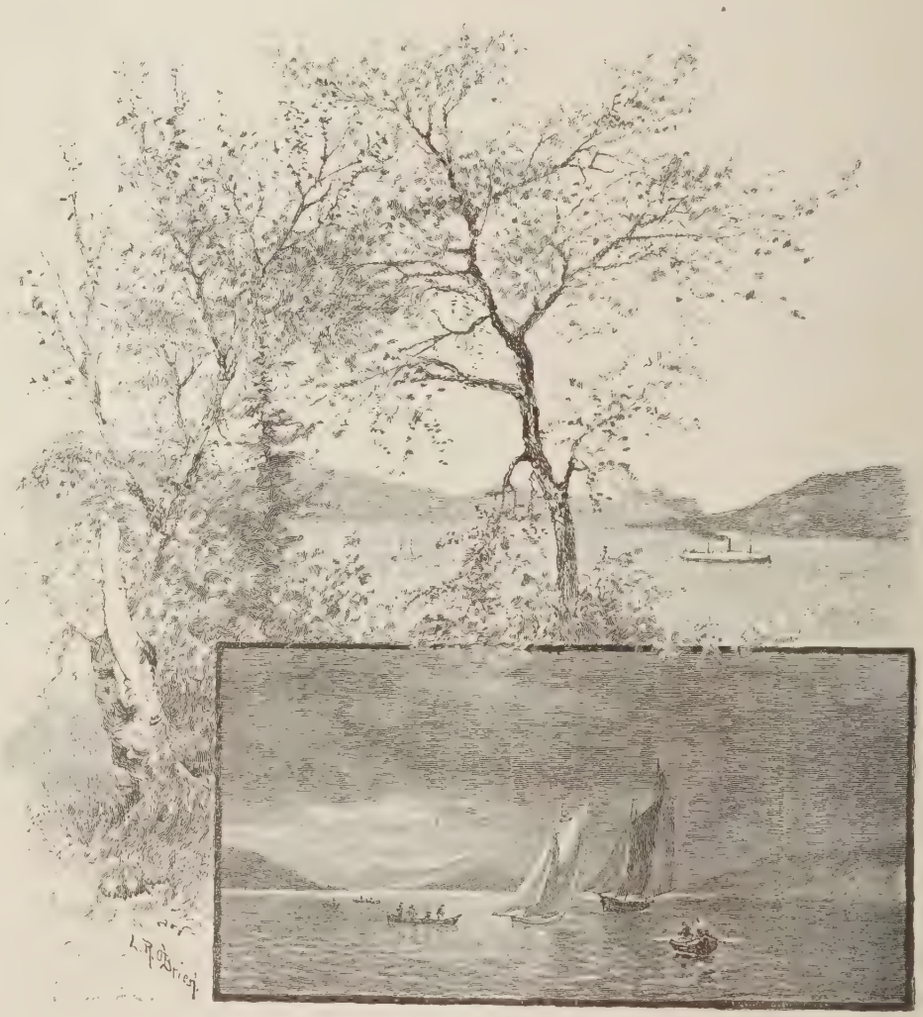


THROUGH THE FRENCH COUNTRY.

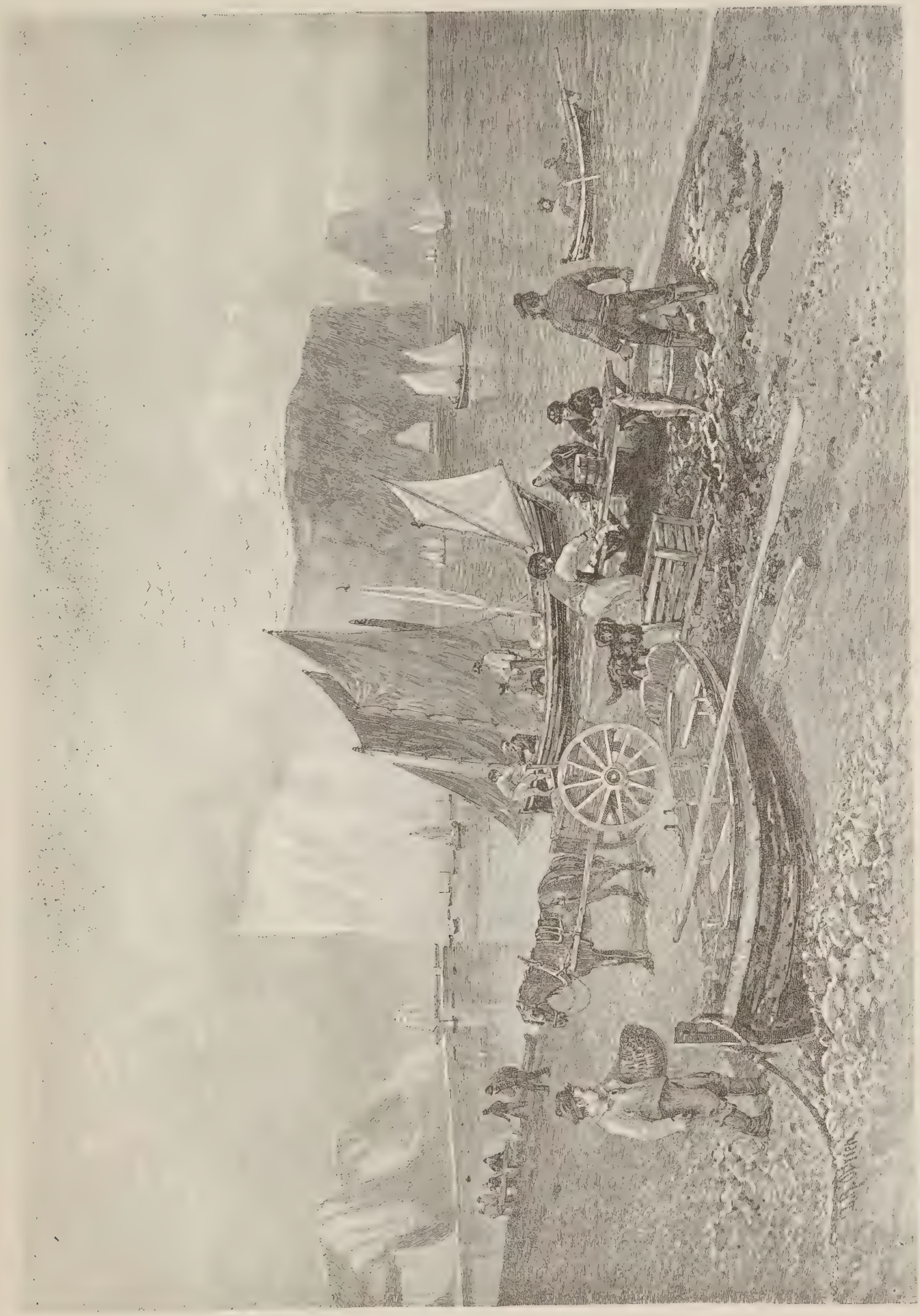
Dartmouth and York. The mouth of the latter is again sheltered by friendly points through the narrow entrance between which Gaspé Basin is reached, as tranquil a haven of refuge as can be imagined. The little town of Gaspé lies on the northern side of the basin, its houses scattered along a green slope that rises high above the wharves and red-roofed warehouses on the beach. In the docks and out in the stream is a curious collection of vessels; a trim Government cruiser just returned from Anticosti; odd-looking foreign barques come for cargoes of fish; big three-masters loaded with salt; trim schooners fitting out for the Gulf; an American yacht, rivalling the man-of-war in smartness of crew, and in frequency of firing; the regular passenger steamer that plies on the Baie des Chaleurs; sharp-ended, red-sailed fishing boats ready for any weather; and, strangest craft of all, a huge scow used as a ferry-boat, and dexterously worked by one man! There is an air of leisure about everything. And truly, though Gaspé is no idle, half-forgotten port from which the glory of former days has gone forever, like some Atlantic towns, but a prosperous and busy little place, it does seem to the uncommercial traveller as if town, vessels and warehouses were there but as parts of a picture, thrown into the composition for the sake of life, colour and contrast. For you are in the midst of the wildest scenery. Three large rivers, cleaving their way through the highest hills of the whole St. Lawrence District,—if not of Canada, east of the Rocky Mountains,—converge towards the head of the bay. To the north and east are the peaks we have seen from the St. Lawrence; to the west, the beautiful vale of the St. John; to the southward, beyond the

meadows of Douglastown, rises the labyrinth of mountains, through whose gorges the loveliest road in Canada leads to Percé. Forest unbroken, save in patches on the nearer slope, stretches away for miles in every direction, except to the east, where the white sails on the bay, the light-houses on the points, the cloud banks on the horizon lead the eye to the open sea.

It was probably just at the entrance to Gaspé Basin that, "on the third of May (1536), being the solemnity of the Holy Cross, Cartier caused to be planted with great pomp a cross thirty-five feet high, upon which was an escutcheon with the arms of France, and bearing these words in Roman letters: Franciscus Primus Dei Gratia Francorum Rex Regnat." This ceremony recalls the interesting account of the veneration of the cross by one particular tribe of the Gaspésians, the Indians of the Miramichi District, given by Père Le Clercqu, in his "Nouvelle Relation de la Gaspésie," published in 1691, and containing a history of his mission at Gaspé from the year 1675. As he himself remarks, this singular custom might well persuade us that these people had formerly received a knowledge of Christianity, which had afterwards been lost through the neglect of their ancestors. Ferland derives the custom from imitation of the French, but the tradition given by Le Clercqu, and, indeed, the whole of the circumstances, are against such an explanation. Cartier's cross, and an occasional meeting with the sailors of a French fishing vessel, could hardly have impressed upon these most conservative of all people the sacredness of the Christian emblem, much less have brought about such an absolute cultus as that which Le Clercqu describes. Their tradition ran, Le Clercqu relates, that, their ancestors being sorely afflicted with a pestilence, some of the wisest of their old men were overcome by the prospect of the desolation and ruin of their



THE BAY OF GASPÉ.



ON THE BEACH AT PERCÉ.

nation and fell into a "sleep full of bitterness," in which "a man exceedingly beautiful appeared to them with a cross in his hand, who bade them return home, make crosses like his, and present them to the heads of families, assuring them that they would undoubtedly find therein the remedy for all their ills." The people, at a general assembly of the nation, received with honour the sacred sign of the cross thus presented them from heaven. Thereupon "the malady ceased, and all the afflicted who respectfully carried the cross were miraculously healed."

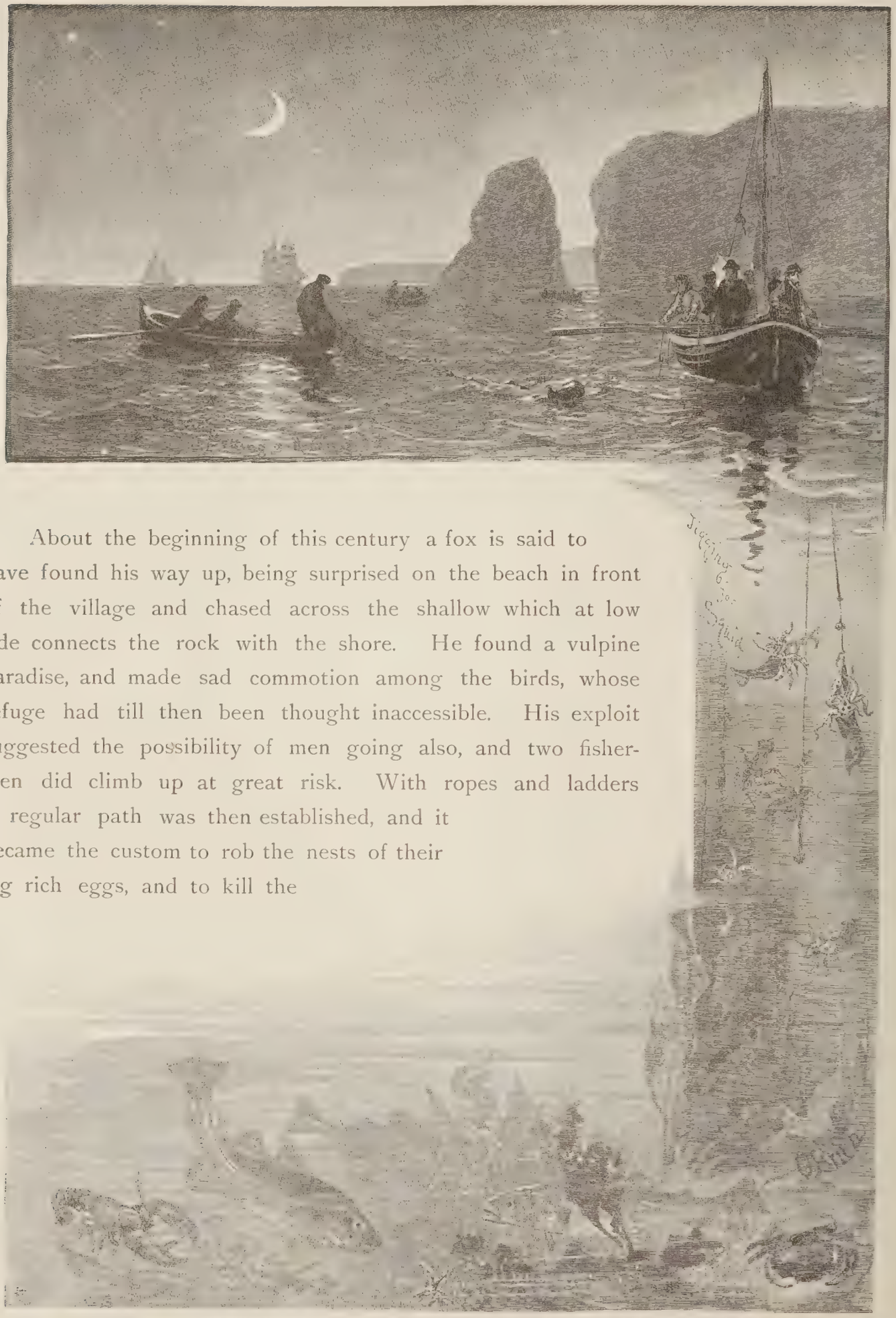
After this, the cross became among these people an object of the highest veneration,—a symbol and talisman employed in every detail of their lives, and buried with them at their death. The worthy Récollet found this singular reverence for the cross surviving among them in his day, though somewhat in decadence, and he touchingly narrates the use he made of it to turn savage superstition into Christian belief. The chapter he gives to it is one of the most interesting in a singularly interesting little book to which M. Fáncher de St. Maurice was the first among French Canadian *littérateurs* to direct attention. Some of the other Souriquois traditions related by Père Le Clercqu have a curious resemblance to Christian belief as to the early ages of the world. Could Donnacona's white men clothed in wool, and the "man exceedingly beautiful" of the Porte Croix legend, have been the Norsemen?

The Bay of Penouil—the old French name—has been a harbour of refuge ever since Cartier, after losing an anchor, spent ten days there in July, 1534. Vessels came there from France every year to fish; for Champlain was sending a canoe there to learn news of the De Caens, who were on their way to his relief, when he heard that they and Tadoussac had been captured by the Kertks. More than one battle has taken place in its waters. In 1628, De Roquemont fought the Kertks till, for want of cannon-balls, his sailors used their sounding-leads; but the French squadron had to strike their flags, and see the Jesuit Misssion burnt by the victors. In 1711, Admiral Hovenden Walker again destroyed the little settlement, and in September, 1758, the English once more repeated its devastation, sending a party across the hills to Percé, where the fishing-posts were burned and the people made prisoners. Gaspésie was included in the grants of Nova Scotia to Sir William Alexander by James I and Charles I. Curiously enough, a century later, Beauharnois proposed to remove the Acadians from Nova Scotia thither. But the history of Gaspé would make a book, and there is one more spot to visit before the re-entering coast line of the St. Lawrence begins to form the Baie des Chaleurs.

La Roche Percée, "the pierced rock," stands bold and firm to the end, though the cliffs of Mont Joli, on the main-land, and of Bonaventure Island, two miles out at sea, confirm the Indian tradition, given by Denys, that once there was no break in these perpendicular walls of rich-hued conglomerate, where the reds and browns of sandstone, the bright olives and greys of limestone, greens of agate, purples of jasper,

white quartz, and deep-orange stain of iron blend together, and, seen against brilliant blue sky and emerald sea, form a wondrous combination of colour. But the waves, with unbroken sweep from the open ocean, beat fiercely on this marvellous rock, and have already battered down the three grand arches Denys saw. Seventy years before Denys, Champlain says there was only one arch, which was large enough for a sloop under full sail to pass through. At present there is but one opening, forty or fifty feet high. Many remember the mighty crash with which the immense arch at the outer end of the rock fell just before dawn one morning about forty years ago, leaving as its monument the great monolith that formed its abutment. Slowly and surely wind and sea are doing their work; they have begun another aperture, not more than a couple of feet in diameter, through which the sunbeams flash as the eclipsing wave crests rise and fall. On the north side is a tiny beach where you can land at low tide on a calm day. It is like a profanation to tread on the piles of agate and jasper glistening with water, whose every roll tosses up millions of pebbles for the sun to turn into rarest jewels. Myriads of fossils give to the face of the rock, that at a distance looks so hard and weather-worn, the appearance of an arabesque in richest velvet. In this little cove, shut in by the cliff from sight of everything but the water and the sky, with no sound but the cries of the countless birds that tenant the dizzy heights, and the music of the surf as its thunderous bass dies away in rapid fugues to tenderest treble of clattering pebbles and dashing spray, we might sit and dream till the great, green rollers. through which a mysterious light gleams on weird shapes of trees and grottoes, and castles and palaces, carried us off willing visitors to the enchanted land they reveal.

Everywhere else the rock rises straight from deep water to a height of three hundred feet. At its western end it is worn to a wedge as sharp and straight and clear-cut as the prow of an immense iron-clad, which it singularly resembles in outline, if one can imagine an iron-clad fifteen hundred feet long and three hundred wide. Its top is covered with grass, but this is barely visible, because of the immense flocks of birds, winged armies ranged in serried order. Each tribe inhabits its own territory; the black cormorants never mingle with the white gulls; the great gannets and the graceful terns keep their own places. If any presumptuous bird wanders into the ranks of another tribe, there is a tremendous screaming and flapping of wings to drive away the intruder. They come and go incessantly, circling high over the schools of herring, and plunging deep to seize their prey; they swoop around the cod-fishers at anchor far out on the banks; they follow the boats in to the beach where the packers are at work; they flit like ghosts about the nets when in the silvery moonlight the fishermen go in quest of bait; but they return always to the one spot allotted to them among the densely packed mass of white, that from a distance looks like a bank of snow. During a storm their shrieking is almost unearthly, and can be heard for miles.



IN QUEST OF BAIT.

About the beginning of this century a fox is said to have found his way up, being surprised on the beach in front of the village and chased across the shallow which at low tide connects the rock with the shore. He found a vulpine paradise, and made sad commotion among the birds, whose refuge had till then been thought inaccessible. His exploit suggested the possibility of men going also, and two fishermen did climb up at great risk. With ropes and ladders a regular path was then established, and it became the custom to rob the nests of their big rich eggs, and to kill the

birds for the sake of the down. The ascent, always perilous, was forbidden by law after a man had been killed, and the birds regained undisputed possession. Owing to the fall of huge masses of rock, the summit is now probably inaccessible.

Percé has been a fishing-station from the earliest times; fish and fishing are its *raison d'être* as a town. There is fish everywhere on land as well as in the sea. It is stored in warehouses, drying on the beach, piled up in thatched stacks, and brought in by the boats, that come and go twice a day, in white-winged fleets, to and from the banks away beyond the red cliffs of Bonaventure Island, that lies out yonder like a huge whale basking in the sun. The very bacon and potatoes are fishy, for the same nutriment feeds alike animals and fields. But there is so much of beauty in and about Percé, that one can forgive an occasional reminder that there are other senses than that of sight.

"The codfishery throughout the Gulf," says Mr. Pye, in his *Gaspé Scenery*, "is carried on in open boats, two men composing the crew of each. But ere the cod can be caught a supply of suitable bait must be obtained,—herring, capelain, mackerel, lance, squid, smelt, or clams, all of which are available when used in their season, for even cod are epicures. The boats proceed to the fishing-ground at sunrise, and return when laden, or when their bait is expended. Having reached the shore, the freight is landed and brought to the splitting-table. The first operation is to cut the throat, the next to take off the head and secure the liver. Then follows the most difficult and scientific operation, namely, splitting, which consists in removing the back-bone. Good splitters are always in good request, and command high wages. From the splitting-table the fish is thrown into a box-barrow and carried to the stage,—a large building where the process of curing commences. The barrow being placed on the scales, the fish is then weighed and taken to the salter,—another skilled hand, who makes a square pile, carefully sprinkling salt over each layer as he proceeds. It remains in bulk some three or four days, is then washed in large vats, returned to the box-barrow, and carried out to the flakes, where it is carefully spread to dry. When moderately dry, it is carefully piled on the pebble beach in small, round piles shaped like corn-stalks. Here it undergoes a species of fermentation, the remaining dampness being exuded. This is termed making. When sufficiently made, the fish is again spread out on a fine dry day for a few hours, and finally stored in readiness for shipment. Three modes of engaging fishermen are adopted by the merchants. The most common is by the draft; that is, the man pays for all he gets and is paid a certain price per draft for the fish as it comes from the knife, as above described. The draft is the double quintal of 224 pounds, with 14 pounds extra allowed for sand and dirt. One-and-a-half quintals are supposed to yield one quintal when dry. The next mode of engagement is that of half-lines men. These pay for their provisions, and get half of the fish they catch when cured and ready for market. Men who fish on

wages are generally engaged by the master of the boat, who, in that case, derives the benefit or bears the loss, if any."

Allusion has already been made to the fisheries carried on by the French at a very early date. An old manuscript in the Bibliothéque Royale at Versailles attributes them to a date even earlier than the discovery of the coast of Labrador by Sebastian Cabot, who, it is stated, found there the name of Bacallaos, which, in the Basque language, means *Moluës*, or codfish. In 1618 De Poutrincourt advises the forestalling of the English by French settlements, and the erection of two or three forts along the coast of Acadie, to guard the fisheries, which he estimates as being then worth to France a million a year in gold. The fisheries in the Gulf and the River St. Lawrence are not included in the privileges granted by the Commissioners to Roberval, de Mons and others, but were left free to all, and were carried on in small ventures, apparently. In the charter of the Compagnie des Cents Associés, in 1627, the King expressly reserves the cod and whale fisheries, which he wishes to be free to all his subjects. In the account which Emery de Caen gives of his voyage to receive Quebec back from the Kertks, in 1632, he says, after speaking of the whales, of which he saw plenty: "They come here also to fish for cod. I have seen a great number of seals, of which we killed several. White porpoises are found in this great river named the Sainct Laurens, and nowhere else; the English call them white whales, because they are so large in comparison with the porpoises; they go up as far as Quebec."

It was not long before permanent fishing posts were seriously thought of. The Commission of Sieur Nicolas Denys, in 1653, grants him the right to form a stationary company to fish for "cod, salmon, mackerel, herrings, sardines, sea-cows, seals, and other fish," on the conditions that the *habitans* should be allowed to take as many shares as they pleased, and that the persons whom the king wished and intended to fit out with vessels might carry on "*pesche verte et sèche*," that is to say, might salt or dry their fish as they pleased, "*tout ainsy qu à l'ordinaire.*" In 1666 Talon writes to the Minister that he has commenced the cod-fishery in the river, and finds that it can be carried on abundantly and with benefit. In 1669 the people of Canada were accorded the right to sell fish in France, on payment of the entry dues only—four sous per cent. of cod caught by lines, and twenty pounds per cent. for spoiled fish. It may be noticed here that coal from Canada—"charbon de terre" the French called it, in curious contrast to the "sea-coal" of contemporaneous English—was admitted to France, by the same *arrêt*, on payment of six sous a barrel. In 1671 Talon reports that "the stationary fisheries, being regarded as an assured benefit, the Sieur Denis and the Sieur Bissot, *habitans* of Quebec, have applied to me for grants for fishing for cod and seals and for oils; I have granted them." In the same year Sieur Patoulet received instructions to study, "with care and application," the management of the

fishing stations that had done so much for the English colony at Boston, in order to take the best measures possible for those about to be established around Percé. In 1676 a memorandum on Canada reminds the king not to neglect to secure by every means the control of the fisheries and the market of all the green and dried fish used in the greater part of Europe, and an estimate is given that his subjects from Biscay, Guyenne, Brittany, and Normandy alone loaded seven or eight hundred vessels every year with from ten to thirty thousand pounds of fish each. The Intendant De Meules, in 1682, speaking of what the fisheries had done for Boston, calls them a Peru if they can only be confined to French subjects. The subsequent neglect of the colony lost France what might have been the complete control of this great source of wealth. After the Cession of Canada to England the merchants of Quebec undervalued the fisheries, and did not take them up. But the old adventurous spirit of St. Malo and Rouen showed itself in the Jerseymen, whose establishments are now found all along the Baie des Chaleurs and the Gulf. In 1766 Charles Robin came, and threw enough energy into the work to leave his name a lasting memory all along the coast. The Le Boutilliers, Janvrin, Fruing, Le Brun and others followed. At Paspebiac, Percé and Grande Rivière, establishments were formed. The War of 1812 stayed their progress somewhat, but after that settlements were made with renewed vigour, and the great fishing firms that still exist established their power. Irish and Scotch immigrants spread from Gaspé to New Richmond, the French Canadians of the Lower St Lawrence moved down from one outport to another, until a continuous chain of fishing stations stretched along the shore. At Anticosti, at the North Shore, and down the Labrador, little ports were founded wherever a river formed a harbour or a good beach for drying fish was found. The Jerseymen were everywhere guiding and superintending.

The management of one of these great firms is like the conduct of a small army. Everything is done by rule, to which as implicit obedience is yielded as to the laws of the land. The clerks, in most of the houses, are Jerseymen, in some no others are taken, and they are brought out when young boys to serve a regular apprenticeship, with strict requirements as to periodical changes of station and duties. In some of the houses they are not allowed to marry at all, or, if married, they are not allowed to have their wives with them, so that nothing may interfere with their attention to business, or induce them to leave the service in the hope of bettering themselves at their masters' expense. At least that was the somewhat illogical reason given by one of them, who assured the writer that he could only see his wife once every three years, when the customary long leave was given for the trip to Jersey. They live together in one house, quite in the style of the good old days of the English merchant. Each of these establishments is complete in itself. Everything is done on the premises, and everything, from an anchor to a needle, as the sailors say, can be had in the shop, which forms part of it. The neat white

buildings, with red door-ways and roofs, trim gravel walks and little gardens, are a conspicuous feature at every port along the shore, as they are here at Percé.

From Mount Ste. Anne behind the town there is a glorious view. The eye ranges from the tall peak of Tracadiegètche, just visible far up the Baie des Chaleurs,

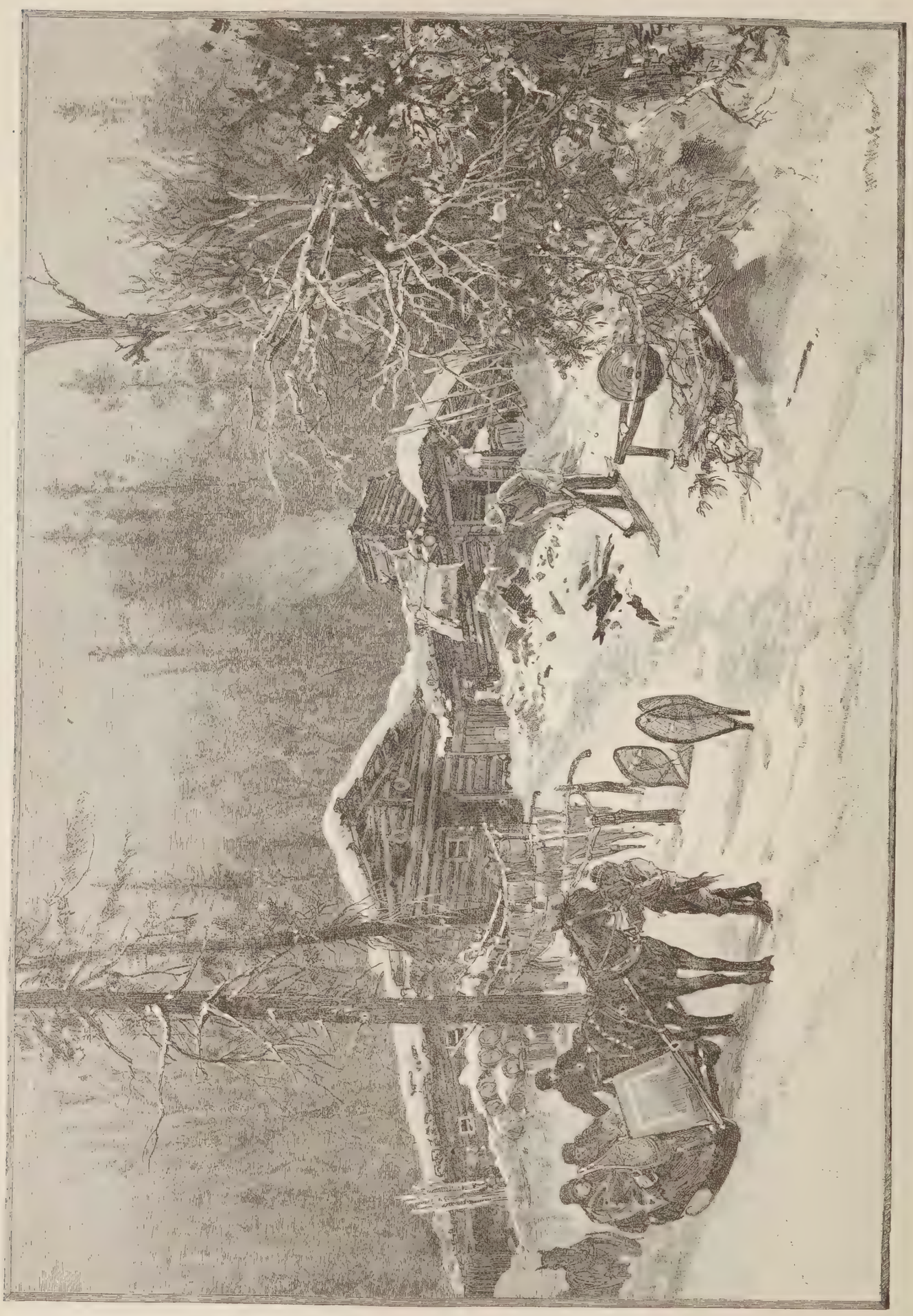


COD-FISHING.

over hill and valley all forest-clad, from point to point along the rock-bound coast-line of the bay, to Cap d'Espoir, where the phantom ship is seen in nights of autumn gale repeating the drama of "*Naufrage de l'Anglais*," when an English frigate—one of Hovenden Walker's it is supposed—was hurled by the hurricane high on the crest of that frowning cape, which has very little of good hope to sailors, and seems well turned into Cape Despair upon the maps; then round Cape Cove, along the winding, hilly road that skirts the shore. Then you look down into the amphitheatre that surrounds Percé, on Mont Joli, with its wooden cross at the brink of the cliff, and on the rock; then far away over Bonaventure Island, across the Gulf to Miscou, home of the "terrible monster whom the savages call Gougou," whose waist a ship's masts would hardly reach; who snatched up passers-by and put them in his sack to be devoured at leisure, whose "fearful whistling" had been heard by Sieur Prevert de Saint-Malo and reported to Champlain, who repeats the story with the naïve remark,

"*Voyla ce que j'ai appris de ce Gougou.*" Then along the line of cliffs that reach in ascending steps from Mont Joli to the "Corner of the Beach," where the milk-white surf breaks on the sands in the lovely bay, named by the Bretons, from unpicturesque codfish, "*Baie des Molues,*" and now Malbaie; along the miles of sand-spit that hedges in the *barachois* or lagoon of the Malbaie River, to the church and settlement beyond. Down into gorges that converge beneath great walls of brilliant coloured rock; up again to gaze over innumerable hills and dense woods to where the mountains rise behind Gaspé; far away over the shining beach and white houses of Point St. Peter to Gaspé Bay glistening in the sun; beyond that again, over the dark line of the Forillon, to where the loom of Anticosti can just be seen; out to the open gulf, where the sun lights up the cloud-piles with reflections of its setting splendour, and the lightning flashes hew rifts through the fog-banks fast rolling in, and the white sails fly before the coming storm.





LUMBERMEN'S CAMP.



LUMBERING.

NO phase of life in Canada is more characteristically picturesque than that of the lumberman, identified as it is with all that is most peculiar to Canadian scenery, climate and conditions of living. Woodcraft, indeed, has the charm of having been associated with the youth of every race and civilization. The Psalmist compares the dispersion of scattered Israel to that of chips that fly "when one cutteth and heweth

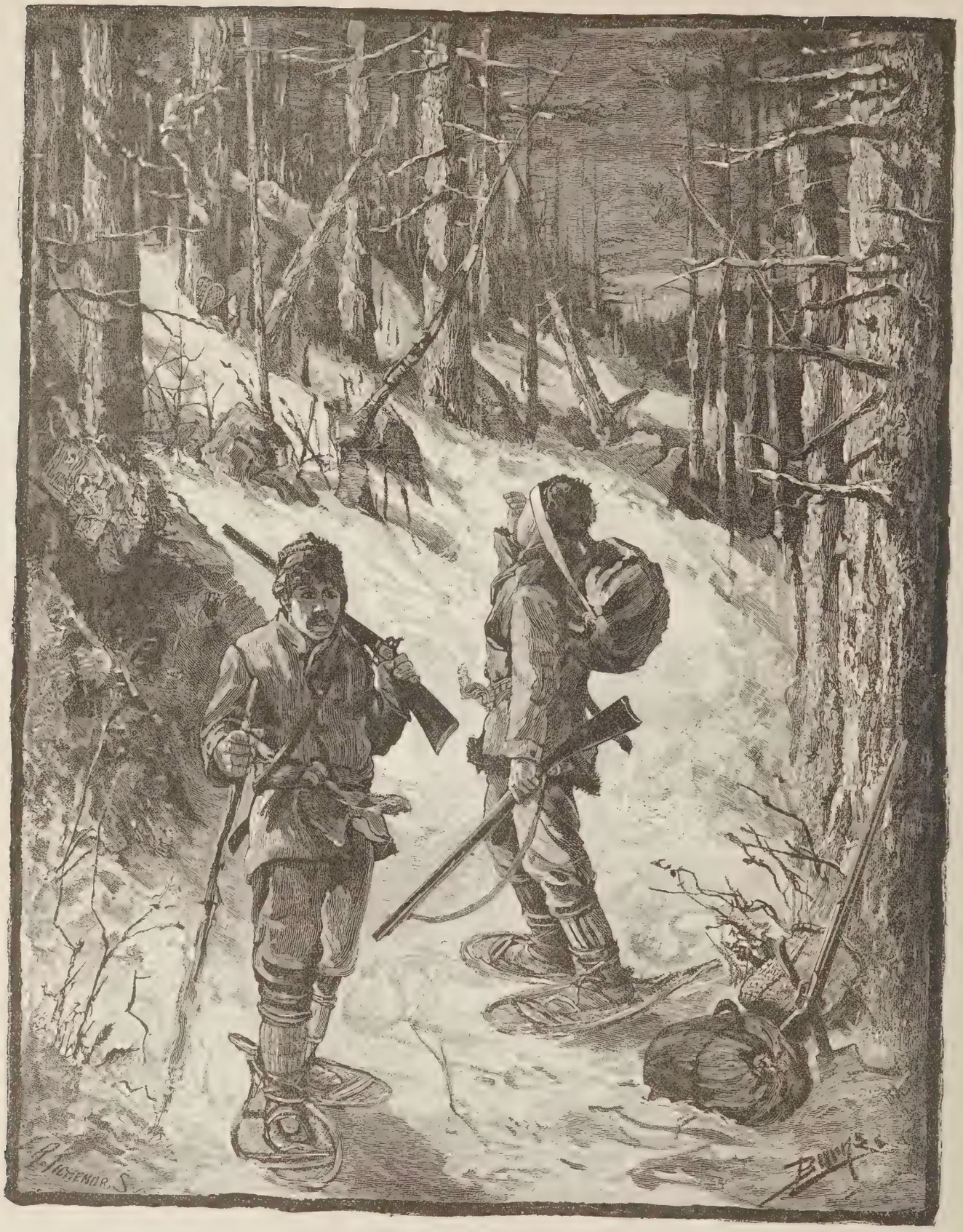
wood upon the earth;" and Virgil, describing the sudden overthrow of one of the towers of Troy, has a beautiful simile from the cutting down of a forest tree.

But special and most interesting features distinguish the lumberman's craft in Canada; and these call for some detailed notice in a Work like the present. A practically boundless wealth of woodland stretches from our frontier to the Pole, and almost from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboard. The regions of an all but Arctic winter are made endurable, if not a source of actual pleasure, because the youth of our country are enabled to engage in an industry manly, healthful and remunerative. The accompanying features of that industry—the sleigh, the snow-shoe, the rifle—the fish drawn in profusion from beneath the thick-ribbed ice—the trapped bear, the huge caribou shot down near the settler's door—all have attractions for the artist, the sportsman, every one with an adventure-loving spirit. A life like this gives our youth the excitement, the manly self-reliance, the spirit of mutual good-fellowship, which are the best lessons of a military life, without its risks or evil passions.

Not less picturesque is the "shanty" itself—that peaceful *Commune* of the lumberman's life, with its routine of duty, healthful food and sleep, varied by the *chanson de bois* or tale of woodcraft adventure, told amid the fantastic shadows and flickering blaze of the shanty fire. Or when the first birds of spring have broken the charm of silence in the winter woods, the hardy exploring party penetrating in their birch-bark canoes by devious streams, to climb the tallest tree and determine, with a skill that seems preterhuman, the nature and value of the forest-growth far and wide around them; or the perilous river-rapids, where the heaped logs in a "jam" need the precision of an expert to disengage the tangled pile, and often the graceful footing of a ballet-dancer to stand on the rapidly-revolving surface of the log as it floats down the swollen stream; or the navies of huge rafts towed or floating seawards on wide lake or expanse of river; all have a distinctive artistic interest. Unlike the national industries of many other lands, they blend with, instead of destroying, what is picturesque in Nature. But they have a deeper interest for the student of our national life. For the "Choice of Hercules" is presented to nations in their youth, as well as to individual men; and some have chosen pursuits that enervate instead of strengthening, or industries that separate into two camps of mutual hatred the lords of capital from its serfs. To Canada's lot has fallen, as her two staple industries, pursuits which most of all others tend to form in her young men a simple, manly, honest nature: agriculture in the first place, lumbering in the next. The physical benefits of lumbering can be estimated best by a glance at the stalwart yet graceful figures of our river-drivers in the streets of Ottawa, sash and top-boots gay with scarlet, and sun-browned faces set off by the coquettish white 'kerchief! There is a moral benefit, too, in the total abstinence from intoxicating liquors for long periods, which is one of the conditions of shanty life. Nor is religion forgotten. Nowhere are the occasional visits of a clergyman more welcome.



LUMBERING ON THE UPPER OTTAWA.



EXPLORING FOR NEW LIMITS.

The Roman Catholic shantymen in particular set an example worthy to be followed, in their regard for ministers and reverent participation in Divine service.

The lumber trade has an organic place in the development of Canada's resources, in the growth of towns and cities, in the general increase of wealth, and in the evolution of literature and art which, as Mr. Buckle has pointed out, always occurs at periods

of commercial prosperity. In the epoch of Canadian history, between the French *régime* and the Union of 1840, the increase of our population was slow. During that long period the lumber, too often cut and burned to clear the land, was at best consumed for the most part by the home market. True, mention is made of shipment of Canadian timber to England as early as 1808. In 1819 New Brunswick began to export the products of her pine woods. But it is between 1840 and 1858 that we find the lumber exports from Canada grown to vast proportions. Everywhere northward and westward from the frontier, the lumber mill, the lumber depôt, and hamlets connected with them pierced the unbroken forest, and led the steady advance of civilization. Lumber operations were everywhere the nuclei of improvement. Villages arose, and became towns and cities, while the continual recession of the trade northward developed in its wake the growing resources of the country.

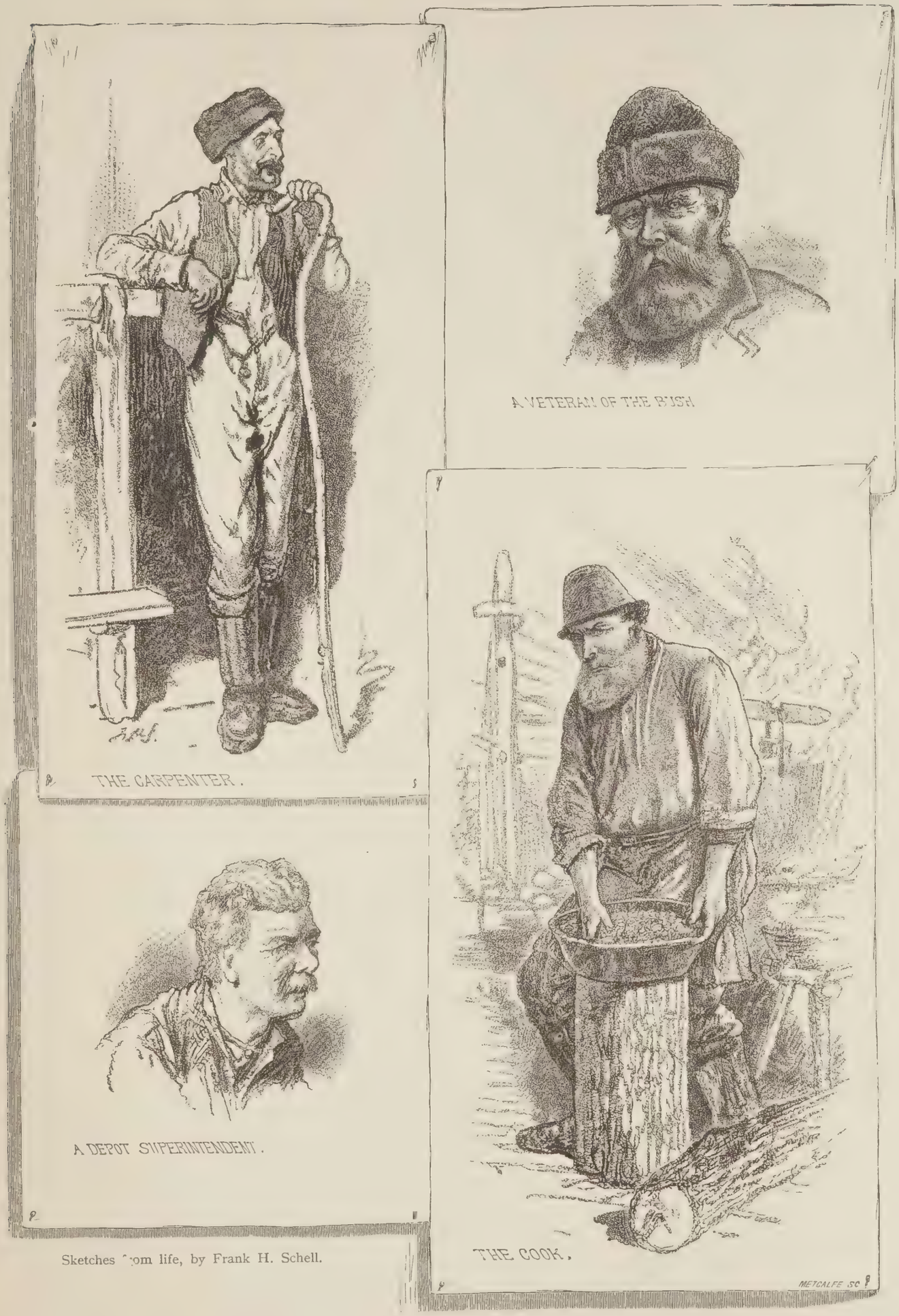
The Dominion Government retains control of the public domain in the Northwest Territories, including Manitoba; but in all other Provinces the land is held by the several local Governments who own and dispose of the uncleared and unsold tracts which form the great lumber areas. In these what are called "timber limits" or "berths" are opened to lumbermen by yearly licenses, or leases for a longer period. In theory these limits are ten miles square, but owing to the peculiar conformation of the ground in some places, they range from ten to a hundred square miles. Besides the payment for his annual license, a fixed duty, varying in amount in the different Provinces, is paid by the lumberman on all logs cut.

A berth secured, the next step is to send an exploring party to "prospect," that is, to ascertain the value and variety of the timber, and also to find suitable sites for camps for the next season's operations. The exploring is generally done in the spring or fall, as in summer the thick growth of leaves makes it hard to take extensive observations. An exploring party usually consists of five or six. They carry with them food, blankets and cooking utensils—a leather strap supporting the *impedimenta* at the back—the band, or "tump-line," passed across the chest or forehead. In traversing the forest it is difficult to get at a "point of vantage" whence to gain a wide-extended view. Whenever practicable, therefore, one of the party will climb a tall pine, generally on a hill-top. From thence, looking forth among the still leafless trees, such is the effect of long experience that an old observer of forest life will be able to tell from the general aspect of the country, what the trees are, and of what value, over an extensive area. This is comparatively easy in the case of pine if it grows mixed with hard wood. It is not so easy where pine and spruce grow together. The explorers also ascertain the general topography of the limits—particularly, how far the lakes or rivers can be utilized for lumbering. They seek out sites for lumber camps, and for "landings" where the cut logs may be stored till spring; and mark a road thence to the scene of operations. They also mark or "blaze" the trees with their

axes at various points for the guidance of the workmen. An experienced explorer, capable of determining the worth of the limits, and of mapping out the plan of the approaching season's campaign, is well worth the best wages. The explorers are equipped as lightly as possible. They are armed with rifles, and enjoy several weeks of rough pic-nic life on "the cruise."

During the fall months the lumbermen are sent into the woods with horses, sleighs, lumber-boats, and everything necessary for the season's operations. All is bustle on the lines of railway and on the roads leading to the lumber district. Swart and sunburnt gangs of young Frenchmen, not a few of them with a slight tinge of Indian blood, derived from days when a grandfather or great-grandfather married an Algonquin or Huron bride, congregate at every well-known rendezvous. The noisy fun and universal chaffing would exorcise the melancholy of a Grimaldi. These fine fellows have the strength and graceful bearing of the Indian, and the garrulous good-humour of the Frenchman; their rough dress is appropriate and quaint, and is generally lit up coquettishly with some bit of bright colour in necktie, vest or scarf. In the English-speaking settlements within reach of the lumber limits, equally gay is the exodus. Most of the young farmers in these regions take their teams to the shanties. Summer is the working time for farmers in Canada, and they are glad to earn money in winter with teams that would otherwise be idle. They go forth, gaily shouting to one another, though none will see the face of wife, child, or sweetheart, till the spring brings them home rejoicing, with their earnings to add to the family purse.

Each gang is under the direction of a foreman, who follows the plan laid out by the explorers. The first duty is to build a shanty for the men, and stables for the horses. Logs are cut, notched at the ends and dove-tailed together, so as to form a quadrangular enclosure. On the top of this, from end to end, two large timbers are laid, each several feet from the centre. On these and on the walls the roof rests. It has a slight pitch, and is formed of halves of trees hollowed out, and reaching from the roof-top downwards on each side, so as to project a little beyond the walls. These "scoops," as they are called, are placed concave and convex alternately, so as to overlap each other. Fitted logs are then placed between the gable walls and the apex of the roof; all chinks and openings are filled up with moss or hay, and the rude building is made quite warm and weather-tight. In the end wall is a large doorway with a door of roughly-hewn lumber; the floor consists of logs hewn flat; and the huge girders of the roof are each supported midway by two large posts, some four or five yards apart. The space between these four posts, in the genuine old-fashioned shanty, is occupied by the "caboose," or fireplace, substantially built up with stones and earth. Within the shanty there is no chimney, but an opening in the roof has a wooden frame-work round it which does duty for chimney; so wide



Sketches from life, by Frank H. Schell.

MEN OF THE BUSH.



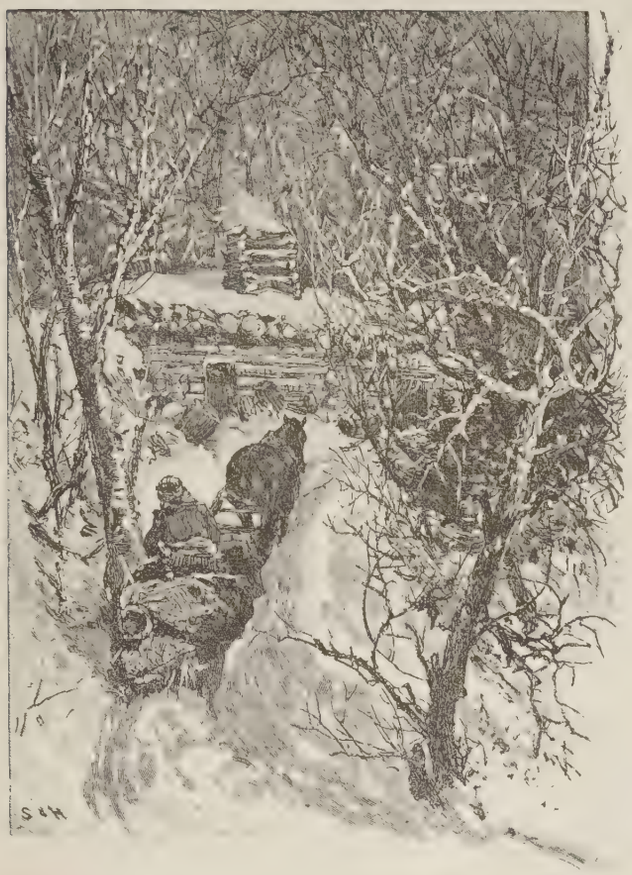
SHANTY AT EAGLE'S NEST.

is the opening that the inmates, as they lie in their bunks at night, can look up at the sky and stars. This primitive mode of construction secures perfect ventilation, but makes a large fire necessary for comfort.

At two corners of the hearth are fixed strong wooden cranes—which the cook can adjust to any position for the various pots and tea-boilers. On three sides of the shanty are rows of bunks, or platforms, one above the other, along the entire length. On these the lumbermen sleep, side by side, in their clothing and blankets, their heads to the wall and their feet to the central fire, which is kept well supplied with fuel all night. A better class of shanty is now built, of oblong shape, with bunks along one length only, and a table at the opposite side; with such luxuries as windows, and even lamps at night; with box-stoves instead of the central caboose; and at the rear end a foreman's room.

A picturesque sight on a winter's moonlight night are the bright windows and smoking chimney of a lumber shanty; over the ice-road of the lake a belated teamster drives his weary horse; beyond, in black shadows, are the pines; above, in chequered light and shade, is the brow of a mountain explored as yet only by the eagle; below, and full in the moonlight, is the shanty, bright with warmth and rude good-cheer, the snow banked high against its walls, the noise of its song and merry voices echoing from within through the sombre wilderness.

The primitive "jobbers' shanty" is of a smaller and rougher class. The jobbers are a new race who have arisen in the forest, subsequent to the epoch of the



A JOBBER'S SHANTY.

old lumber Kings who reigned in all the grandeur of undisputed ownership. Settlers followed in the wake of lumbering. At first, they were content to minister to the necessities of the Kings and their subjects. They charged their own prices for everything their farms yielded, and no one objected. But as new settlers came in, many of the young farmers were ambitious to take a hand in a business that combined the attractions of forest life with the hope of large gains and the excitement of speculation. Perhaps there was good timber on their own farms, or two or three would combine and commence work on strips of land between or beyond the great areas occupied by the regular gangs. Sometimes, they made a contract with a large operator to deliver so many logs, or to work during the season for him. At other times, they cut, and—with the help of a yoke of oxen—rolled their logs on "skids," and when the snow fell, the horses

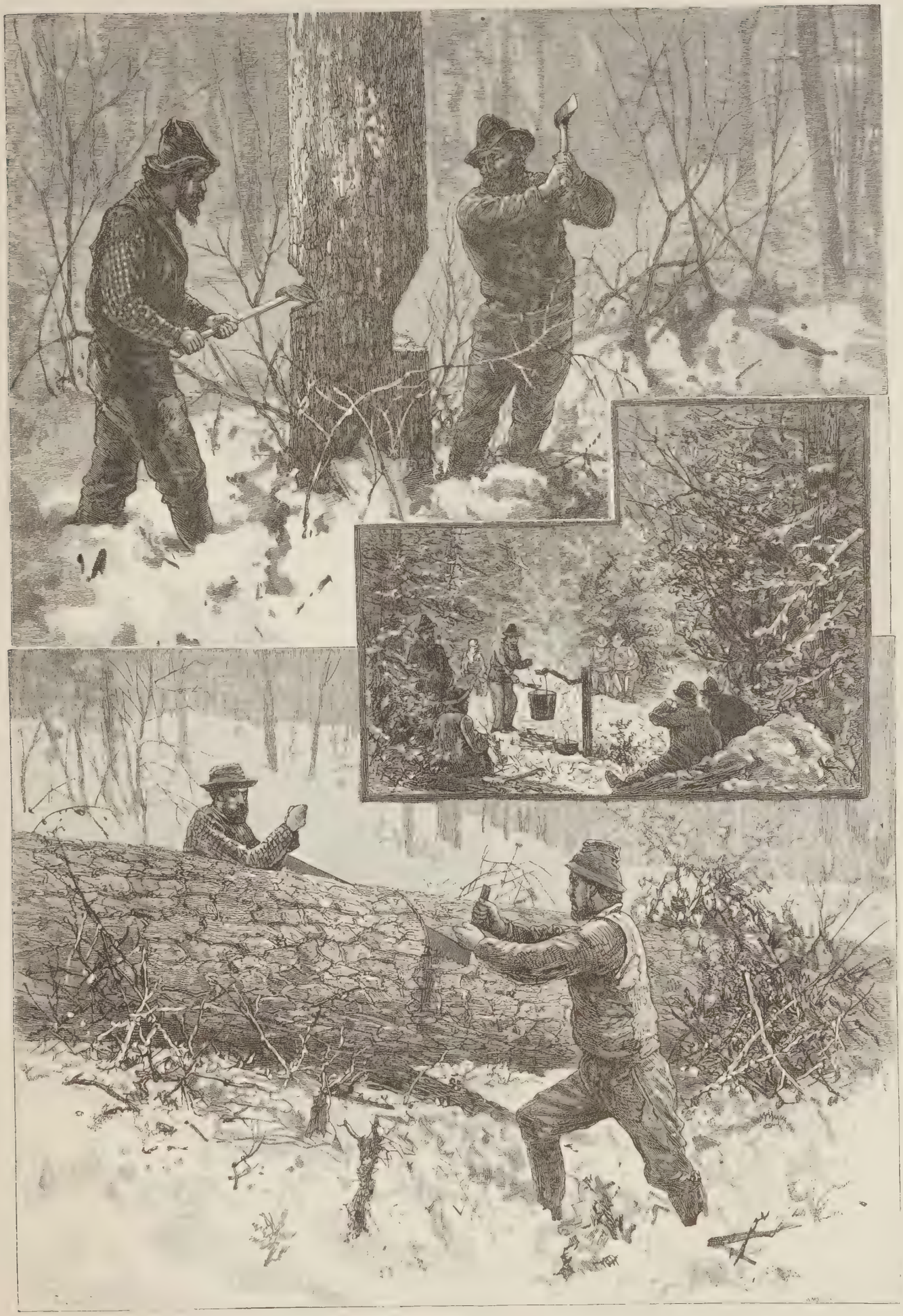


MARKING LOGS AT SKIDWAY.

hauled them to the "roll-way," where the jobber got his price according to the quality of the logs. Backwoods farmers could put up a rude shanty in a day or two, and they were content to live roughly, knowing that the winter's work would probably bring in more money than the summer's farming. Besides, every man had his rifle; and an ordinary Briton or Canadian thinks it worth while to endure all hardships for the sake of getting a shot at a bear, or bringing down a red deer or the stately moose. Jobbers, though a new race, are becoming more and more important in lumbering operations. For the principle of division of labour triumphs even in the backwoods.

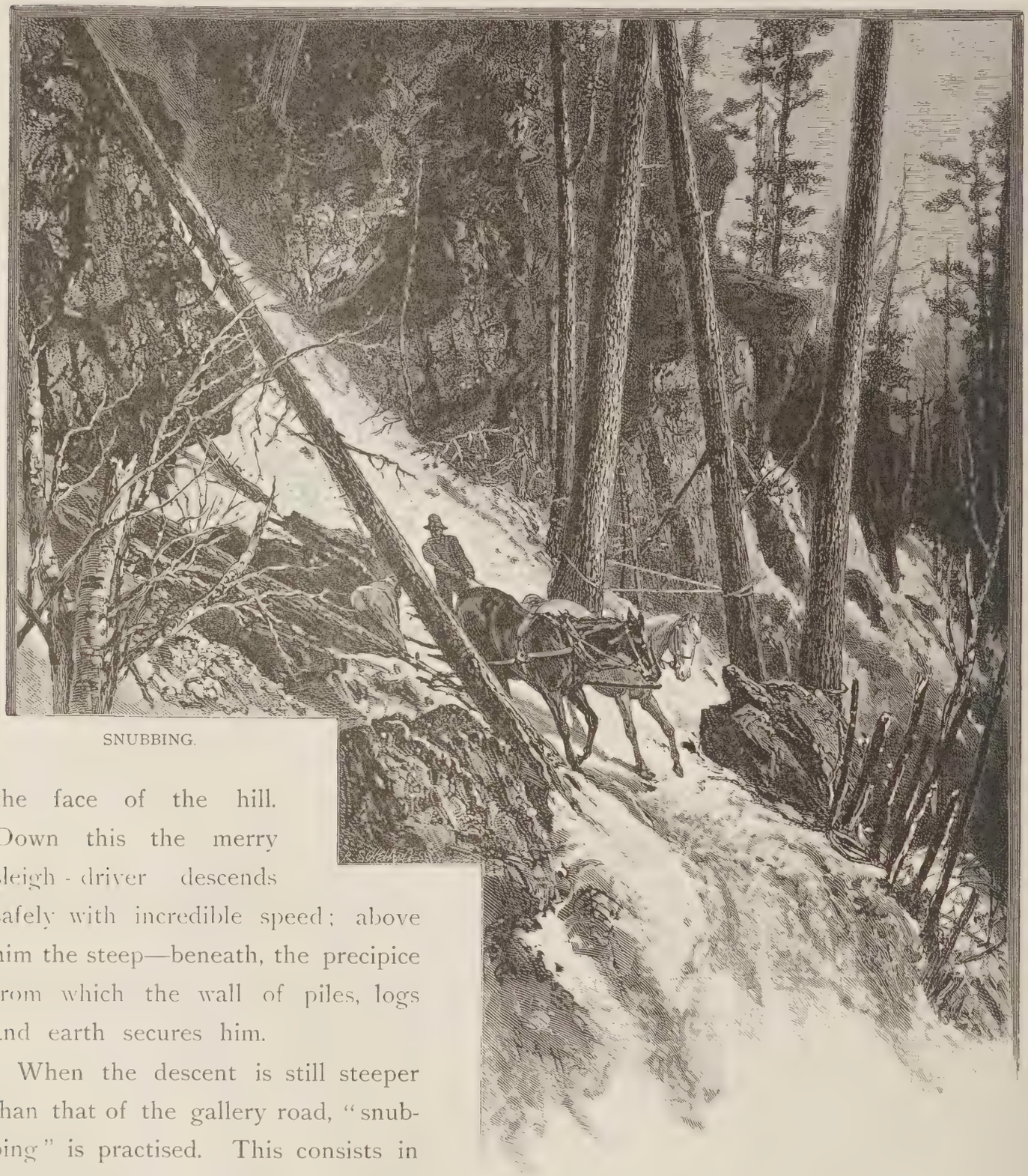
When shanty and stables have been built, the next work is to construct the "landing," or roll-way, on the shore of river or lake. The roll-way is usually on the slope of a hill, and must be carefully cleared of all obstructions, so that the gathered piles of logs may roll down easily in the spring. From the roll-way, the "head-swamper," or road-maker, extends the road into the forest as the lumbermen advance. The members of a gang average over twenty, but sometimes amount to eighty or more. The several shanties in the limits are visited by the "bush superintendent," who drives in all weathers from one gang to another, supervising their work. At the head of each gang is the foreman, who calls the men every morning, directs, and records on a rude slate or shingle the work done. The cook, and his assistant are important functionaries; so are the carpenter, who repairs the sleighs; the leading teamster, who directs the hauling of the logs; and the "sled-tender," who sees to their loading. There are, too, the "head-chopper," with his three assistants, who fell the trees; the two sawyers, who cut them into logs; the "scorers," who remove "slabs" and branches from trees meant for square timber; and the "hewer," who with his broad-axe squares the "stick," as the huge length of timber is called. A gang such as this, with ten or twelve horses, will bring to their landing 4,000 to 5,000 saw-logs in a season.

When the axemen go into the woods, the head-chopper chooses the tree. The axes begin to notch from opposite directions, sometimes two striking alternate blows at each side; the nimbly-plied steel quickly bites through the solid wood and the chips fly fast till the trunk is nearly severed. The tree-top bends and rocks, slowly at first, and then, with a crash, the patriarch of the forest falls prostrate. Next come the sawyers, whose "cross-cut," drawn swiftly through the trunk, severs it into logs, which are then hauled to the "skidways" and receive the "bush-mark." Each log is generally a fair load for a sled; but sometimes two or three are bound on by a strong chain. Long pieces of timber are drawn by a double sled—two short "bobs," or pairs on runners, united by an adjustable bar; or a single "bob" is used, on which one end of the stick is raised—the other dragging in the snow. To haul a very heavy piece of timber eight or ten horses may be required, and rollers, or "skids," are placed under it, at intervals, to lessen the friction.



CHOPPING AND SAWING.

The road to the landing is often far from level; when the descent is dangerously steep, what is called a "gallery road," is constructed by driving piles into the hillside and excavating earth, which is thrown on the artificial terrace thus carried round



SNUBBING.

the face of the hill. Down this the merry sleigh-driver descends safely with incredible speed; above him the steep—beneath, the precipice from which the wall of piles, logs and earth secures him.

When the descent is still steeper than that of the gallery road, "snubbing" is practised. This consists in securing a rope at one end to the sleigh and at the other to a tree at the top of the hill, whence it is paid out slowly as the sleigh descends. The logs unloaded at the landing are marked on the end with the trade-mark of the owner; also with another mark indicating their value.

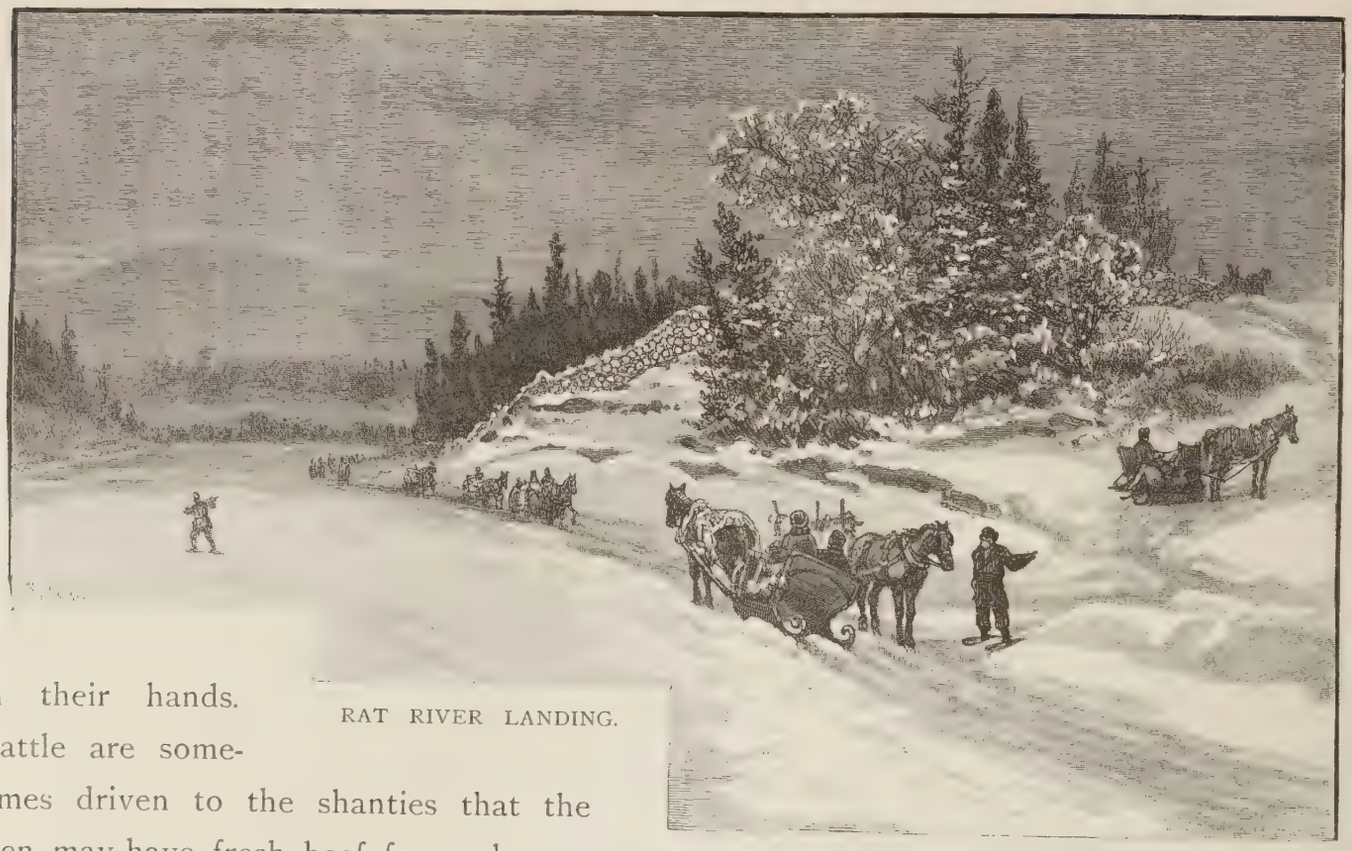
The gang works from dawn till dark, with an interval for dinner. This is often

brought to them, ready cooked, into the woods. The men sit round a fire, over which boils the fragrant tea. They despise milk and sugar, but the tea must be strong. After dinner and a few minutes smoking, work is resumed; the axe swings, the saw is plied, teams drive their loads to the landing till after sunset, when they are driven back, and the weary horses stabled and fed. Then, after a hasty wash, the men enter the shanty, where, close to the central fire, is a boiler nearly



MASS IN A LUMBER SHANTY.

full of strong tea, fresh made, flanked by a huge pan full of fat pork, fried and floating in gravy. There is also a dish, equally large, of cold pork. On a corner shelf is a mammoth loaf of bread, than which all Canada can provide no better; with a large knife, and a pile of basins stacked together. With admirable unanimity of purpose the men, one after another, select a pint basin and a huge slice of the hot, fresh bread. Passing to the caboose, they fill their basins with hot tea, and secure as much of hot or cold pork as they desire. Then, seated on benches beside the fire, each with the help of his case-knife discusses the pork and bread, washing the solids down with copious draughts of tea. The only light is that of the caboose fire, gleaming on swart faces and stalwart forms, and reflected from the tin vessels



RAT RIVER LANDING.

in their hands. Cattle are sometimes driven to the shanties that the men may have fresh beef for a change.

After supper the lumberers lounge about in various directions; some hang up socks, mittens, or moccasins to dry by caboose or stove—some sharpen their chopping-axes—others engage in conversation, or chaffing, which, if sometimes broad, is always good-humoured. Singing and spinning yarns of past adventure are as popular as with sailors. Often a fiddle is produced, and dancing of the kind which Effie Dean's father would not have disapproved is kept up with spirit. But soon all are ready for sleep; rolled in blankets, each in his bunk, they settle down for the night. Shantymen are healthy, and they should be millionaires and philosophers, for they are certainly "early to bed and early to rise." Called by the foreman before daylight, after a hasty breakfast they hitch their horses to the sleigh in the cold light of the winter's dawn, and begin again the routine of work. Game of all kinds—even the larger species of deer—is often sighted by the men when at work, and the rifle is kept in readiness. Bears are also trapped now and then. The trap is a strong enclosure of stakes firmly driven into the ground; a heavy log is suspended above,



BEAR TRAP.

propped up by a stick, to which the bait is attached. The bear enters to get at the bait. Seizing it, the log falls upon his back and he is unable to release himself.

A considerable number of the lumbermen are French; many with Indian blood, the descendants of the converts of the Jesuit Missionaries. These are visited by a priest of the Church at least once during the season. He drives from shanty to shanty, over narrow and almost impassable forest lumber-roads; on arriving, he is received with reverence by his co-religionists and with respect by all. After supper the small portable altar which he brings is set up, the crucifix in the centre, the mystical lights burning on each side. Short vespers are said. Then the priest hears confessions, often far into the night. Next morning Mass is celebrated, and after the final benediction the men resume work; while the priest, having taken a brief repose, departs on his round of laborious duty. In the Ottawa district, the lumbermen who are not French are largely Scottish Highlanders. Long ago in the Old World, the two nationalities were allies. They fought then against men. They fight now side by side against the giants of the forest.

As the shanties are generally remote from settled districts, their supplies of provisions have to be transported long distances from the nearest point attainable by rail or steamboat. Such a point becomes, therefore, an important "depôt" of supplies. From it there is a constant dispatch of sleighs loaded with provender for the horses, and pork, molasses, potatoes, peas and beans for the men. These sleighs travel in trains, and as far as possible on the ice. Lest the track should be lost under snow-drifts, it is marked by a line of small evergreens. When the teamsters turn aside to the land, it is generally to reach another river or lake. Should an upset or other accident happen, they rush through the snow to help their unlucky comrade with never-failing good humour. A jollier crowd does not exist. They turn out into the deep snow to make way for a train of sleighs coming from the opposite direction as cheerily as they drive off the river road to one of the numerous stopping-places provided to supply passing trains with food or shelter. These stopping places are welcome breaks in the long journey to the depôt. The average depôt is a primitive building, much like a shanty, but larger, furnished with windows, and divided into rooms. It is the lumberman's headquarters for news as well as supplies. Our illustration shows the arrival of a train of sleighs. The horses drag their way, with drooping heads, to the large range of stables. It is a wild snow-storm; the dark clouds are driven before fierce gusts of wind; thick snowdrifts shiver around the side of the depôt, but within all is warmth and good-cheer for the weary teamsters. Notwithstanding the wild weather, one of the depôt hands is driving a sleigh, with water-barrel, to the river, and the proprietor or superintendent, wrapped in fur coat and cap, has come over to take stock of the newly-arrived supplies.

The great expense of transporting for long distances large quantities of provisions



ARRIVAL OF SUPPLY TRAIN AT LUMBER DEPÔT.

has led some operators to establish farms on arable lands close to their limits. Thus they have a supply of farm produce ready at hand in the fall, when, as the snow-roads are not yet formed, transport is most expensive. The farm hands and horses are employed during the winter in the woods, so that men may pass years in these regions without visiting a city. Blacksmith and carpenter shops for repairing sleighs, and other tradesmen's shanties, gather round these centres, and a village grows up. As other farms are cultivated near it, or a saw-mill is established to manufacture lumber for local uses, the village often becomes the nucleus of a town or city. It often happens, too, that the good prices and ready market of a lumber depôt induce the hardy settler to build his log-house and clear his patch of ground in the woods near it, and here he lives his rough life—jobber, farmer, and pioneer. Thus our Canadian civilization has advanced in the wake of the lumbering trade.

When the sunshine at the end of March melts the snow, or just before the roads break up, the teamsters return in long trains, with empty sleighs, to their far-off homes. Soon after, about the middle of April, when the warm rains have ruined the snow-roads, when the ice has gone down from the swollen streams and the lakes are clear with blue spring water, a new phase of the lumbermen's life begins—the exciting, but dangerous work of getting the logs down the roll-ways into the river, and guiding

them by stream or lake to mills or market. To facilitate this, the landings or roll-ways, when not on the river ice, have been constructed on a steep declivity. Consequently when the lower logs are loosened and thrown into the river, those above them follow from their own weight. Should any obstacle have been allowed to remain on the roll-way hundreds of logs may be arrested and so huddled together as to make their extrication most dangerous. In one instance, a hardy river-driver, who went beneath such a hanging mass of timber or "jam," and cut away the stump which held it suspended, saved his life from the avalanche of logs only by jumping into the river and diving deep towards mid-stream. Such an exploit is merely one of many instances of cool courage displayed constantly by the river-drivers, as these lumbermen are called. The logs that remain on the landing must be removed with picks, bars and hooks, with more or less risk to the workmen, till all are afloat. Once afloat, they are carried on by the current, while the river-drivers, armed with long poles, follow them along the shore, to prevent any from stranding. When the stream is navigable for the light, flat-bottomed boats used by lumbermen, they follow the "drive" in these,



A SETTLER'S SHANTY.

running the rapids, and often exposed to great risk, as the swollen stream carries them against projecting rocks. Often, too, the logs will be caught by some point of land, whence they have to be rolled with "cant-hooks"—a work of much labour.

The river-drivers are usually accompanied as far as possible by a scow with a covered structure, like a Canadian "Noah's Ark." The scow serves all the purposes of a shanty. The greatest danger is when logs are caught mid-stream, especially above a rapid. Then it is necessary to disengage the "key-piece"—the log which, caught by rock or other obstacle, causes the jam. The precision with which experienced river-drivers will ascertain the key-piece of a jam, is no less remarkable than the daring and skill with which they escape the rush of the suddenly-liberated logs down the rapids. They leap from log to log, and maintain their balance with the dexterity of a rope-dancer. Still, scarce a season passes without loss of life from this cause during the drive. The men, therefore, do all in their power to prevent the occurrence of a jam. Pike-poles in hand, they shove onwards the logs that seem likely to cause obstruction.

When the force of the current is insufficient as in small streams or at the outlets of lakes, dams are used in order by accumulating the water to float the logs thither, and carry them forward with a rush when the gates are opened. The dams are built of timber deep-fixed in the bed of the stream, so as to resist the great pressure to which they are often subjected. They are furnished with gates by which the amount of water to pass through can be regulated, and sluice-ways—one broad and in the centre. To this the logs are directed from the water above by a boom. Sometimes there are as many as a dozen dams in the course of a stream, and frequently four gates to a dam. The logs are thus carried by each of these operations, not merely past one point of obstruction, but over a considerable portion of a stream otherwise too shallow. Even with all these appliances, after a winter of little snow, and when the ice has gone out of the lakes, there is often not enough force of water to carry down the logs. In that case, they are left till the following spring.

On rivers down which square timber is brought, and where, as in parts of the Upper Ottawa, cataracts occur of such magnitude as to injure the pieces by dashing them with great violence against rocks, resort is had to contrivances called "slides." These consist of artificial channels, the side-walls and bottoms lined with smooth, strong timber-work. At the upper end of this channel are gates, through which the pent-up water can be admitted or shut off. In the large slides this is attended to, and the duty on down-bound timber collected by a Government official—the "slide-master"—who resides on the spot. Through these slides, built by Government on the most important rivers, pass the "cribs." These are constructed of a regulation width, so as to fit the passage-way of the slide. The crib is about twenty-four feet wide; its length varies with that of the square timber. The lower part generally consists of about twenty pieces, bound firmly together, and secured by shorter pieces, called "traverses," strongly pinned down. On the traverses are laid lengthways, four pieces of square timber, firmly fixed. The crib is often furnished with a frame house for the raftsmen, with long oars as "sweeps," and with a mast and sail. Frequently the



THE ROLLWAY.

Ottawa river-drivers take tourists or others as passengers, to give them the sensation of "shooting a slide." We embark on board a crib above the slide-gates at the falls of the Calumet. The raftsmen bid us take firm hold of one of the strong poles which are driven between the lower timbers of the crib. Above the slide the waters of

the Ottawa are still and deep; at the left side, through the intervening wood, we can hear the roar of the cataract. The slide-gates are thrown open; the water surges over the smooth, inclined channel; our crib, carefully steered through the gateway, slowly moves its forward end over the entrance; it advances, sways for a moment, then, with a sudden plunge and splash of water, rushes faster and faster between the narrow walls. The reflow of the torrent streams over the crib from the front; jets of water spurt up everywhere between the timbers under our feet; then dipping heavily as it



TIMBER SLIDE AT THE CALUMET FALLS.

leaves the slide, our crib is in the calm water beneath, the glorious scenery of the cataract full in view. Without knowing it, we have got wet through—a trifle not to be thought of, amid the rapture of that rapid motion which Dr. Johnson considered one of the greatest of life's enjoyments. He spoke of "a fast drive in a post-chaise." What would he have said to a plunge down the slides of the Ottawa!

When there is a formidable rapid on which there is no slide, the crib has to be taken asunder and the separate pieces sent down, to be gathered by a boom below, and put together as before. Over a lake or broad river, the crib advances by means of an anchor carried out some distance, the rope from which is wound up by a capstan on board. When possible, a sail is hoisted; at other times, the crib is propelled by long oars, or sweeps, in the hands of the raftsmen, a tedious and laborious process.



THE DRIVE.

The immediate destination of the square timber conveyed by water or railway is the "banding ground," where it is formed into the immense rafts that are such a distinctive feature of our lake and river scenery. A raft is composed of from ninety to a hundred cribs, "banded" together by "wythes," or twisted saplings, of hard, tough wood, and joined at the ends by "lashing-poles," which are fixed to the end traverses by chain wythes. In place of these, "cat-pieces" are sometimes used—that is, lengths of strong scantling, stout enough to bear a considerable strain, and long enough to reach easily from crib to crib. Thus the cribs are kept close together, yet are allowed sufficient independence of motion up and down to lessen the strain on the huge raft. The raft can be readily taken apart and put together again; as each part is passed down a rapid, the men return overland to the part not yet sent down, carrying their gear in wagons.

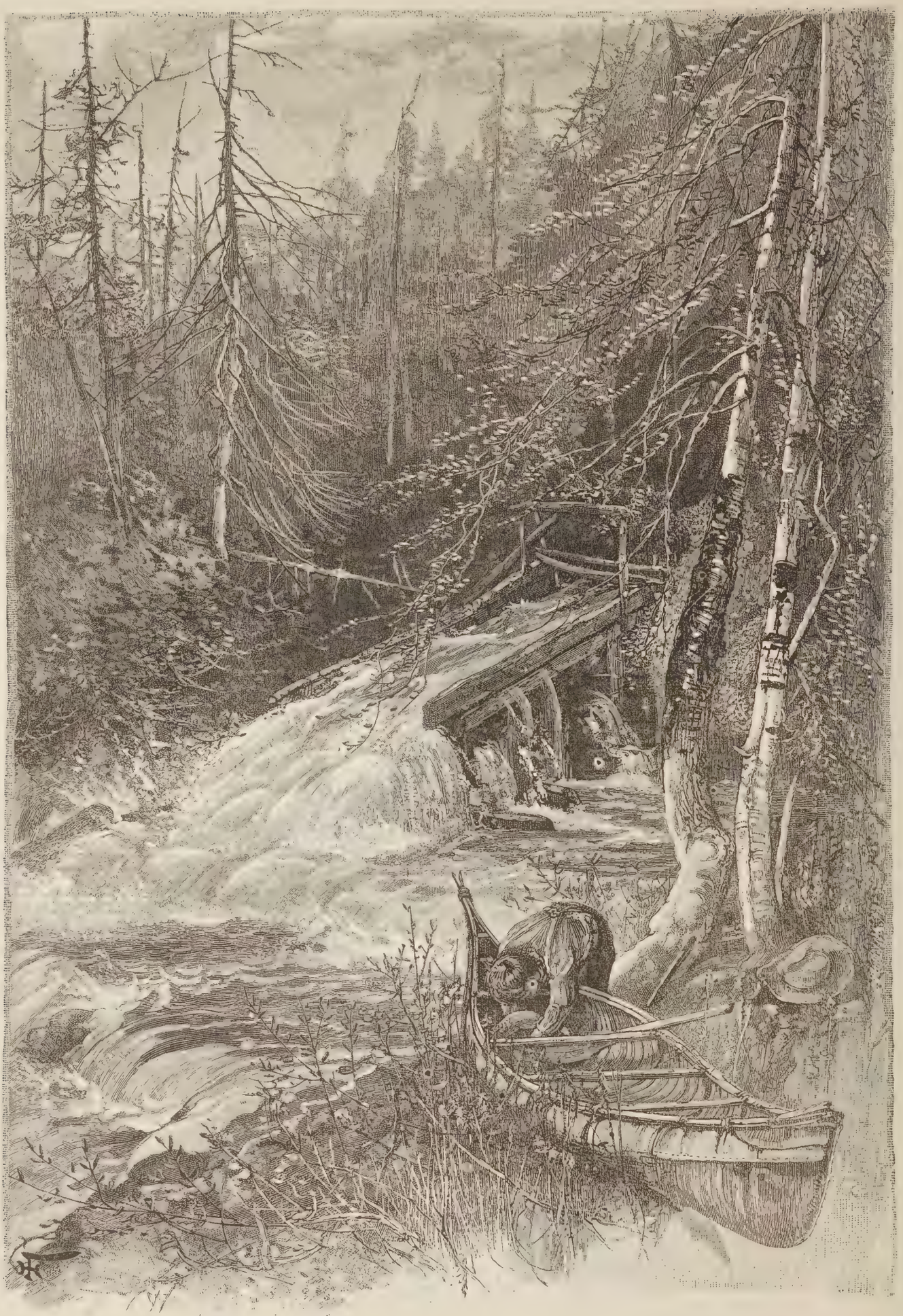
Like the separate cribs of which we have spoken, the raft is propelled ordinarily by sweeps or, weather permitting, by sails. Often a steam-tug is employed, a curious variety being the "fiddle-boat"—that is, two long boats, or sections of boats, with the paddle-wheel between them. The crew consists of from forty to fifty well-built and skilful men, who live—sometimes with their wives and children—in little wooden houses on the raft. The strange craft presents the appearance of a village, progressive enough certainly, and in America that is the ideal of perfection. The chief danger to be avoided is falling through the openings between the ends of cribs of unequal length. These water spaces become filled with floating foam and chips, so as to be almost indistinguishable from the solid surface of the log. On the rivers the greatest danger to rafts and raftsmen is from the rapids; on the lakes, from storms; yet owing to the skill of the pilots and the efficiency of the crews, accidents are rare; and these timber islands, after a journey from the remotest parts of Canada, float down the broad St. Lawrence, sound as when first banded together, to their destination in the coves of Quebec.

At these coves the rafts are finally broken up, and from the acres of timber thus accumulated, the large, ocean-going ships are loaded. Near the vessel men run actively over the floating timbers, and with the help of pike-poles select the cargo. Each stick or spar is lifted by means of a chain slung from a spar on deck, and brought to a level with the large receiving-port near the vessel's bow. It then rests on a roller, and is easily shoved in, and stowed away. "Deal" planks are brought alongside the timber-ship in large barges moored fore and aft of the ship, and the deals thrown in through the ports. When the steadily-increasing load within the hold sinks the vessel to its lower ports these are closed, and the loading is resumed at those immediately above. The scene is a striking one. In the foreground the dark ship, contrasting with the gay motley of the lumbermen's costume; farther off, the coves, with the miles and miles of booms, and millions of feet of timber; in the distance,

the ancient city and its historic hill. Here the wealth floated to-day from the virgin forest, greets the walls and spires of the Middle Ages.

Saw-logs are not usually floated as far as square timber, because saw-mills are built on the streams. But on some rivers several hundred men are occupied in "driving" for over two hundred miles. Some of the Laurentian rivers, again, have a course so difficult and dangerous that driving is not attempted on them. The logs are committed to the river, and those that come down the falls and over the rapids uninjured are gathered at the mouth. Many logs are so battered as to be useless; many are stranded, or caught by rocks or eddies, and must remain till the next spring freshet dislodges them. We have seen how settlement in the new country, north and west, is following in the wake of the lumber traffic. The same process is being repeated before our eyes which, two generations ago, gave the first impetus to the vast agricultural settlements of Ontario. The mill-villages and lumber depôts are the flourishing towns and cities of to-day. The second stage is the construction of railways. When the country is sufficiently settled, it pays operators to convey their square timber by rail, so as to be earlier in the market. Saw-mills are built farther up the stream, to obtain the raw material near its source and transmit by rail the manufactured product. Still, for a long time to come, there will be a continuance of river-driving, to supply existing mills nearer the frontier. Most of these are so complete in their arrangements, so furnished with expensive machinery, as to make removal impossible without heavy loss; besides, the expense of river-driving from a distance is balanced by greater proximity to the centres of trade, and by direct access to the markets for manufactured lumber. And yet there are few districts, even of the newest and least-settled country, into which lumber operations have been pushed, where the saw-mill, of a much ruder and simpler type than those in more settled districts, may not be hailed as the pioneer of advancing civilization. Somewhat unpicturesque, indeed, is the tall tower of open framework, yet it is a welcome neighbour to the farm-house sheltered by the snow-covered hill. Through the deep ravine among the dark pines, flows a stream that now, for the first time, does its part in concert with human industry.

Along the river, above any large mill in the more settled country, will be seen a mile or more of booms enclosing logs that have been floated down for the season's supply of the saws. In such mills is found every appliance of labour-saving machinery, and generally the works are arranged to utilize much that in the more primitive saw-mill of the backwoods went to waste. Nothing is lost except the sawdust, and even that is sometimes used to feed the engine furnace. There are often forges, and carpenters' and machine shops, that machinery out of gear may be repaired on the premises. The logs are drawn into the mill by a car which is lowered by the steam-power along an inclined tramway to the water, where it sinks sufficiently to allow a couple of logs,



FOREST STREAM, AND TIMBER SLIDE.



DAM ON TUQUE CREEK.

guided by pike-poles, to be placed upon it. These are held fast on the car by sharp spikes, on which they rest, as it is drawn from the water up the inclined plane to the mill. Arrived at the top, the car is unloaded, and lowered again. The logs which are brought up are rolled off upon a movable truck, by which they are carried to the "gangs." These consist of rows of keen-toothed saws, set side by side in a powerful frame. Held fast by the remorseless grasp of the machinery that carries them on, the saws crunch, with apparent ease, through the logs from end to end. If the mill be driven by steam, the sawdust and other refuse is carried to the engine-room to feed the furnace, or in the case of a water-mill it is thrown in the stream to kill the fish, or spoil the river! Ingeniously-contrived machinery takes the lumber from the saws to the yard, where it is piled, or dropped into a sluiceway, and floated to a piling ground.

Multitudinous piles of symmetrically-arranged lumber form a peculiar feature in the outskirts of many Canadian cities. The forest products exported from Canada during the last ten years, have amounted to over twenty millions of dollars annually. These have consisted almost entirely of square timber, and the more marketable sizes of sawn lumber, called deals. Nearly one half goes to Great Britain. No other country, by itself, receives so much. Next to Great Britain come the United States, which take the greatest part of the Ontario export. British Columbia sends to South America, China, Japan, and the Pacific Islands. The Atlantic Maritime Provinces send to Europe, Africa and the South Atlantic States. Almost equal to this vast export is the amount consumed for domestic use. The traveller in Canada cannot fail to be

struck by the way in which lumber is used, for the bridges on our rivers, the fences that divide our fields, the side-walks in our villages and cities, and for almost every conceivable purpose. In the country, and in many towns, the buildings are of wood; the country roads have their foundation of wood, and the newest method of paving our city streets is with wooden blocks. And in nearly every part of Canada, outside the towns, wood is the only material used for fuel.

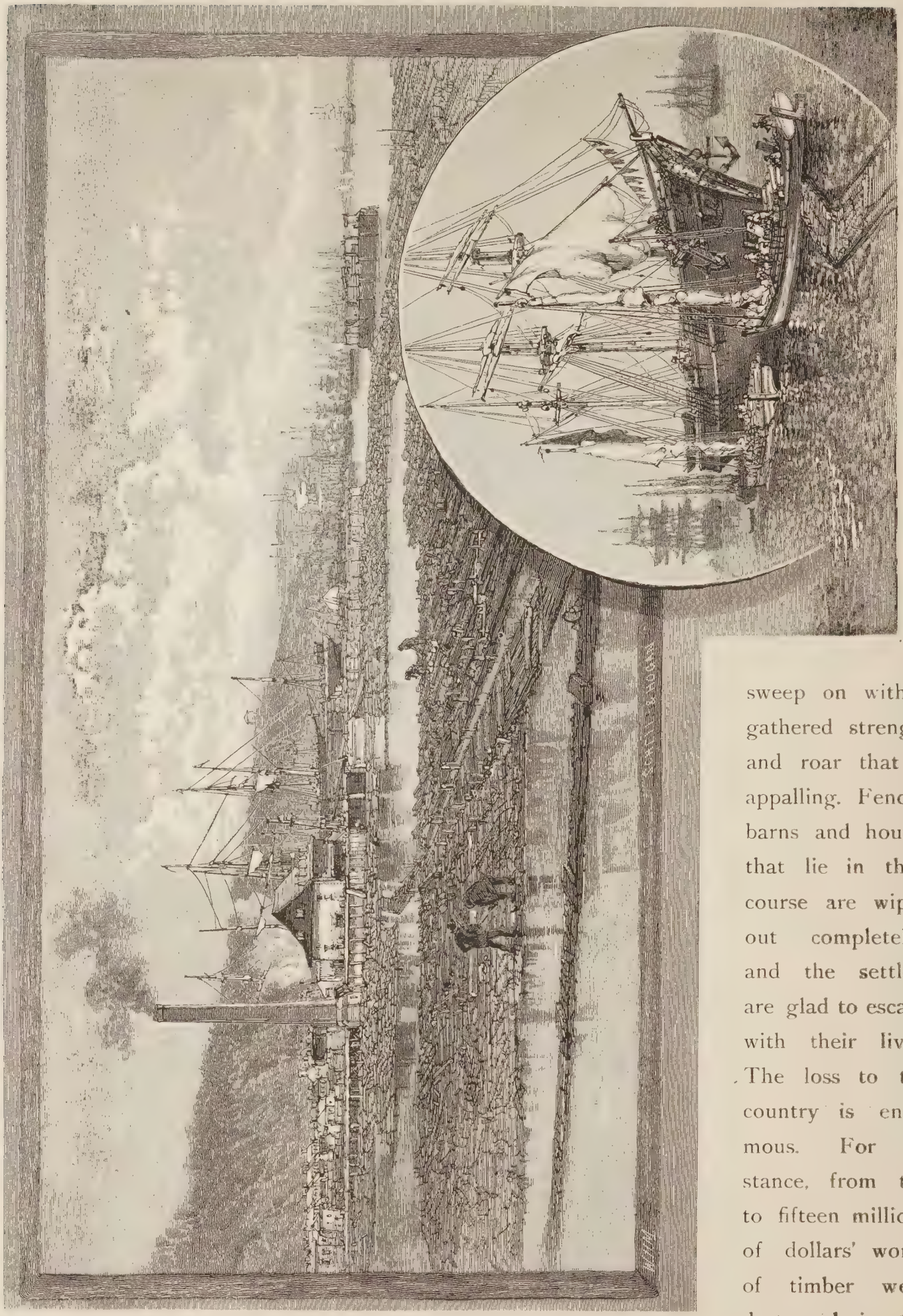
In view of the prodigious consumption for the home and foreign market, the all-important question comes to be: How long can we go on at this rate? Is our forest wealth exhaustless, then? Enthusiasts talk in an airy way of the woods of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, of boundless wildernesses to the north of the Ottawa, of untouched districts between Peterborough and Lake Nipissing, and along the north shores of the Georgian Bay and Lake Superior, of the passes of the Rocky Mountain and Cascade ranges, choked with the Douglas pine and other monarchs of the forest. And doubtless a supply almost beyond computation remains to feed this greatest industry of Canada for many a year. But, in every Province, practical lumbermen hold very different language from that of the enthusiasts. Go to the great centres, to the mills on the Miramichi, the lower St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, the Trent; to the Muskoka and Parry Sound district, or farther west—and talk with the men who have ranged the woods for half a lifetime, and one and all may be heard sounding the note of alarm. They point out that many of the areas, boasted of as yet untouched, contain no pine of commercial value; that lumbermen are obliged to be less particular about the quality every year; that the farther they are forced back, the greater is the difficulty of getting the logs and sticks forward to shipping ports; and that already they are very near the line on the other side of which profits cease and work must stop. Many of the first authorities declare that, under the present system, the lumber business of Canada will be a thing of the past in twenty years.

To turn a deaf ear to such warnings would be folly. It is abundantly clear that if more wood is annually destroyed than the amount benignant Nature adds to our national store, we are killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, or acting like the spendthrift who draws upon a capital that he cannot replace. We must consider what are the chief causes of waste, and how we can best guard against the destruction or reduction of our splendid capital. We need not take into account what is lost by the advance of settlement. Farmers are of more value to a country than any other class. But, within our Laurentian ranges, there is little encouragement for farming. There are, it is true, river bottoms, and large patches where the limestone has been triturated and washed down into a sharp and generous soil. But, by far the greater part of those regions must be abandoned to the miner and the lumberman, especially to the latter; and if he is driven away, much of our national domain will be useless as Sahara.



A SAWMILL IN THE BACKWOODS.

Forest fires are the chief cause of waste, and these are generally produced by want of thought. Tourists and pic-nic parties seldom extinguish their camp-fires or cover the embers with earth. Backwoods farmers are accustomed to clear their land by setting out fires; and though this is usually done when there is a prospect of rain, they sometimes mistake the signs of the sky. In a warm and rainless season the fires find material to feed upon everywhere; they spread along the ground to the forest; and should a gale arise, they



TIMBER COVES, QUEBEC.

sweep on with a gathered strength and roar that is appalling. Fences, barns and houses that lie in their course are wiped out completely; and the settlers are glad to escape with their lives. The loss to the country is enormous. For instance, from ten to fifteen millions of dollars' worth of timber were destroyed in the



ON THE UPPER ST. MAURICE.

Province of Ontario by autumn fires in 1881; that is, a sum equal to half of our revenue, was burnt as so much old paper, and the public seemed to care little. Forest fires, too, are not like those that sweep over the prairie and add to the vegetable mould. They often burn into the ground, eat up the little earth there is, and leave the stones mossless and hungry. When the tall pines are left standing, scorched, blackened, and discrowned, an insignificant insect, rightly called Great—one of the Capricorn beetles—completes the work of destruction. It bores through the outer bark, and deposits its larva between the bark and the wood. The larva feeds on the woody fibre, and gradually bores its way to the heart of the pine. These "borers" are almost as much dreaded by the lumbermen as grasshoppers by a prairie farmer. In travelling through a burnt district, their presence is sufficiently attested whenever there is a high wind. The air is filled with innumerable particles of woody dust, and the scene resembles a snow storm more than anything else.

Replanting has been suggested to counterbalance the loss caused by fires and reckless cutting. Such a remedy is practically impossible. It would be too costly, and there would be great difficulty in preserving the young trees from fires. Besides, a pine takes one hundred and fifty years to reach maturity.

One or two measures may be suggested. The Government should, by a commission of experts and scientific men, take stock of our forest wealth. This done, the annual increment presented to us by Nature could be estimated. And then, on no

account, should more than this increment be cut in any year. This is the law in Norway and Sweden, and it is a good law. The demand for lumber will increase. Already, instead of selecting only the best trees, as was the custom a quarter of a century ago, the forest is being cut down as a wheat field is mowed. Let us not forget that they who waste shall want. Our form of government makes it difficult to pass or to enforce laws to curb greed. But the call for immediate action is loud. One or two wise laws, and the employment of the best men obtainable as "bush-rangers" to take care of Government timber limits, would preserve to Canada an income from her wildernesses for centuries.

We owe much of our wealth and development to the lumber trade. It has been one of the great instruments of our self-expansion during the past forty years. But the anxieties for a nation's future increase with increasing wealth and population. Civilized men cannot live in the fool's Paradise of the present.

